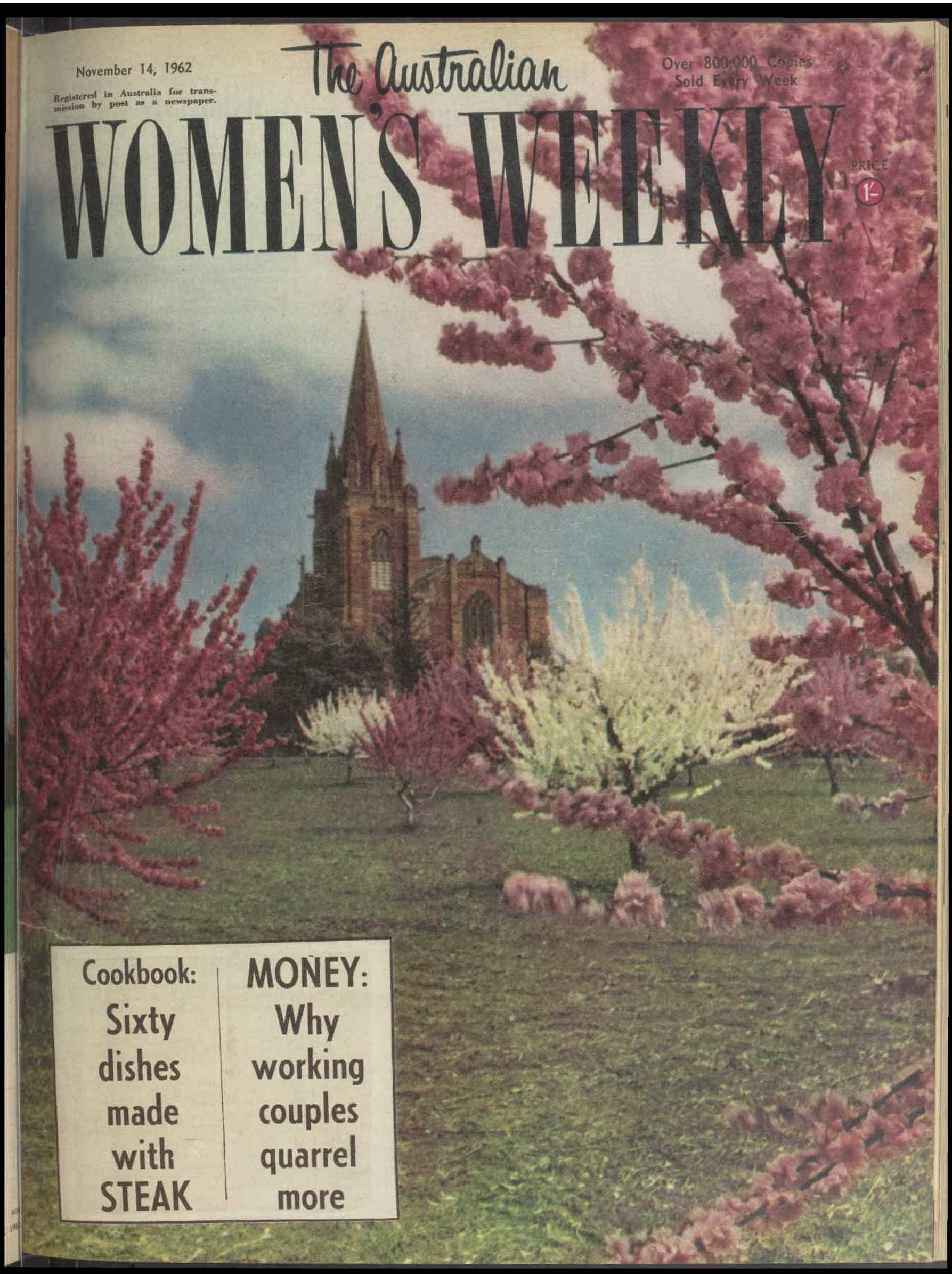
November 14, 1962

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 1/-



Cookbook:
Sixty dishes made with STEAK

MONEY:
Why working couples quarrel more

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Easier, quicker home perm . . .
for lovelier, more natural-looking curls!



Revolutionary Lanolised "FLOW-THRU"
PERFORATED END PAPERS
give instant saturation–even, all-over curling!

SOLID END PAPERS ARE BANISHED! NO FURTHER NEED TO TEDIOUSLY COAX SOLUTIONS THROUGH YOUR HAIR.

Exclusive to Richard Hudnut Home Permanents—an entirely new kind of lanolised end paper—an end paper that's "opened up" and lets Richard Hudnut's Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion, and neutralizer, flow straight through to your hair. That means hair is saturated, penetrated, lanolised . . . thoroughly . . . evenly . . . **instantly**! And those lovely, **natural**-looking Richard Hudnut curls are securely "locked" into your hair for months to come.

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SOLID END PAPERS place a "wall" around your hair. Solutions soak through slowly . . . slowly. Curls are often uneven, uncertain if the waving action is not correctly balanced.



PERFORATED PAPERS completely covered with tiny holes let solutions flow through instantly. Curls are of even strength . . . natural-looking; because the waving action is perfectly balanced.



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Red Box for easy-to-wave hair,
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Junior size (for end curls), just 9/9

HP42.144

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Tom Prior, who wrote the script for the brilliant new Australian TV documentary "Gold Rush," was well fitted for the task.

"GOLD RUSH," previewed in the television section this week, roams Australian diggings — as two generations of Tom's family did.

A grandfather and his father were goldminers.

Tom, too, was a digger, of lead and coal. Between his Melbourne University days and his career in journalism he was a miner at Prothero, W.A., and Kiewa and Yallourn, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WITH a passion current in Australia for Victorian-era houses, Jack Finney's amusing story, "Where the Cluetts Are" (pages 20-21), is particularly apt.

It is the story of what happened to a couple who built, down to the last intricate gable, a late 19th-century style house.

We are sure readers will enjoy Arthur Boothroyd's illustration of the "house."

Old houses are rather a hobby with him, too.

★ ★ ★

MONEY donated by The Australian Women's Weekly 17 and more years ago has been used this year to help build a church window and buy a religious statue.

The money has helped the Ex-Australian Army Medical Women's Service committee build a memorial window in the chapel at Repatriation Hospital, Concord, N.S.W.

The committee has also given a statue of St. Theresa to Roman Catholic worshippers at the chapel.

The Australian Women's Weekly donated to the window appeal money left over when its famous Sydney Club for Servicewomen closed in 1945.

The window will be unveiled next Sunday (Remembrance Sunday) at 3 p.m.

The honorary organiser of the committee, Mrs. Joyce Snelling (who as wartime controller of A.A.M.W.S. was closely associated with The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen), will unveil the window.

About 300 guests, including ex-A.A.M.W.S. members from as far away as Alice Springs, will attend the unveiling, and later a reunion.

The hospital's 1300 patients will be able to hear a broadcast of the ceremony.

Our cover

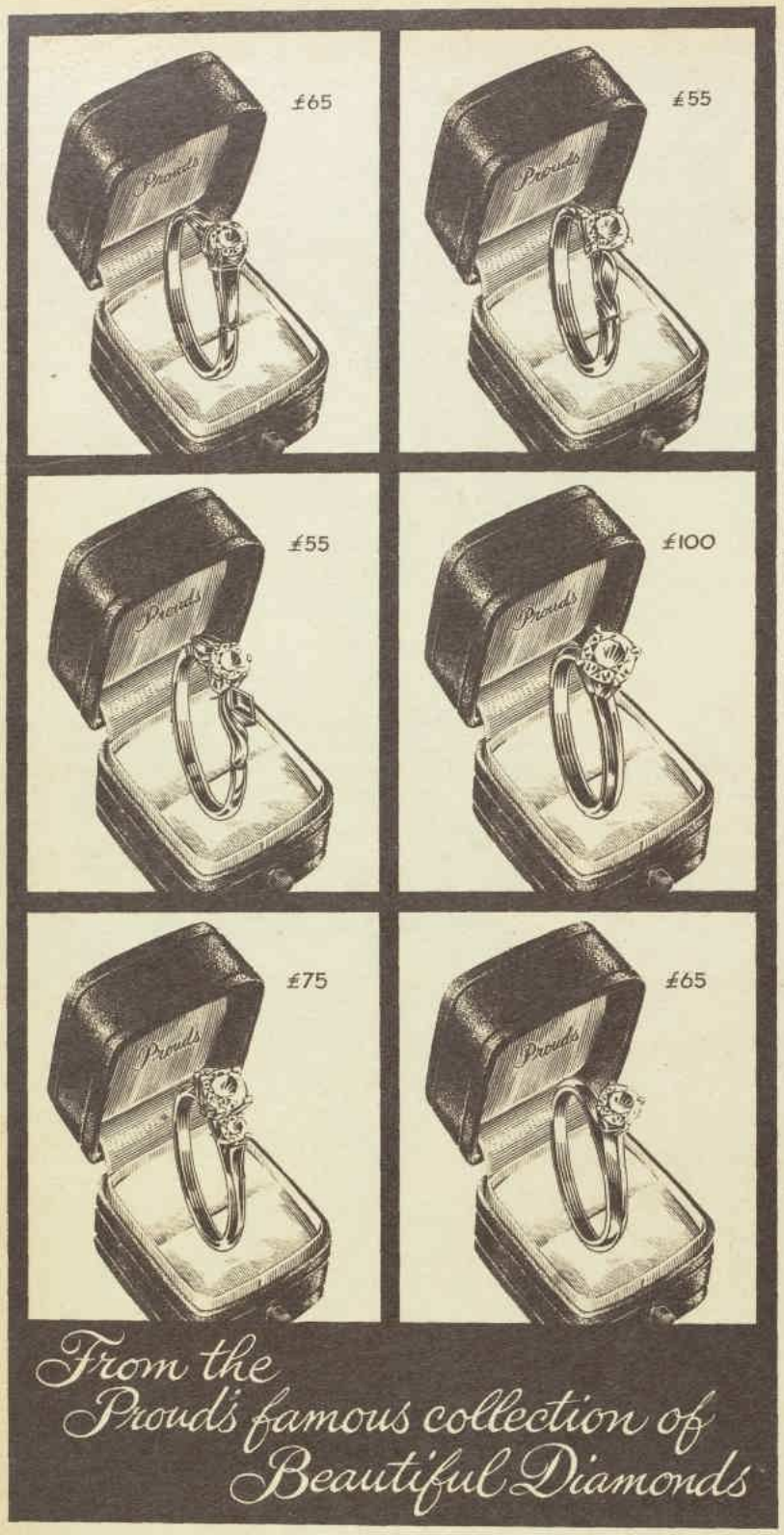
● St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Canberra, in its spring setting — flowering peach trees in red, white, and pink, planted specially to give this view. Mr. Stirling Macoboy, of Sydney, took the picture.

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● *Tricia Reschke, of Coonawarra, South Australia, was crowned Miss Australia 1962 in Melbourne by the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks. A 5ft. 7½in. brunette beauty, 20-year-old Tricia is a fourth-generation Australian. Daughter of a grazier, she is a descendant of German pioneers in South Australia. Tricia is a secretary, and likes music, floral art, water skiing, and tennis.*

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FATHER



"Next time, don't lean out so far."

MOTHER



"We want to learn ballet dancing . . . will you teach us all the steps?"

It seems to me

THE coiner of the word "brinkmanship" must be gnashing his teeth. He should have saved it for the past couple of weeks when it came into its full flower of meaning.

It now seems (or it did when this went to press—one must be careful not to make rash forecasts) that Christmas will come after all. The overseas cards were worth posting. With continuing luck, their destinations will be there.

★ ★ ★

DECISION of the British Lawn Tennis Championship Committee to ban fancy pants from next year's Wimbledon will please the serious girl players, though it may disappoint some of the lesser lights.

When Gorgeous Gussie Moran first showed the lace of her pants at Wimbledon in 1949 (thereby putting her Christian name into the language) it provided some extra entertainment for the spectators. But it set a fashion that has been hard on some of the girls since then.

There was a tendency to turn Wimbledon into a mannequin parade. Those ill-advised shocking-pink pants worn by Maria Bueno this year were disastrous. People laughed so much that they cost her the match.

★ ★ ★

PERHAPS it's too late to protest at the prevalence of the term "Un-Australian," but the objection may as well be registered.

Not that this piece of priggishness is confined to Australia. The Americans have been using "Un-American" to denote the faults of mankind for years. For all I know the Greeks' word for it was "Un-Greek."

But the implication is embarrassing and ridiculous, as if each nation could claim superior qualities of sportsmanship, honesty, and other rare virtues of the human race.

The phrase is so established, and the delusion so entrenched, that it's likely to remain — that is, until the exploration of space gives new meaning to the word "unearthly."

★ ★ ★

THERE'S a craze in America for coats-of-arms. For about £7 a firm will track down a suitable one from a list of 20,000.

It would be more fun to design your own. I've been thinking about one for myself. It could be composed of a typewriter, an alarm-clock, a horseshoe, and a fishing rod.

All this would be nearly obscured by a pattern of fine lines ruled across.

And what do they represent?

Deadlines, of course.

By



Dorothy Drain

"WHY more people are having dinner at home" is the simple but striking headline of a stove advertisement in the "New Yorker."

Is this a "teaser" line or do people in the luxury bracket for which the "New Yorker" caters eat out more than they eat in?

If they are accustomed to eating out I suppose the picture is the reverse of that in the normal household.

Husband comes home and starts to rush round, getting ready for the usual evening at a night-club, when wife says, "But have you forgotten? We're eating in."

"Oh, no!" says husband, dismayed. "I've had a terrible day at the office. Not by ourselves, surely?"

"Yes," says wife implacably.

"But the washing-up!" protests husband.

"There's the dishwasher," answers wife.

"A dishwasher!" echoes husband. "Didn't know we had one. What do we use it for?"

"We haven't yet," says the wife. "But you can't expect me to slave over the dressing-table every night making up my face to go out. If I'd known when I married you . . ."

So it goes on.

Whether the advertisement is good or bad I'm not sure. It certainly set me speculating on the eating habits of New Yorkers. Against that I didn't notice the brand of the stove.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Mickey Hargitay and Jayne Mansfield were divorced, the pink palace Mickey designed became Jayne's property. Discussing his new house, Mickey said, "It will have a swimming-pool, but it won't be heart-shaped. A man builds only one heart-shaped pool in his life."

Some girls discard the debris of lost loves
Or haven't much to show. For flowers fade
And scent gets used. While handkerchiefs and gloves
Last longer, but not much, grow worn and frayed.
With "Out of sight means out of mind" her rule,
A girl can save herself some useless tears,
It's awkward when you have a swimming-pool,
Heart-shaped at that, among your souvenirs.

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BUDGET BEFORE MARRIAGE AND AVOID THIS COMMON TRAP FOR WORKING COUPLES

MUDDLED MONEY

—*HIS and HERS*



By ***SHEILA SIBLEY***

● **"For richer for poorer," the minister intones. The bride and bridegroom (let us call them Pam and Ulric, because that cannot possibly be their names) feel no twinge of alarm.**

THEY intend to be richer, not poorer. His salary, plus hers, will give them nearly £40 a week to play with, and everyone knows two can live as cheaply as one. What a lovely lavish life they'll lead!

Three years later, with her going-away outfit still the star turn of her wardrobe (she hasn't been able to afford anything since), Pam wonders what went wrong.

For all she sees of the money they earn — especially the money **she** earns — it might as well have gone to the starving Armenians.

Can she afford a new coat? Suit? Shoes? She cannot. What, she begins to ask herself querulously, happened to **my** lovely money?

She goes into Deep-Think and comes out with a cold, clear, cataclysmic answer: It's **him**. He's what's been happening to my money.

Ulric has been having the same dark thoughts.

She's earning, isn't she? But he can't afford a night out with the boys any more, and if he drops a fiver at the races she carries on as though he's snatching bread from their starving children.

Only they can't afford children, even starving ones. They can't really afford the car they are paying off — the car Pam refers to acidly as "**Your** car, dear."

It is at this point that their marriage (which the minister described as a gallant barque setting out through uncharted seas toward the golden isles of true content) hits a rock.

Living standard

They did not allow for the nesting instinct, to which can be attributed such hire-purchase as refrigerators, washing-machines, wall-to-wall carpets, none of which they needed when they were single.

They forgot that the brunt of their entertaining would not be borne by their parents but by themselves. They accepted their parents' standard of living as the norm, without reflecting that that standard was reached only after years of effort. And even though Pam intended to drop work later and start a family, they lived as though there would always be two salaries at their command.

Field work carried out in powder-rooms, coffee-shops, cocktail parties, and other places where women usually unburden themselves produced this information: 90 per cent. of marital fights occur over money.

The spy we sent into men's clubs and pubs to find out how the other half felt reported the same finding.

Research unearthed many working wives who wished they were single — and spend-thrift — again, if only during the Christmas sales. The most contented with their lot (or their little) were those who had come to some clear-cut arrangement early in their married life as to the disposal of their mutual funds.

Some had made these arrangements earlier still.

"**Before** we were married," **THE SALESMAN** said, "the minister gave us and seven other couples a series of preparatory talks, and one of the talks was about money. 'You'll never look back,' he said, 'if you make your financial arrangements before you get married.' We did.

"I pay the rent, light, and heating, and she pays the food bills. The car is in both our names—we're both paying it off. I've had it this year, she'll have it next. She buys her clothes, I buy mine.

"The rest of the money goes into the bank and doesn't come out without mutual consent — we're saving this for a house.

"Married nineteen months, now, and never a cross word."

"Arrange about money **before** you're married?" said the pretty **TV HOSTESS.** "Does anyone? With everything so pink? My husband and I didn't make any plans till after we were married and down to earth again.

"Then we agreed I'd put my money straight into the bank, without even seeing it. It goes toward the house, which should be ours in another two and a half years.

"I'd squander it"

"By that time the children will be old enough to go to school, so we won't have to cope with educational expenses and a mortgage at the same time.

"In the meantime we live on his salary. He gives me a certain amount each week for housekeeping, pays all the bills, buys me my clothes.

"I'm very happy with this arrangement, because if I were spending **my** money I'd squander it without a thing to show.

"Ah, but the plans I have when the house is paid off! That mink stole! That trip abroad! That car of my own!"

If one salary is to be banked — and this seems the most satisfactory system — most husbands prefer it to be the wife's. Male self-respect dictates that a man should support his wife; he prefers to stand solidly on his good-provider pedestal.

As a **PHOTOGRAPHER** put it: "We've got to get used to living on my salary, because Susan isn't going to work forever.

"I pay for everything — including her clothes — and her money goes straight into the bank, for a deposit on a house. Getting a house is important—it will be some security for her if anything ever happens to me."

"What are our financial arrangements?" the middle-aged **SALESWOMAN** repeated bitterly. "My money supports the family. His goes down his throat. Don't use me for your story, dear — I'm not a typical example. At least, I hope I'm not."

"We have been married two years," said the young Dutch **BUYER** at a big department store. "He is a chef. He pays the rent and the household expenses and he does the shopping for me, because I am working all day and he works in the afternoon and night.

"We each buy our own clothes. We have one bank account, and we save what we can — we have not decided yet what we want first, a house or a car. A house, perhaps, because I will stop working if we have a baby — I would not like to leave a little child in kindergarten.

"No, we do not argue over money — when you love each other, you are happy to share all you have."

She was an **ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE** of about 35, fresh-faced and blue-eyed. "Yes, we have a system of a sort. He pays the rent — I always feel a man should pay the rent — and I pay two-thirds of the housekeeping expenses.

"I also pay the woman who launders on Monday and cleans the house on Friday, because I feel I should be doing it myself.

"We have separate bank accounts and we buy our own clothes. It's share and share alike for any big expenses, such as the weekend block we are buying as an investment. We don't want a house — we have no children, and we're not house-minded.

"We entertain a lot, and for that I buy the food and he buys the liquor.

"No, I don't feel that marriage has curtailed my spending in any way — but then I earn more now than I did when I was married."

"I was a working wife," said the young **DIVORCEE.** "If I hadn't worked I think we'd still be married.

"He managed a branch of a retail store, and I earned good money as a secretary. I wanted children, and I thought he did, too.

"But he kept putting off having a family, and when I got the courage for a showdown he told me I'd always have to work — he was used to our high standard of living; he didn't want to change our 'popular young couple' status.

"So I took my furniture — I'd paid for it — and cleared out. Next time I hope I'll find a man who'll want us to live on **his** salary."

So, brides-to-be, be warned! The moral of all this is plain.

Decide, **before** marriage,

- *What proportion of the household expenses each of you will pay, and —*
- *What you are saving up to buy.*

Then, should you fight with your husband, at least it won't be about money.

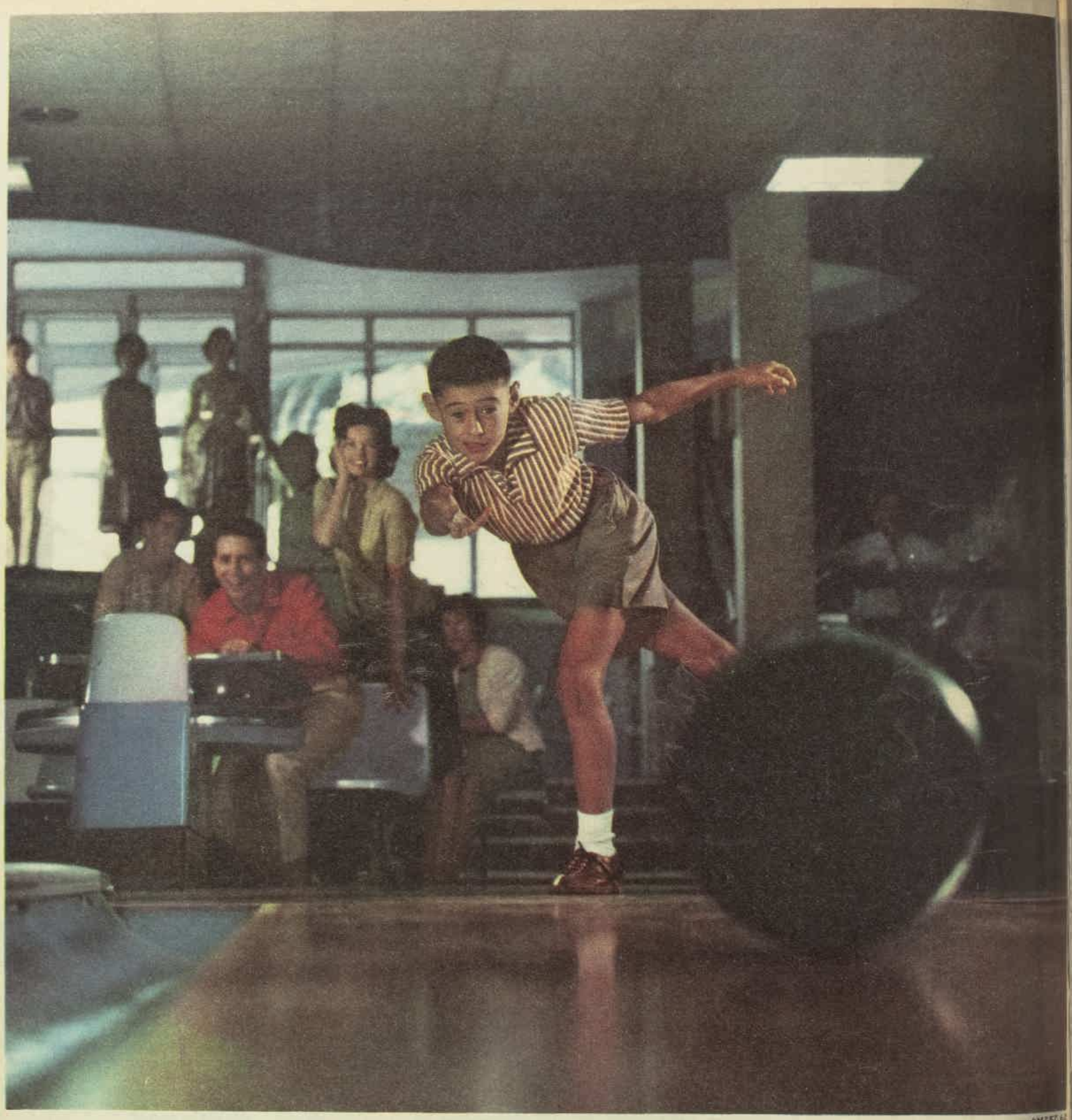
WHAT IS YOUR SYSTEM?

If you are both earning, how do you share the expenses? Perhaps you have a system you'd like to pass on to others.

Or perhaps you have a complaint to make on this subject and feel readers might be helped by your experience.

Then write us a letter. We will pay for those we publish.

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Mr. Bishop Jnr. is an ardent AMF* Bowler!

He's been around. He's played the field. But since he was introduced to AMF Centres, he's never bowled elsewhere. Reason? Modern AMF equipped centres are everywhere. Their facilities are the best—and their free nursery takes excellent care of his baby sister. Besides, Mr. Bishop Jnr. comes from a long line of AMF bowlers. His mother belongs to a Women's League at an AMF equipped centre. She bowls of a morning. His father plays regularly at night in a League Team. And his big sister bowls with her classmates on sports days. Mr. Bishop Jnr.'s family always bowls at the sign of the "Magic Triangle" because that's where bowling's best.

AMF

BOWL WHERE YOU SEE THE MAGIC TRIANGLE . . . AT HURSTVILLE • BALGOWLAH • PARRAMATTA • ENFIELD • BLACKTOWN • SYLVANIA • FAIRFIELD • KENSINGTON • RUSHCUTTERS BAY • NEWCASTLE • WARRAWONG • CORRIMAL • GREENSLOPES • BRISBANE • SURFERS PARADISE • IPSWICH • MELBOURNE • RINGWOOD • HAWTHORN • COBURG • FOOTSCRAY • PRESTON • ESSENDON • HEIDELBERG • ADELAIDE

* AMF are the initials of the American Machine & Foundry Co., originators of automatic tenpin bowling

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DAWN RYAN, Miss Western Australia 1961, gives a welcoming wave against the background of the million-pound athletic stadium at Perry Lakes, Perth's main venue for the Games. INSET: The badge, with a spray of kangaroo paw and wattle, which will be presented to every visitor to Perth for the Commonwealth Games.

PERTH'S WELCOME MAT IS OUT

● For four years Perth has been preparing for her biggest-ever party — the staging of the Seventh British Empire and Commonwealth Games — and now the welcome mat is out as she waits to greet her guests.

By
PAT PARKER

EVERYTHING is ready, from the million-pound athletic stadium sprawling magnificently in its gum-tree setting beside Perry Lakes to the picturesque Games Village of 150 houses, no two alike.

Work has also been completed on the spectacular £600,000 Beatty Park Aquatic Centre, with its sky-blue stands, and on the other venues — some not new but all sporting gleaming fresh coats of paint.

All the "facelifting" of buildings, public and private, is done; the new hotels, motels, and apartments are complete; the million details of organisation are in hand.

For instance, the 3000 homing pigeons for the traditional pigeon toss following Prince Philip's opening speech at the Stadium on November 22 are in fine feather and ready to go.

But they wouldn't have been if members of the West Australian National Homing Combine hadn't agreed to advance the pigeon-breeding season two months so that there would be enough birds for the job.

Guests arrive

Though the bulk of Games visitors are yet to arrive, they have been trickling in for some time, and all have been sought out and welcomed.

But when the trickle becomes a flood, as it's expected to do next week, the Games Welcome and Information Committee will really swing into action.

The committee has assembled a band of more than 800 volunteer hostesses, who are members of clubs, charitable organisations, and sporting bodies.

These hostesses are determined that no one entering W.A. by land, sea, or air will slip through their fingers without being given an official letter of welcome, an official Games visitor's badge, every bit of help and information he needs, and, above all, a friendly personal greeting.

Said businessman Mr. Keith Bolton, chairman of the Welcome Committee: "Anyone who comes by submarine might beat us, but they'd be the only ones."

The hostesses will board all east-west trains and meet all aircraft.

They will also man an information bureau at Fremantle, where 6000 passengers and naval personnel will be living aboard liners and naval vessels.

Biggest task

But perhaps their biggest effort will go into the rostering, 12 hours a day (9 a.m. to 9 p.m.), of the drive-in centre to be established next week between Guildford and Midland Junction.

This centre, on the main east-west road about ten miles from Perth, will cope with the arrival of a stepped-up procession of 5000 cars (many towing caravans), bringing between 10,000 and 15,000 "overlanders" to the Games.

Part of Perth's welcome treatment for the "V.I.V.s." (Very Important Visitors) will be handled by yet another band of women volunteers — the 170 women drivers of the Commonwealth Games Car Pool.

Wearing their smart royal-blue uniforms, they will be driving 80 blue cars lent by manufacturers and dealers for the convenience of visiting "top people."

Attractive husky-voiced Dawn Ryan, Miss Western Australia 1961, who will be official Games Hostess to the 350 world-wide representatives of Press, radio, and TV covering the Games, is no newcomer to the job.

Early this year she was appointed "Travelling Hostess for the Games" by the W.A. Government and made a three-month publicity tour of England, Scotland, Wales, and the Isle of Man.

Very much in advance of the Commonwealth Press invasion has been African journalist Arnold Gordon, from Sierra Leone, who came to Perth nearly 12 months ago to report on Games preparations.

He has been around so long that he seems quite part of the scenery as he walks about Perth in his flowing national dress.

Home gardeners in Floreat Park, City Beach, and Wembley, the suburbs adjoining the Games Village, have decided to "say it with flowers."

They will present each woman athlete with a posy on her arrival at the Village and will see that the Village houses get a supply of fresh flowers twice a week.

Gay for Games

On every hand the catch-cry has been "Gay for the Games."

The Perth Chamber of Commerce has planned the city block illuminations that will temporarily transform Hay Street into "Commonwealth Parade."

Shields supporting the flags of all the competing nations will gleam overhead; huge Commonwealth crowns will hang over all intersections, and there will be black swans in flight down the Terrace.

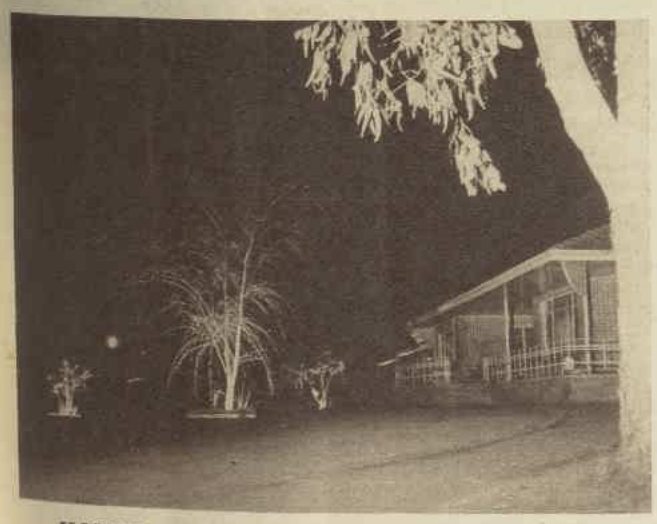
In the suburbs householders have been encouraged to live up to Perth's reputation as "The City of Light," and the Tourist Development Authority's illuminated garden contest produced fairytale results.

Perth has tried to think of everything.

All that remains now is for the weather to turn on typical welcoming Western Australian blue skies.

The Perth Weather Bureau says that, if all the factors are running true to form, temperatures should be in the high seventies with nearly ten hours of sunlight daily.

In other words, it should be fine and balmy—perfect for renewing old Commonwealth friendships and making new ones.



ILLUMINATED GARDENS will help Perth live up to its reputation as "The City of Light" during the Games. Pictured is the garden of Mr. B. Hardwick, Floreat Park, an entrant in an illuminated gardens contest.



WOMEN DRIVERS in smart royal-blue uniforms and gleaming blue cars will transport Perth's "V.I.V.s" (Very Important Visitors). Joy Lightly (left) and Marie Albrecht are both voluntary women drivers.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5528721



"LANDSCAPE WITH BIRD," by Sidney Nolan, is typical of Nolan's paintings of Central Australia. Six of his works are to be auctioned, including four of his early paintings never previously exhibited.



"PAYSAGE PRES TOULON" (Countryside near Toulon), by Moise Kisling, is an exuberant oil painting, one of the Polish artist's later works. This small landscape shows Kisling's rich use of vivid colors.



"NUDE," by William Dobell. Painted in 1933, it is one of Dobell's rare nudes and one of the first done in the artist's now-familiar style. The auction includes six Dobell paintings.

Collector's treasures for Sydney auction

By PATRICIA BEST

● With a collection of paintings valued around £40,000 going under the hammer in Sydney on November 14 and 15, the art boom is obviously still booming.

THERE will be 150 paintings from the collection of Mr. Leonard Voss Smith, of South Yarra, Vic., plus 50 from the leading (and highest-priced) Australian painters.

They are all on view at the Terry Clune Galleries in Macleay Street, Sydney, and will move to the Geoff K. Gray auction-rooms to be exhibited immediately before the sale.

Mr. Voss Smith's collection, the result of 30 years' interest in art, includes a Picasso crayon (the first Picasso to be auctioned in Australia), a page from Gauguin's Tahiti notebook, and watercolors and oils by some of the leading painters of England and Europe.

The Australians are there, too, led by the local best-seller, William Dobell, whose "Woman in a Restaurant" sold for £4500 in March and made the front page of London newspapers — no wonder, when a Romney portrait can sell there for less than £2000.

Mr. Voss Smith's Dobell painting is a nude, which should fetch a pretty price when you remember that American Mrs. Robert Kleberg paid 1350 guineas for another Dobell nude (they're rather rare) at a recent Sydney sale.

There'll be six Sydney Nolans up for auction, too, plus works by Arthur Boyd (both these Australians are darlings of the London critics), Russell Drysdale, Sali Herman, Clifton Pugh, John Perceval, and Donald Friend.

The prices are expected to go up, up, up, before the paintings are going, going, gone to the highest bidders.

But, of course, you can never tell with an auction, and with a bit of luck any bidder could take home a bargain.

Who is going to buy them?

The national art galleries will be there. Their grants aren't usually large enough to keep up with the soaring sale-room prices but, if prices don't zoom, they'll be bidding.

Big business isn't really art-conscious in Australia yet, so directors of big companies probably won't be seen in the sale-room. Most of them would boggle at paying more than 500 guineas for a picture for the boardroom wall.

However, there is one Sydney company which paid £1000 for a Dobell to be presented to the managing director.

Perhaps the lots will be knocked down to some of the wealthy art-lovers who have been buying for years.

Collecting paintings is a passion with these people, not just an investment, and they're fortunate in having money to indulge their love of art.

There are at least half-a-dozen collectors in Australia who each spend up to £10,000 a year on paintings. They don't like publicity (dealers usually bid for them), and their collections are very, very private and usually very, very good.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5528722



"FLOWERS," by Pablo Picasso, a crayon drawing, has been called "a charming frolic by the world's greatest living artist." It was purchased from the O'Hana Gallery in London, scene of the notorious art theft last year.

With the sale of part of his collection, Mr. Leonard Voss Smith has by no means retired from the art field.

He has kept most of his old masters — in which his wife is especially interested — and some of his moderns. He will continue collecting modern paintings.

For 20 years Mr. Voss Smith has collected paintings, old books, old manuscripts, original letters of the French Impressionists, glass, and china.

His interest in collecting grew from his executive association with a large English publishing house.

"Being in books and dealing with the publishing of art books gave me my first deep appreciation of paintings," he said.



"STILL LIFE WITH DAHLIAS," by Edward Burra, explodes with bright color. Acknowledged as one of the world's best contemporary water-colorists, Burra belonged to the same artistic group as Graham Sutherland.

Then there is the art dealer's dream client.

Basically, she's the wife of a well-to-do business man and she wants a picture to hang over the mantelpiece.

She'll be there with her cheque-book.

Art is a status symbol nowadays in the high income bracket. It's considered vulgar to talk about the new car or the new swimming-pool, but a painting by a well-known Australian artist (perferably one of the big three, Dobell, Drysdale, or Nolan) shows taste and money.

Husbands with multi-figure salaries sometimes fail to regard a £200 dress as an investment, but a painting . . .

Paintings are an investment and, with the art boom on, the painting which costs £1000 today can be expected to double in value in the next 10 years. They hope.

These people may be at the sale, looking for a start to their collection. They want a quality picture, but they've got to like it, too.

The Voss Smith collection is tailor-made for this type of buyer.

Above all, the paintings have charm.

"Almost all of Voss Smith's collection are high quality paintings, bought with a very informed eye, but one needs only general good taste to find them appealing," says Mr. Frank McDonald, director of the Terry Clune Galleries arranging the sale.

The flower painting by Edward Burra (above, right) would be an exclamation point in any living-room, and Mr. McDonald considers it an exceptionally fine watercolor by this English painter.

According to Mr. McDonald, there is one very comforting and encouraging thing about art and buying paintings.

"If you are constantly 'exposed' to paintings, your eye and your taste must improve," he says.

"Many of those who start buying painting because it's the thing to do, eventually end up as knowledgeable and engrossed collectors.

"First a wife may buy something which is immediately appealing, perhaps paying 25 guineas, and hang it over the fireplace.

"But she finds, living with it, that the painting, although decorative, hasn't enough depth to give lasting enjoyment.

"So she looks for another painting. And this time she looks beyond chic; she looks for quality and intrinsic worth.

"She goes constantly to art shows—not because it's smart but to look at the paintings. Her husband starts to go, too. Gradually they find satisfaction and enjoyment, simply looking at the work of a particular artist.

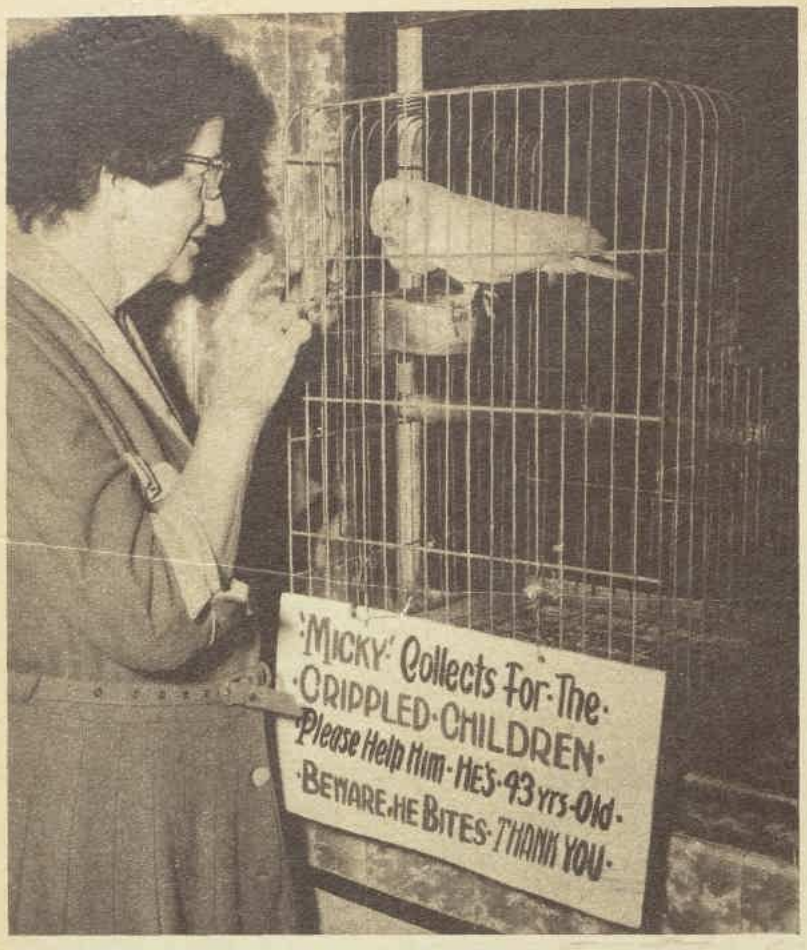
"So they buy one of his paintings, hang it on their sitting-room wall, and love it.

"That's why the art boom in Australia will go on booming. Not because it's the thing to do, but because people here have acquired enough taste and money to buy paintings, purely because they give them pleasure."



"LES FEMMES ASSISES" (Women Seated), by the French actress Sarah Bernhardt. Critics describe it as a "pleasant conversation piece," but doubt that her fame as a painter will eclipse her reputation as an actress. She died in 1923.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5528723



MICK the parrot takes a penny from Mrs. J. Hargrave for his collection box. He has raised £450 for the Crippled Children's Society.

Parrot works —for charity

● Every seven weeks a blue tin collection box containing £10 is delivered to the Wollongong Branch of the Crippled Children's Society — sent by an ardent collector.

YET this indefatigable charity worker, who single-handed has raised more than £450, never moves outside the Imperial Hotel at Scarborough, near Wollongong.

He is Mick, a 43-year-old corella parrot, who is the hotel's star boarder.

When we went to see him we met the hotel licensee, veteran surf club member Mr. Jack Hargrave, and his wife, "Rube," the only woman alderman on Wollongong City Council.

Mrs. Hargrave led us down the hall, stopped, and knocked on a door.

"Come in, come in," a voice called.

Mick tilted his head to one side and eyed us up and down as we entered his room. Then, deciding that we didn't look too bad, he burst into a loud and tuneful whistle-and-dance routine.

Periodically he broke off to urge us to join in with cries of "Come on, come on."

Each Sunday and public holiday Mick sits in his cage on the hotel verandah, collecting patrons' loose change.

Mick originally belonged to the Rev. Arthur Taylor, who lived near a tram terminus in the Sydney suburb of Woollahra.

Mick learned to imitate the old tram whistles and became so adept at it that no one could distinguish between the real whistles and Mick's imitations.

By
TREVOR MURRELL

This caused great confusion among tram crews.

Finally transport officials approached Mr. Taylor: Mick would have to go.

So Mr. Taylor gave him to Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave.

When women walk past, Mick can emit a wolf-whistle which any all-Australian red-blooded male would envy.

The wolf-whistle caused quite a stir several years ago when the Hargraves had a kiosk at Sublime Point.

Mrs. Hargrave's father, then 88, was washing up by the kitchen window. Mick was nearby out of sight.

As two women walked past the window Mick let out a lusty wolf-whistle.

Indignantly the women gave the innocent old man a dressing-down.

"One of them wanted to slap his face," Mrs. Hargrave said.

Mick has been barred from the Sunday night entertainment at the hotel, because he once stole the show from a performer.

He can mimic a woman's laugh perfectly, and when a woman wearing tight slacks or matador pants enters the hotel Mick says: "Ooh . . . Look at her!"

Telephone conversations at the Imperial Hotel are impossible if Mick is near.

Although he sings out, "Jack! Phone!" whenever the telephone rings he insists on joining in the conversation. The caller usually hangs up in confusion.

Mick started collecting for charity at Sublime Point when visitors gave him coins.

He learned to say, "Thank you," and drop the coin into his water-tin.

Six years ago Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave set Mick up in "business" for the Crippled Children.

Each Sunday Mick says to Mrs. Hargrave, "You all right? You ready?" and goes out to the verandah to take pennies in his beak.

Mary Coles' SOCIAL

AT her marriage to Max Roth at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, o November 15, Elizabeth Benson, of "Emu Holes," Scone, will wea a Limerick lace veil which has been worn by Falkiner brides (Elizabet is the granddaughter of the late Mr. Otway Falkiner) for 200 years

After the ceremony her mother, Mrs. H. W. Benson, will entertain about 300 guests at the Royal Sydney Golf Club before Elizabeth and Max set off to honeymoon at Norfolk Island.

On their return they'll live at "Caerleon Park," about two miles from Mudgee, in an 80-year-old house which they're renovating in "colonial" style.

One of its features will be a set of seven cast-iron verandah columns.

Max bought them from an old hotel in the district when it was undergoing "modernisation" several months ago.

★ ★ ★

FROM England comes news that Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Miller will shortly move from their Putney home to a spacious flat overlooking the Thames Embankment, in the Inner Temple. Tenanted by noted judges, barristers, and lawyers, it's the address most coveted by members of the legal profession in London. Before her marriage to Desmond, who is an Irish barrister and Queen's Counsellor, Mrs. Miller was Ailsa Maxwell, the daughter of Mr. Justice Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell, of Edgecliff.

★ ★ ★

A TALKING point at the garden party Dr. Stuart Scougall and Mervyn Horton are giving at Dr. Scougall's home, "Kepdowrie," Wahroonga, on November 11, will be a display of aboriginal bark paintings, collected by Dr. Scougall a few months ago when he made his tenth visit to Arnhem Land. Three days later Dr. Scougall will leave for Teheran to exhibit some of the paintings in Persia, and in January he'll go to the United States for the opening of an exhibition of his aboriginal bark paintings in New York. About three hundred guests will attend this year's garden party, which Mervyn and Dr. Scougall give annually on the second Sunday in November.

BEFORE leaving last week by air for Den mark for the wedding of her son Stewar to fair-haired Danish belle Lisa Lotte Ment Mrs. Peter Griffin stocked up with th warmest of winter clothes—to cope wit deep-freeze conditions in Europe. Stewar and his fiancee, who is the daughter o Lieutenant-Colonel H. I. Mentz, of th Danish Royal Husars, and Mrs. Mentz, wi be married at Naestved on December 7.

★ ★ ★

"EVERY £5 made at our all-day fete a Legacy House on November 21 wil mean a week's holiday for a Legacy widow or child at our holiday house at Moss Vale," points out Mrs. Fred McAlister, honorary secretary of the Women's Auxiliary of Sydney Legacy. Attractions at the fete will include a magnificent garden stall and a cookery competition, with a £25 prize for the best Christmas cake, as well as awards for sponges and biscuits. Entries in the contest will become the property of the cake stall.

★ ★ ★

ATTRACTIVE Christine Andersen and her fiance, Stephen France, will be married at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on December 22—the day before her birthday. Afterwards her parents, Brigadier J. S. ("Hans") Andersen, Chief of Staff, Eastern Command, and Mrs. Andersen will entertain at their home at Victoria Barracks. Stephen has given Chris a most lovely three-stone diamond engagement ring. It belonged to his mother, the late Mrs. S. B. France, of Chelsea, London, and fitted Christine's third finger exactly, without the slightest alteration being needed. They will live in Stephen's flat at Point Piper after their marriage until they find their "dream home," which will be furnished with antiques coming from Stephen's old home in England.





ABOVE (from left): Mrs. K. G. O'Brien, Captain O'Brien, Mrs. T. Lloyd-Jones, Mrs. J. D. Crowley, and Lieutenant Crowley pictured between dances at the 34 Field Squadron Royal Australian Engineers' Ball at Broken Hill. The ball, which was held at the unit's training depot, was attended by more than three hundred guests.

AT LEFT: Mr. John Knox and his bride, formerly Miss Olive Elliott, leaving Christ Church, Cootamundra, after their marriage. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Elliott, of "Sunnydale," Bethungra, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Knox, of "Yurunga," Tumut. A reception at Cootamundra Town Hall followed the ceremony.

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ROUNDABOUT



ABOVE: Dr. Ian Beavis and Miss Margot Gosse, of Elizabeth Bay, who recently announced their engagement. Dr. Beavis is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Ramsay Beavis, of Vaucluse, and Miss Gosse is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Gosse, of New Lambton, Newcastle, and a granddaughter of Lady Gosse, of Adelaide, and the late Sir James Gosse.



AT RIGHT: Skirl of bagpipes from piper Bill Goddard for Chief Electrical Officer James Wheelans, of S.S. Waroonga, cutting the haggis (held by steward Lazaro Dsouza) at reception aboard the ship after his marriage to Miss Katrina Sutherland, of Potts Point, at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Anne Grossman, aged five, was flowergirl at the ceremony.



AT LEFT: Mr. Peter Kerville and his mother, Mrs. Ron Kerville, of Rose Bay, with Mr. Robert Zindler (on the right) were among guests at the opening of Betty O'Neill's Hungry Horse Gallery, Paddington.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Leslie Lewis (on the left) chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Hal Parker at the cocktail party at the Royal Blind Society to mark the presentation of a cheque for £14,000 to the Society by Mr. Alexis Albert on behalf of the Commonwealth Broadcasting Corporation's radio 2UW appeal to aid the blind.





PICTURED at left are Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Gibson, leaving All Saints' Church, Woollahra, with their attendants, from left, groomsman Mr. Michael McGuren, best man Mr. John Carroll, matron-of-honor Mrs. Campbell Scott, and bridesmaid Miss Joan-Anne Fuller. The bride, who was Miss Janice Heine, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heine, of Point Piper, and the bridegroom is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Gibson, of Hobart, Tasmania. They will make their home in Melbourne.

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NEXT WEEK:

● The Joan Sutherland TV Show

— SOUVENIR PROGRAMME



JOAN SUTHERLAND and her husband, Richard Bonynge.

A wonderful eight-page, color-illustrated lift-out to keep by you for the coming hour-long show starring the famous Australian singer.

There's the full programme of the show; a brilliant profile of Joan Sutherland by her biographer, Australian author Russell Braddon; words of the arias sung; stories of the operas.

Also read the exciting behind-the-scenes story of how an Australian TV producer made the show in England.

● Wonders of the seashore

Continuing the Australia in Color series, 24 color pictures of marine creatures that beachgoers often find.

With each picture there is authentic information about the creature shown.

Schoolchildren — and parents — will find this feature valuable and fascinating.

● How NOT to Kill Your Husband — 4

With suggestions for successful holidays and exercises for husbands, a famous doctor concludes his advice to wives on how they can help their husbands lead happier, healthier—and longer—lives.

● Extra short story by top author

There are four short stories next week instead of our usual three. The extra one, "All the Way to the Moon," is an exciting crime story by leading American mystery writer Patrick Quentin.

● Recipes for outdoor meals

To make life easier this summer, recipes for all types of dishes suitable for outdoor eating, from refreshing drinks and tasty main-course dishes to mouth-watering desserts.

● In Teenagers' Weekly

For your next teenage party there is a variety of simple savory recipes specially designed to please boys.

£100 PRIZE

● A prize of £100 is awarded to the winner of each week's CROZZLE. Here is Crozzle No. 4, last of this series.

IF you have not already tried your hand at doing Crozzles, you will find them an absorbing test of skill.

A combination puzzle and crossword, the Crozzle is a word game which all the family can do.

See how many points you can score.

CLOSING DATE for Crozzle No. 4, November 28.

HOW TO DO IT

With each puzzle a blank crossword grid is published and a list of words relating to one subject. This week it's interior decorating.

Make up your own crossword in the blank grid, using any of the words in the list. Remember, you may use only the words supplied, and you may use them only once.

Words do not have to interlock, but remember, too, it is the interlocking letters that help to increase your score. When you have completed the CROZZLE, black in the unused squares.

Your finished CROZZLE will look just like a crossword. It doesn't have to fall into any set pattern or be symmetrical. But words along the same line, whether across or down, must be separated by a black square except where their letters interlock.

The sample CROZZLE below is a useful guide.

CONTEST CONDITIONS

1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 4 must be received by November 28, and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 4," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

2. Entries must be on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted.

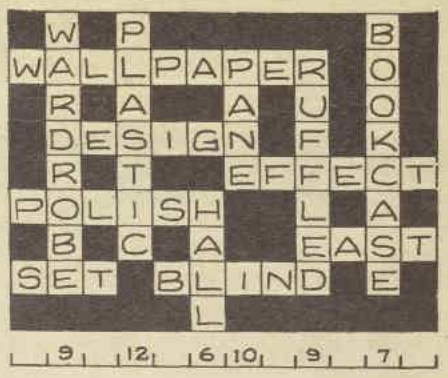
3. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Words in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.

4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.

5. In the event of ties, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be regarded as the higher score. If there is still a tie, the entries will share the prizemoney.

6. This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of October 24.

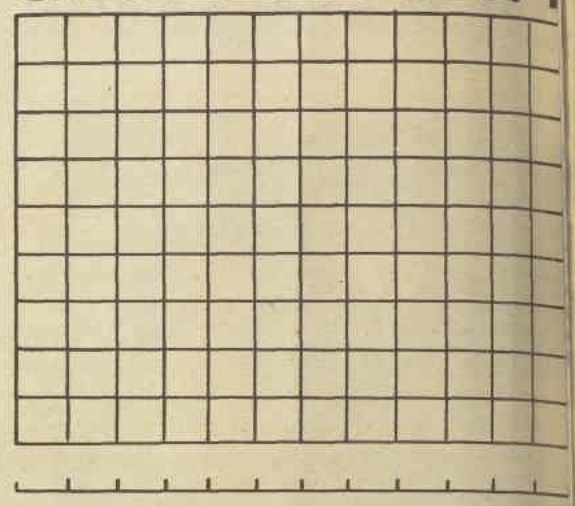
Sample Crozzle



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS	53
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED	130
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY	183

● Winners of Crozzle No. 1 will be announced in our issue of November 28.

CROZZLE No. 4



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY.

NAME

ADDRESS

..... STATE

SCORING: For every word used in your crossword there is a score of 10 points. You score extra points for each interlocking letter—at a rate shown in the table below. Interlocking letters are those which occur in the same square in a word going across and another word going down.

The sample CROZZLE on this page shows you how to total your scores. The figures at the bottom of each column of the grid refer to points scored for interlocking letters.

When you send in your entry, add up your points in the space provided on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with your grand total clearly marked. An incorrect total disqualifies the entry.

Interlocking letter scoring scale:

1-point letters	3-point letters	6-point letters	12-point letters
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

Word List for Crozzle No. 4

3 LETTERS
Air
Fan
Oak
Pot
Rod
Rug
Set
Sun

4 LETTERS
Beam
Bowl
Cork
Dado
Door
East
Fire
Hall
Lamp
Lino
Pane
Rack
Room
Sill
Sofa
Soft
Vase
View
Wall
West
Wood

5 LETTERS
Blind
Books
Brick
Brush
Chair
China
Clock
Decor
Divan
Floor
Fruit
Glass
Light
North
Paint
Panel
Piano
Radio
Shape
Shelf
Shine
South
Stone
Style
Table
Tiles
Track

6 LETTERS
Carpet
Cement
Copper
Corner
Design
Effect
Hearth
Heater
Indoor
Knotty
Lounge
Marble
Mirror
Pelmet
Plants
Polish
Roller
Screen
Settee
Silver
Smooth
Stairs
Veneer
Walnut
Window

7 LETTERS
Balance
Balcony
Bedroom
Ceiling
Chimney
Comfort
Cushion
Cypress
Dresser
Feature
Flowers
Kitchen
Lattice
Natural
Outlook
Pattern
Picture
Plastic
Pottery
Ruffled
Terrace
Texture
Valance

8 LETTERS
Bookcase
Concrete
Covering
Cupboard
Curtains
Diffused
Indirect
Lighting
Material
Radiator
Standard
Wardrobe

9 LETTERS
Aluminium
Chinaware
Concealed
Fireplace
Ornaments
Parquetry
Sideboard
Vestibule
Wallpaper

10 LETTERS
Decoration
Television

11 LETTERS
Convertible
Counterpane

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THREE fine cooks. Mrs. Inna Mustanow (left) with her mother, Mrs. Vera Juczenko (right), and grandmother, Mrs. Makriida Lioubova (centre). Mrs. Lioubova came to Australia from Russia only eight months ago.

Secrets of Russian cooking

● Take half a pint of cream . . . a lump of butter . . . and you can have a touch of Russian flavor in your cooking, says Mrs. Inna Mustanow.

By PAT FIELD

RUSSIAN - BORN Mrs. Mustanow, 24, of the Adelaide suburb of Greenacres, was recently judged South Australia's "Gas Housewife of the Year."

The Russian flavor which won her the title in a radio and television cooking contest is very popular with many of her Australian friends.

"Russians serve many dishes with cream," she said. "They don't use much, though. Often a little is all that's needed to give the finishing touch to a dish, so it need not be expensive.

"Australians don't use cream very much — except on fruit. We use it with many things—soups, salads, and sweets.

"Butter is another thing we use a lot. We fry most of our stew ingredients in butter first — using up to half a pound of butter in a stew.

"We do use oil for frying, but often we prefer butter because it gives a very rich taste.

"Australians are conservative about food, I think. They're not eager to try making anything new. But they are very quick to admit they like a new dish—if they do.

"I have cooked lots of Russian dishes for my Australian neighbors, and they like them very much.

"They're rather doubtful when I first tell them about my dishes. It's not until they've tried them that they'll admit they are nice, after all.

"I entered the contest because I wanted Australians to learn more about Russian food."

The "Gas Housewife of the Year" contest was conducted by the South Australian Gas Company on Adelaide's NWS9 and radio station 5DN.

Mrs. Mustanow came to Australia 14 years ago with her parents.

Her mother, Mrs. Vera Juczenko, of Kilkenny, Adelaide, helped her choose the menu for her entry.

Mrs. Mustanow was naturalised eight years ago, and married six years ago.

Her husband was also born in Russia, and they have two children, Margaretta, four, and Michael, three.

"We mostly have Russian food at home," Mrs. Mustanow said. "I like Australian food — and, yes, I do like steak and onions and a pie and sauce.

"But my husband is a transport driver, and when he is away he has a lot of this type of food in cafes, so he prefers Russian food when he is at home."

Here are two of her favorite recipes with cream: borsch (a Russian soup) and cream cheese pikelets.

"The cream is very important," Mrs. Mustanow said. "Without it they are not nearly so good."

BORSCH

Half pound stewing steak, 2 marrow bones, 2 small potatoes, ½ medium - size onion, 1 small red beetroot, 1 small carrot, ½ small cabbage, 1 tin tomato juice, 1 big bayleaf, cream.

Cook the meat and bones in water with the bayleaf for 1½ hours. Cut potatoes, beetroot, and onions into small pieces and add to the stock. Take the bones out, and cook for 15 minutes. Then cut cabbage into small pieces and add it and the tomato juice to the soup and cook for 20 minutes. Serve with cream — about a teaspoonful to a small plate of soup.

CREAM CHEESE PIKELETS

One pound cream cheese (the type sold loose, which is drier than the packaged kind), 1 egg, 1 cup flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon imitation vanilla essence (or few drops vanilla essence), salt, butter for frying, cream.

Add flour, sugar, vanilla, pinch of salt, and egg to the cream cheese, mix well. Turn it on to a floured board and roll into a large circle. Then cut into 10 circles, and flatten each to the thickness of ¼in. Dip both sides in flour and fry in hot butter until golden brown. Serve hot with cream.

"Australians usually like our Russian salads," Mrs. Mustanow said. "Many old favorites with Russians are made with vegetables."

Here is one that Mrs. Mustanow makes quite often:

RUSSIAN SALAD

Three medium - sized potatoes, 3 red beetroot, 1 small carrot, ½lb. sauerkraut, 1 big dill gherkin, 1 medium-sized onion, oil.

Cook potatoes, carrot, and beetroot separately, and allow them to cool, then peel and dice them with the gherkin and onion. Mix with the sauerkraut. Use ¼ cup of peanut oil or olive oil as dressing — vinegar is unnecessary because of the gherkin and sauerkraut. A diced apple may also be used if liked.

"If I make a lettuce salad," Mrs. Mustanow said, "I tear the lettuce into quite small pieces, sprinkle over it a very little sugar — about half a teaspoon—add a tablespoon of vinegar, and then toss it in cream. Or you can use sour cream — if you know a shop that sells it."

Mrs. Mustanow doesn't often use garlic, but she does like the flavor it gives to a leg of lamb.

"I stick garlic all over the lamb," she said. "I find it gives a very good taste.

"I add half a glass of water to the lard in the baking dish, also a bayleaf, when I roast lamb. The water stops the meat from drying up.

"I cook it three hours for a medium-sized leg, taking the lid off for the last half hour, so that it gets brown."

Mrs. Mustanow is usually an economical cook, and tries to make the most of inexpensive ingredients. She spends between £7 and £8 a week on food for her husband, herself, and their two children.

But when she gives a party — usually a late Sunday lunch party — she allows herself a little extravagance and serves a duck.

"Duck is a real party dish. I always like to have it when we have a party," she said.

"I bake it with apples, the same way I cook chicken, and serve it hot with mashed potatoes or rice, and a salad of sliced fresh cucumbers, tomatoes, and onions, with an oil and vinegar dressing.

"But the duck is the only party dish that is expensive. The rest I can pay for out of my housekeeping money.

"An economical party dish is jellied cold meat."

Here is the recipe:

JELLIED COLD MEAT

Two pigs' feet, 1lb. stewing steak, 1 onion, ½ carrot.

Cover the steak and pigs' feet with water, add the chopped onion and carrot, and stew until cooked and the pork leaves the bones. Shred all the meat into fine pieces and put it in a bowl. Pour the strained stock over the meat to cover it, add salt and garlic to taste. Place in refrigerator.

PRIZE DISHES

● Here are the recipes for Mrs. Mustanow's winning entry—Russian-style baked chicken, served with side dishes of stuffed tomatoes and peppers.

CHICKEN AND APPLES

One chicken, 4 apples, ½lb. butter, salt.

Salt the chicken well. Remove the centres from unpeeled apples and put them into the chicken (using whole apples as much as possible, although pieces must be used to fill the corners). Bake the chicken in the oven at 400 degrees, basting with butter every 15 minutes.

Arrange the apples around the chicken and serve with rice or potatoes, and peas.

STUFFED TOMATOES

One pound stewing steak, ½ cup cooked rice, 1 onion, 1½lb. medium-sized round tomatoes, salt and pepper.

Cover the meat with water and cook for one hour or until soft, then mince. Fry chopped onions in butter. Add minced meat and rice to onions and fry together for five minutes, then let cool. Remove tomato tops and centres and fry the centres gently for five minutes. Take the cold filling and fill the hollow tomatoes to the top. Then put the cooked tomato centres on top of the filling. Bake in the oven for 20 to 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve hot with cream on top.

STUFFED PEPPERS

Four green peppers, bunch carrots, salt, 4 tomatoes, oil.

Remove the centres of the peppers and cook for five minutes in water. Peel carrots and cut them into long thin strips with the coarse part of the grater, salt them, fry in oil. Cook the tomatoes whole in water for 15 minutes, then mash in sifter to extract juice, add salt to juice. Stuff the peppers with the carrot, pour tomato juice over the top, and gently simmer in a saucepan for 30 to 40 minutes.

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Nature's goodness...all the way to you!

Captured sunshine! In every bite of Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits you taste their nutty goodness. Not too sweet, not too dry. Buttered or plain, Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits are so good to have around!

SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

Arnott's FAMOUS Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality

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With Nan Musgrove

School starts at 4 a.m. for Perry Mason

● It's a 4 a.m. start six days a week for star Raymond Burr in the new "Perry Mason" TV series now under way in Hollywood

AND he is actually living on the set while the filming is going on.

For those viewers who have been besieging Channel 9's switchboard for news —the new "Perry Mason" series will begin early in January.

The reason for Raymond Burr's 4 a.m. start is — so that he can learn his lines for that day's filming. The working programme is as tight as that.

"After finishing filming the previous night at 8.30 or 9, Mr. Burr is too tired to do anything except eat supper and go to bed," said his dialogue coach, Bob Gormley.

"So I have to call him at 4 the next morning. He's not always easy to get out of bed."

But, mostly, 15 minutes after the call Burr, after a quick cup of coffee and a cigarette, is at work in his office next to his studio apartment.

"Usually Mr. Burr's make-up call is at 7.30 a.m.," said Gormley, "so we have just about three hours to learn approximately 11 pages of dialogue.

"At 7 a.m. Mr. Burr lays the script aside and starts shaving, bathing, and dressing.

"But many's the time we'll be in the spot of not having thoroughly learned the dialogue, so Mr. Burr will sit in his bath while we go on with our study."

During one episode, which takes six days of filming, Burr has some 65 pages of dialogue to learn and deliver before cameras.

But in the scenes where he and William Talman (District Attorney Hamilton Berger) go into court, Burr has to speak many more lines, and that means he may be up as early as 2 a.m. to get started on his memorising job.

Raymond Burr has lived on the new Perry Mason set —Charlie Chaplin's old studios — since the new series began, and gets very little time to spend at home at Zuma Beach.

Said Gormley: "It's 12 to 14 hours a day, six days a week, of blood, sweat, and tears."

But Raymond Burr likes his new home.

"I have a steam-room, office, study, bathroom, and, best of all, silence," he said. "This way it isn't so bad not being able to go home."

How does Raymond Burr feel now in his seventh season of playing Perry Mason?

"Frankly," he said, "I was getting completely worn down with the pre-dawn dialogue memorising sessions.

"But now, all of a sudden, I feel I am getting my second wind."

At Raymond's annual salary of 200,000 dollars (£A100,000) for his Perry Mason role, that shouldn't be too hard.

★ ★ ★

THIS seems to be my month for announcing happy events, but the latest I've heard of gives me the most joy.

It's for "The Flintstones." Either Fred himself or Barney Rubble is to become a father, by, believe it or not, popular request.

Bill Hannah, creator of "The Flintstones," says fans have swamped him with letters demanding a stone-age baby in the series.

It has caused so much argument on the set that Hannah is hoping viewers will decide for him who will be the happy father and whether the infant will be a boy or a girl.



● *District Attorney Hamilton Berger (William Talman, left) cross-examines a witness under the close scrutiny of Perry Mason (Raymond Burr) in one episode of the new series of "Perry Mason," coming to TCN9 early in January.*

The return of Dick Powell

GOOD tidings about another new series: "The Dick Powell Show" resumes on Channel 9 at 8.30 p.m. on Saturday, November 10.

This excellent dramatic show produced some first-class TV in its last series. Remember "The Price Of Tomatoes" with Peter Falk, and "Somebody's Waiting" with Mickey Rooney?

First show in the new series is "Special Assignment." It has got the most terrific list of stars and is interesting, because both Dick Powell and his wife, June Allyson, appear in it.

If that's not enough for you, here are a few of the other people in "Special Assignment": Barbara Stanwyck, Mickey Rooney, Lloyd Nolan, Jackie Cooper, Edgar Bergen—star spangled, huh?

Gold rush documentary

"GOLD RUSH," TCN Channel 9's splendid three-part historical documentary (see story and pictures on pages two and three of this week's Television Section), will be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 on November 9, 16, and 23 at 10.30 p.m.

TOMMY HANLON'S THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK



Momma once said (when I asked her — Are you happily married?): Why, of course I am. To be honest, not every minute of the day, because two people with different personalities and minds of their own can't live together 24 hours a day and not have little arguments and little fights. But, all in all, it's a wonderful, warm relationship to be married and love your partner; and sometimes, to tell the truth, it adds a little spice to life to have a little argument now and then. If I had my life to live over I'd do exactly the same thing.

Momma's moral: Marriage resembles a pair of scissors — so joined that they can't be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

★★ TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN

It is the film of Irwin Shaw's book about film-makers. The story is complicated, and the film becomes disjointed and hard to follow because it tries to tell too much and to develop too many characters. But, still, it holds one's interest to the end and is well worth seeing.

Kirk Douglas is the actor trying to start his life again after many years. With nightmarish vividness the camera shows his mental confusion as he faces the world, and the very people who caused his breakdown — his ex-wife, a beautiful, predatory female, and his old friend and director, Edward G. Robinson. — St. James, Sydney.

In a word . . . ABSORBING

★ HERCULES UNCHAINED

The young boys in the audience loved every minute of it. Steve Reeves' mighty muscles are well oiled and he uses them to perform fantastic feats of bravery and honor.

His native land of Thebes is threatened by two evil brothers, and Hercules comes to the rescue. But first he must escape the clutches of a wicked temptress who has bewitched him and then he must save his sweet and pious wife.

Blood flows, but it's too incredible to be horrible. There's lots of adventure to bring gasps of excitement.— Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . INCREDIBLE

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KV-177—Softees Slipper in corduroy, shades Blue Red, Pink. Sizes 2-8.

KP-025—Knight Brocade Slipper with braid trim, vulcanised sole. Saxe or Pink. Sizes 2-7.
19/11

KM-144—Softees Brocade Slipper. Midnight Blue or Red. Sizes 2-7.

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KP-024—Knight fashion Slipper with gold trim and bow, vulcanised sole. Sizes 2-7. **19/11**

KP-018—Knight Glamour Slipper in embroidered brocade. Sizes 2-7.
17/11

KC-053—Child's Softees Slipper in corduroy velvet with strong vulcanised sole. Sizes 4-6, 7-10.

KM-145—Softees Embroidered Velvet Slipper with gold trim. Red, Blue, Black. Sizes 2-7.

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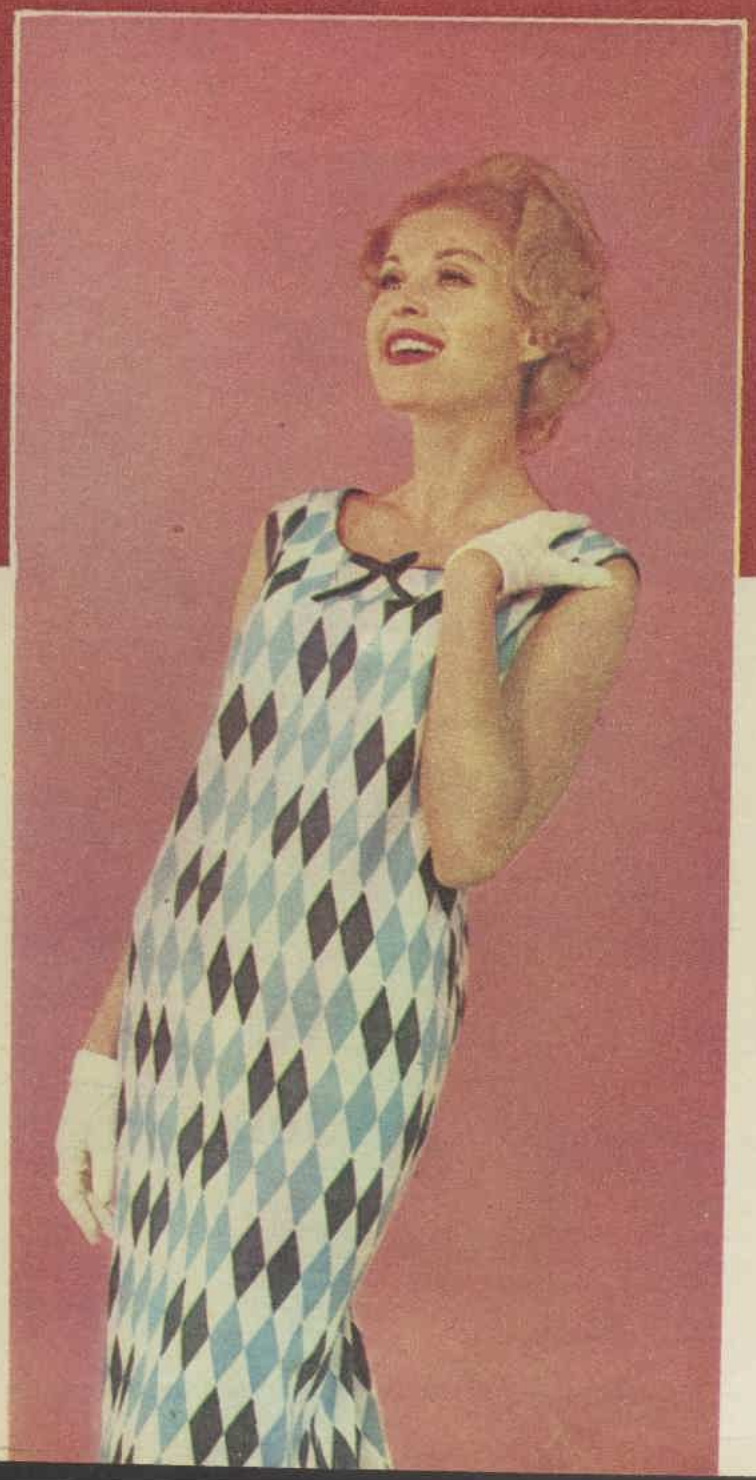
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SUMMER DRESSING IN AUSTRALIA



● Chic and slenderising, the one-piece dress above and far right is made in washable white crepe. The design is bristling with news from its sleeveless, collarless, bodice-top to the accented waist and slim skirt.





● Back view. The cowl neckline plunges down to a low V, is finished with a flat, self bow. The skirt has a Dior pleat for easy walking. Crepe is news.

● The fashions shown here and overleaf are designed, manufactured, and available in Australia. They are all good investment clothes, and will pay dividends in any wardrobe. The shapes are easy, but that does not mean shapeless. It means elegance with cool comfort.

● More designs overleaf

● Shifts this summer are a fashion story on their own. Example, left, is made in harlequin - patterned cotton, has a back that buttons to hip level, and plain binding round the neck and armholes. The dress is straight and slim; can be worn with or without a self-material tie belt.

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● A sleep-shift is the newest garment for cool summer sleeping. A paper pattern is available for the design at right.



DS499.—Sleep-shift in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds. 36in. material, 2¼yds. lace beading, and 3¼yds. ribbon. Price 3/6. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE request for the shift comes from a reader in North Queensland. Here is part of her letter and my reply:

"I would like a pretty style and pattern for some sort of shortie nightgown and a suggestion for the fabric."

The design you wrote to me about is illustrated above. To my mind, any light-textured drip-dry cotton is perfect to wear during hot weather. Under the illustration are full details of yardage, size, and how to order.

"Next year I will start work in an office as a typist-secretary. Please advise me about the most suitable clothes for the job."

Simple classic styles. A shirtwaist dress is back in fashion, and a sheath, dress-and-jacket, and a suit would all be excellent. Avoid overtrimmed designs and too much clattering costume jewellery. Bare legs are best saved for weekends. Hair should be well groomed and simply styled—and don't overdo the make-up.

"I have been given a beautiful silver gili belt and can't decide if it should be worn for day or in the evening."

A suitable dress design for the belt is more important than the time of day it is worn. My design suggestion is a simple sheath made in material that has some body Shantung or linen would be perfect.

Seeing Norma Jackson put me in a spin! She looked so young!



Why, Norma Jackson.

Joan! Well, fancy seeing you. It must be ten years. Have you time for coffee?

Norma, I must ask you, you have such a lovely complexion. How **do** you do it?

Simple! Palmolive soap facials. They can help almost any girl to be younger looking.



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Doctors prove that Palmolive Beauty care can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days. From the very first day you use it you'll discover that Palmolive soap beautifies as it cleans. Palmolive soap with gentle olive oil is so mild, so pure, its rich, creamy lather cleans so thoroughly that it gives new life to your complexion. Start your Palmolive Beauty Plan today—because only Palmolive, with gentle olive oil, gives your skin the care of a real beauty treatment.

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Continuing . . . "Summer Dressing in Australia"

ROUND-UP OF NEW DESIGNS

● Here, the fresh look of summer is seen in new designs made in wonderful easy-care material. The materials are washable, without an ounce of elegance being lost.

● *A gay whirl of stripes is seen in a one-piece (right) made in polished cotton. The neckline dips to a V at back; the skirt has unpressed pleats. Far right, one-piece in rose-printed dacron is self-belted and has a permanently pleated skirt. Material is drip-dry and non-iron.*



● *Self-belted sheath dress (above, left) in printed washable surrah with a twill finish. The dress has concealed front-buttoning from its pretty self-tie neckline to hem. Above, right: The new-again shirtmaker in Paisley-printed sea island cotton. The border of the material is cleverly used as a trim.*

● *Cool sleeveless two-piece (right) is made in American seersucker. With its full skirt of unpressed pleats, it's for the young and slim. The jacket is military-inspired; the brass buttons down the centre front are repeated on the pocket.*



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Beautiful Quilteds

Just imagine the thrill of receiving DIANA, the glamorous Hollywood gown shown above, on Christmas morning! With its flowing hostess line . . . its exquisite guipure trim . . . DIANA is supremely elegant. In Sapphire Blue (above), Jade, Chinese Red, Tropical Coral, Blossom Pink, White. Sizes 32"-38", £11/19/6.

Equally beautiful is ROSEMONT, Hollywood's luxurious bedspread, immaculately tailored to enhance any traditional bedroom setting. It's in wonder-wearing TETRON—with a pretty and practical "Turnatop" and ingenious drip-dry underskirt. In pastel tonings of Lilac, Pink and Lemon. £19/17/6 single, £24/10/- double. Matching pinch-pleated curtains, 7' drop. £7/17/- pair.

Prices vary slightly in each State.

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WHERE THE CLUETTS ARE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

A short story
By JACK FINNEY

WE had open books and magazines lying on every flat surface in the room. They stood propped in a row along the fireplace and mantelpiece and lay face up on the seat cushions of the upholstered chairs. They hung like little tents on the chair-arms and backs, were piled in layers on the big round coffee table, and lay scattered all over the carpeted floor. Every one of them was opened to a photograph, sketch, floor plan, or architect's elevation of a house.

Ellie Cluett sat on the top of the ladder I used to reach the highest of the bookshelves. She was wearing a grey sweater and slacks and was slowly leafing through an "Architectural Forum." Sam, her husband, sat on the floor, his back against the bookshelves, and now he held up his book for us to look at. This was the big room I worked in, and I was at my drafting table watching them.

"How about something like this?" Sam said. It was a color photograph of the Taj Mahal.

Ellie said, "Great. The big dome in the centre is just right for a television aerial. Okay with you, Harry?"

"Sure. All I have to do is design the place. You'll have to live in it." I smiled at Ellie. She was about twenty-three, intelligent and likeable.

Sam said, "Well, I wish you would design it and quit pestering us about it." He grinned to show he didn't mean it, though he did. Sam was wearing slacks and a sports shirt and was about my age—somewhere just over thirty.

Ellie said, "Yes, Harry, please. Have it built and phone us in New York when it's finished. Surprise us! Honestly—" she gestured at the roomful of opened books and magazines—"I know we promised to do this, promised to look at all these, but it's driving me crazy."

"I'll have all the rooms padded, then. In tasteful decorator colors."

"Damn it, Harry, I think you're being pointlessly stubborn," Sam said. "There are only two things that matter to me about this house, and you know what they are."

I nodded. Sam owned a big boatyard on the Sound. He wanted a house here in Darley, Connecticut, because it was only thirty minutes from the yard. He sold his boats by demonstration and entertainment, so he wanted an impressive house to take his prospects to.

Sam said, "That's all I care about, and you won't change it if you lock me up in here."

"It isn't as though we'd really be living here," Ellie said gently. "We'll keep our apartment in New York, you can be sure.



Ellie, dressed in the style of the last century, served drinks to Sam and Harry.

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Except for the boat season, we'll hardly be in Darley."

I didn't want to lose this job. Just before the boat craze began, Sam Cluett started his boat works on nothing; now he was rich and offering me a free hand in designing a showplace, with nothing skimped. I wanted to do it and needed the money, but I said, "I can't do it alone. If this house doesn't mean enough to you to give it some time and work and to develop some opinions and enthusiasms about it, then I don't want to design it. Because it would never be much of a house. It wouldn't be yours, mine, or anyone's. It would be a house without life or soul—or, even worse, the wrong kind."

Absolutely identical looks came to their faces: brows raised in polite question, eyes alertly interested in and amused by the notion of a house with a soul.

I suspected that I was about to become an anecdote back in New York, but I was going to save this job if I could, and I smiled and said, "It's true, or close to it. A house can have a life and soul of its own. There's one here in Darley twelve years old and it's had nineteen owners. No one ever lives in it long. There are houses like it in every town in the world." I stood up and began walking around the room.

Sam sat watching me from the floor, arms folded. Ellie sat on top of the ladder, staring down at me, her chin on her fist. There was a faint smile of interest on each face, and they looked like a couple of sophisticated kids waiting for the rest of a story.

I said, "It's an ordinary enough house, but I prowled through it between tenants once and began to understand why it never kept an owner. Everywhere you look, the proportions are just faintly unpleasant. There's a feeling of harshness in the place. There's even something wrong in the very way the light slants in through the windows. It wasn't the designer's fault; the house simply developed an ugly life and soul of its own. It's filled with unpleasant associations, and after you're in it a while it becomes downright repelling. I don't really understand why, and I'm an architect."

I glanced at Sam, then at Ellie, smiling so as not to seem too deadly serious. Ellie's eyes were bright with interest. I said, "There's another house in Darley that no one has ever willingly left. Those who've left it, the husbands were transferred or something of that sort, and I've heard that each wife cried when she had to give up that house. And that a child in one family said, and has continued to say, that when he grows up he's going to buy that house back and live in it. I don't doubt these stories because I've been in that house, too, and I swear it welcomes you as you step through the front door."

I looked at the Cluetts again and began to hope. I said, "You've been in that kind of house; everyone has. For no reason you can explain you feel a joy at just being in it. I almost think that kind of house knows you're in it and puts its best foot forward. There's a kind of felicity about it—everything in it just right. It's something more and better than any designer could consciously plan. It's the occasional rare and wonderful house that somehow acquires a life and soul of its own, and a fine one.

"Personally, I believe that kind of house comes out of the feelings and attitude—and actual love for it—of the people who plan it and bring it to life. And that has to be the people who are going to live in it, not just the architect. When I design a house, I want it to have a chance of turning out to be that kind. But you're not giving yours any chance at all."

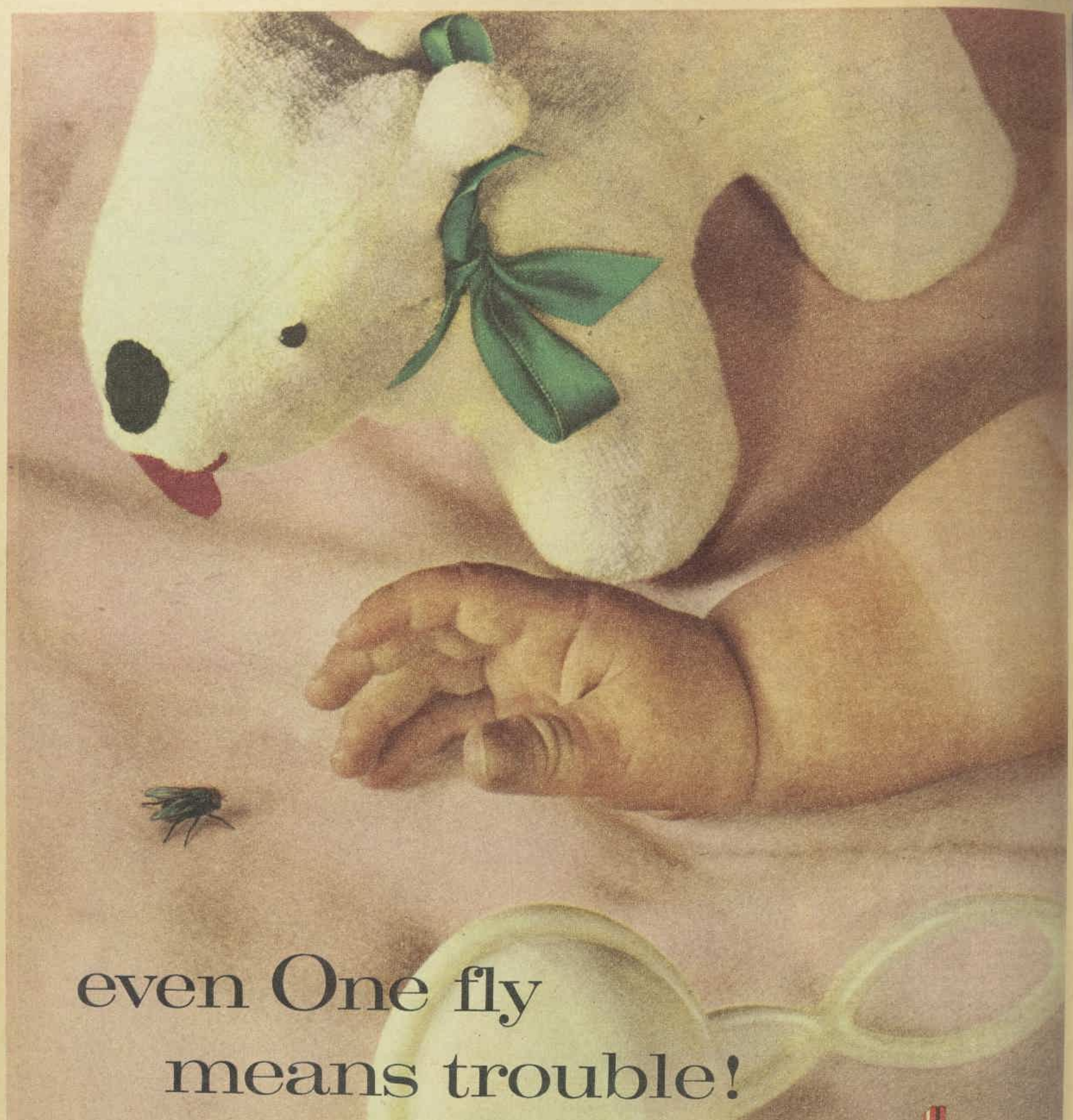
It didn't work. For half an hour the Cluetts were contrite and industrious—

To page 26



The lights of the house, like slender candles, glowed against the blue night.

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Death on the 6th. day

With Winnie in the back of the car and a sulky Connie beside her, Karen started off on the long cross-continent journey

Second instalment of our exciting serial

By HENRY FARRELL

FOR some time the marriage between KAREN and DAN HOWARD has been hanging in the balance because of Karen's neurotic fears. Her psychiatrist, DR. EMORY, has pointed out to her that because her father died on a trip for his business company she fears Dan will be separated from her by the company he works for and which has sent him to Los Angeles on a new job.

When Dan phones to say it will be eight weeks before he can come to take her and CONNIE, their small daughter, she suddenly decides to make the trip from New York herself as a gesture of reassurance and the first move toward a reconciliation.

That same night HARVEY WHITE, the caretaker of the apartment building, has a late visit from RITA SEARS, his dead wife's sister. She asks for a loan to pay her fare to Los Angeles, as she is running away from a troublesome suitor. He puts her up for the night in an empty apartment and next morning suggests she see Mrs. Howard and ask her if she can travel with her.

Karen's mother, MRS. SPENCE, tries to dissuade her from making the trip, although FAYE, her sister, agrees she should do what she feels is right. Just as they leave, Rita calls, introducing herself as Mr. White's sister, WINNIE WHITE. Karen is surprised to find herself just a little hesitant to make a final arrangement with her and decides to wake Connie from her day sleep to see if she takes to Winnie.

At first the child balks and Winnie pretends to ignore her, but this strategy soon gains the child's interest as she talks about the proposed trip. Then, to Karen's surprise, Connie makes friends and, although touched by a small stab of jealousy, Karen finds herself agreeing to having Winnie as a driving companion on the trip. NOW READ ON:

HARVEY made his way across the living-room to the window, inched back the curtain, and looked out. The light of morning had fully touched the buildings across the street now, etching their straight, confident lines, up and up, with bold, hard strokes of concrete-grey. The street below, covered with shadow, looking black and wettish, seemed still to linger with the forgotten night. Harvey's uncertain gaze found the car at the kerb, the Howards' tan-colored sedan, and clung to its dimly gleaming hulk with frowning bemusement.

As he watched, the door of the car opened and a male figure, wearing the dark green coveralls of the garage two blocks up, emerged to join Mrs. Howard and the little girl on the sidewalk. Mrs. Howard handed the man something, a tip, and with a nod of thanks he moved rapidly off out of sight. Rita evidently hadn't put in an appearance yet. Always late, Harvey thought with a sudden start of irritation, always and forever letting somebody else wait on her.

But it was none of his affair now. He had no reason to be feeling all tensed up and worried like this. And no reason, either, to see Rita, even if she did stop to say goodbye. He didn't care what she did from now on—what she did or didn't do—or who she left waiting around for her. After this morning he was rid of her. Whatever she might be mixed up in, she was out of his hair and his conscience was clear.

Or almost clear, anyway. He had let Rita tell Mrs. Howard that she was his sister to make her feel safer about taking her along, and he shouldn't have done that. But Rita had talked him into it and what difference could it make? They would only be together on the road for a week or so and then they'd never set eyes on each other again. So what the heck?

The only thing was, if anything should happen on the trip and Mrs. Howard and the little girl got involved because of Rita . . . Harvey's face knotted into an expression of disgust. There he was, worrying, worrying himself sick about this or that, about something that—that he didn't even know what it was. Forget it, he told himself.

One thing to be thankful for, Rita had been in a good mood these past few days. And her jilted boy-friend hadn't turned up to make any trouble. Actually he had never seen her so pleased with the world the way it was. Used to be she was always griping about all the things she wanted and didn't have, all the fancy clothes and jewellery and things like that. And all the ritzy places she would never see the insides of, the foreign countries she would never get to see. Never once had she carried on about anything like that.

If she had mentioned the future at all it had always been optimistically and with confidence, almost as if she believed that at last all her crazy dreams were going to come true. Actually, with all the laughing and cutting up she had done, she had been almost a pleasure to have around. But there had been moments when he had looked around and seen her there, just like she used to be when Fern was still alive and . . . Well, she was going away for good now, and he was just as pleased to see her go.

But that crazy business about bleaching her hair. Her making him go out and get the stuff for her to do it with. It just didn't look good on her, blond hair, not with her dark coloring. But she had been pleased with it that way, so he hadn't said anything. And the clothes she had borrowed money from him to buy. He had expected her to come back with something flashy and wild like she usually did. But with those flat-heeled shoes and that sweater two sizes too big for her and that plain skirt, it was almost like she was deliberately trying to make herself homely.

Outside, Mrs. Howard and the little girl were busy putting something, coats and such, it looked like, into the back seat of the car. Harvey had always considered the Howards a nice young couple, a little standoffish, but nice. And the little girl—she was maybe four now—was a well-mannered, quiet youngster as far as Harvey knew. Harvey let the curtain fall back into place and moved away.

He had just started back toward the hall when he heard the footsteps outside coming down the stairs and then toward his door. She had said she would stop and knock on his door if she thought he was around.

He found himself standing very still, a sudden and totally inexplicable nervous sweat breaking out on his brow. The footsteps came closer, hesitated, then approached his door.

Even when the bell sounded in the room, like a cry of harsh discovery, he did not move. He simply stood there in the centre of the room, trying to hide himself in the ensuing silence. Like a squirrel in a hole, Rita had said of him once, that's what he made her think of, a scared little squirrel way down in a hole in the ground, hoping nobody would find him there, ever. It was a long time ago she had said that. His hand twitched suddenly in nervous reaction.

All he had to do was just take a few steps over to the door, open it, and say goodbye and good luck and it would be all over. So why was he hanging back like it was such a great, earth-shaking thing, holding his breath, waiting for her to go away?

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When only the best will do

...and isn't that all the time?

3/6 for 20

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This was certainly no ordinary going-away hat, it was a work of art — a short short story

THE HAT

By MARGARET PENROSE



PETA got married last Saturday. The whole office was invited to the wedding and all accepted. Well, there was only eight of us, anyway, and Peta worked here for six years; so, of course, we all know her and had followed the progress of the romance from when he first phoned to ask her out until the day she came in duly engaged — ring, cake, and everything.

She left at the end of last month and we collected and bought her a toaster.

Unfortunately, we work on a Saturday morning and as the wedding was to be at Narleigh, the small country town where Peta's parents live, we had to catch a train at one-thirty. We came to work all dressed in our best and looked more elegant than usual. As much as the wind would let us, anyway.

Of course, there had to be a howling wind blowing, but at least it was fine.

Halfway through the morning the telephone rang, and who should it be but the bride herself, flapping madly.

"Listen, Molly," she began, "will you do something for me? That idiotic cousin of mine was supposed to fetch my going-away hat from Madame Blanche's and she's just got here without it.

"She says she forgot. Can you credit it! Look, Molly, could you or one of the girls get it and bring it with you?"

I was going myself, but I had a great pile of typing that was urgent. By half-past eleven I was still busy, so I asked Jo and the junior to go.

It's no use trying to work out why Jo does the things she does. Her brain must work differently from other people's. I mean, when Madame B. had handed over an exciting striped hatbox with a smart blue bow, there was no earthly reason why Jo couldn't have waited until she was back at the office before having a look inside.

And even if she felt she had to see the hat at once, there was still less reason to choose one of the windiest corners in town.

Jo gave the box to the junior to hold, undid the ribbon, and lifted the lid just as a really vicious gust of wind came round the corner. The junior had been told to hold the box and, Casabianca-like, carried out her orders to the letter.

Jo screamed and clutched, but she was too late. The going-away hat was lifted right up between the buildings and over a couple of roofs. Then they lost sight of it.

Of course they looked for it, they told us irritably when they came back to the office an hour later, dishevelled and completely distracted. "And it was such a beautiful hat," Jo kept saying, nearly in tears.

I left the others trying to calm her and ran madly to Madame Blanche's, but, of course, she was shut. All the shops were shut by that time.

Eventually we all had to rush to the station and fell into the train just as it was starting.

"What are we going to do?" Jo wailed for the hundredth time.

"Surely she has another hat she can wear," someone said, but we realised that none of us had ever seen Peta in a hat. She just never wore them.

"She could borrow one, then."

"But it was such a lovely hat."

"What was it like?"

"It was a great, enormous beret thing, pierced through with two large quills. A lovely deep blue velvet. They must have matched it with her going-away suit — there's a piece of material in the box. See!"

"What did you bring the box for, anyway, Jo?"

"I don't know. It's such a beautiful box, with the ribbons and everything."

"Still, it isn't much good empty."

"You know," Miss Everson said, taking the scrap of material and holding it against the ribbons on the box, "these are exactly the same blue."

"And they're lovely, long, thick ribbons," Mr. Willis said, feeling them thoughtfully. Something in his tone made us all look at him hopefully.

Because to our undying astonishment it transpired that Mr. Willis' mother had been a milliner, and he had more or less been brought up on hats. He had, he admitted with a deep blush of shame, sometimes helped her when there was a rush on.

"She said I had the knack," he said apologetically. "If I had some sort of foundation I believe I could do something with that ribbon," he ventured.

Jo's little black pill-box was a willing sacrifice. The junior had a pair of nail scissors, Miss Everson produced a needle, and I some pins.

As the train pulled into Narleigh Station, Mr. Willis put the finishing touches to a hat which would probably have been beneath Madame Blanche's scorn but which no girl need have been ashamed to wear, even at her wedding.

We naturally didn't get a chance to break the news to Peta before the ceremony, and then we thought we might as well let her enjoy the reception first.

When she went to change, Jo and I went with her and handed her the box. "But this isn't my hat," she said when she opened it. We explained. She thought it was all terribly funny, which was pretty big-hearted of her, really, when one thinks what she must have paid for Madame B.'s effort.

Mind you, I think she would have been a bit drowned in it, anyway, for Peta's just a little bit of a thing.

She really looked very sweet in Monsieur Willis' creation and I heard several people complimenting her on it when she went to throw the bouquet, which the junior caught. Incidentally, I suppose that means another toaster within the year.

Yesterday a postcard arrived from Peta. She said, "Having the usual wonderful time. I must tell you — we went to the pictures last night and Anna Massey appeared in my going-away hat. Absolutely identical.

"I asked Bill if he didn't think she looked lovely and he said, 'Not bad, but the girl isn't giving herself a chance in that ghastly hat.' Thank you all. Love Peta."

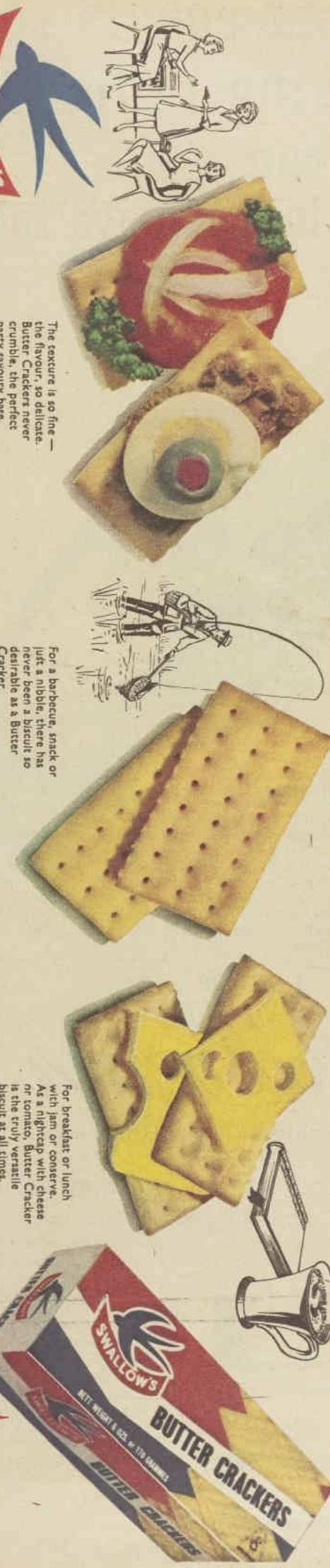
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Continuing . . .

WHERE THE CLUETTS ARE

searching through my books and magazines, pointing out to me and each other houses, rooms, windows, doors, roof styles, bathrooms, and gardens they liked, or said they did. I sat at my table again, listening; but I knew their interest was synthetic, and I added no more notes to the pad in my clip-board, I had only one: "Enormous master bedroom with fireplace." But every client says that; I could have that printed on my note pads. And the Cluetts had nothing more to add; they really didn't care.

Finally, Ellie put a book back on the shelf beside her, then stood up on the ladder and began scanning the top shelf boredly. She reminded me of a child reluctantly doing homework, ready to welcome any diversion, and now she found one. Pulling out a book, she dislodged a thick wadding of paper crammed on to the shelf beside it and caught it as it fell.

She unfolded it, opening it up finally to half a dozen big sheets of linen drawing paper, each the size of a newspaper page. When she saw what was on the top sheet, she slowly sat down on the ladder top, staring and murmuring. "For heaven's sake." After a moment, she looked at me, saying, "Harry! What in the world is this?"

"Just what it looks like." I heard the tired irritation in my voice and forced it out before I continued. I wasn't going to take their job; but I liked the Cluetts, just the same. "Those are drawings for a house, architectural drawings," I said more pleasantly. "That top sheet is a perspective, showing what it would look like finished. The sheets underneath are the working drawings for building it. They've always been up there—belonged to my grandfather. Most of the stuff on that top shelf was his. He was an architect, and so was my father."

Sam was getting to his feet, pleased with the diversion, too, and Ellie quickly turned on the ladder, hurried down it, then dropped, kneeling, to the floor and smoothed the big top sheet flat on the rug. "Look!" she said excitedly.

Sam and I went to stand beside her, staring. The edges of the paper were yellowed, but the rest was bone-white still, and I remembered that I'd once meant to frame this and hang it in my office downtown. It was an India-ink drawing, the lines thin, sharp, and black in the scribed and ruled precision architects once favored. It was an incredible sight—I'd almost forgotten — but there lay the clear, sharp-etched architectural rendering for a house of the early 1880s, just as its designer had conceived it in every gabled, turreted, dormered, bay-windowed, and gingerbreaded detail.

"Imagine," Ellie murmured, her voice incredulous and delighted. "Why, it never entered my head these houses were actually built!"

"What do you mean?" Sam said.

She turned to look up at him, eyes shining. "Why, they've always been there — for ever! Since long before any of us was born. They're old, shabby, half tumbling down. It simply never occurred to me that they could ever have been new! Or not even built yet, like this one!" Quickly, she began spreading out the other sheets in a half circle.

I knew what she meant, and so did Sam, and he nodded. It was strange to see at our feet the actual floor-by-floor plans—the framing plans and sections, fullsize

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profiles, every last detail, all precisely dimensioned ready for construction—of what had to seem to our eyes like an old, old house. And for some moments, then, silent and bemused, we looked at the careful old drawings, thinking the wordless thoughts you often think, looking at a relic of other, earlier lives than your own.

It seems to me that it's usually impossible to get hold of another time. You look at a pair of high-button shoes, the leather dry and cracked, buttons missing, the cloth uppers nearly drained of all color by the years, and it just isn't possible to get into the mind of some long-gone woman who once saw them new. How could they ever have been new and shining, something a woman might actually covet?

But these old drawings, lying on the floor beside us, weren't quite like any other relic of the past I'd ever before encountered. Because these were the house before it was built; old though they were, these were still the plans for a house-yet-to-be. And so, at one and the same time, they were quaint and old-fashioned, yet new and fresh; still untouched by the years. And it was possible to see in them, and feel not merely quaintness but something of the fresh beauty the architect must have seen and felt the day he finished them a lifetime ago.

ELLIE was getting to her feet and I turned to look at her. Her jaw actually hung open a little, and her eyes were wide and almost stunned, in a kind of incredulous awe at what she'd just thought of. "Sam!" she said, and grabbed his forearm. "Let's build it!"

"What?"

"Yes! I mean it! Let's build it! And I'll furnish it! In the style of those days Why, good heavens," she murmured, turning to stare at nothing, eyes shining with excitement, "there's not a woman I know who won't be green with envy."

Sam is bright and used to making decisions, I suppose. His eyes narrowed, and he stared at Ellie's face as though testing or absorbing her feelings through her eyes as she stared back at him, elated. Then he stepped forward abruptly and looked down at the drawings again for half a minute.

He took a few paces around the room, then turned to me. "Is it possible, Harry? Could that house be built today? Is it practical, I mean? Could we live in it and have it make any kind of sense?" Suddenly he grinned, delighted at the notion.

I shrugged and said, "Sure. Why not? If you're willing to pay the cost. The plans are there and can be followed today as well as in the eighteen eighties." Both started to speak, but I held up a hand, cutting them off. "But to build even a contemporary house with that much floor space would be very expensive, Sam. And with this house every foot of that space would cost twice as much, three times as much — or maybe more. Who can say? You might not even get a bid on a job like that."

"Oh? Why not?"

I touched the plans with the toe of my shoe. "Look at the lumber specifications. Half of it different from anything milled today—heavier, thicker, longer. You'd pay a fortune in special milling costs alone. Look at the fancy trim all over the house, inside and out. When those plans were drawn, I suppose it could be bought from stock. Today it doesn't exist. All of it would have to be special order — lathed and jigsawed out, and by people not used to it. Lots of errors and spoilage.

"What's more, the entire construction method is different from today's. No contractor has had any experience at it, or his men, either. He might not even bid—you'd have to pay cost plus. And the final price?" I shook my head. "It would be fantastic. And if you ever wanted to sell, you'd have the world's biggest white elephant on your hands, a brand-new antique that no bank in the world would ever lend you a dime—"

Sam shut me off with a hand on my arm, smiling. He said gently, "Everything you're telling me, Harry, can be said in one word—money. Well, I've got the money, and whatever it costs to build this house, I guarantee you it'll be worth it."

He saw I didn't know what he meant, and said, "Harry, boats are sold just like anything else, in a variety of ways. And one of the best is publicity. Think of the talk this'll make!"

He grinned. "Every customer I bring into that house will go home full of it. Why, Sam Cluett's new place will be talked about at cocktail parties, in restaurants, on boat decks, and in living rooms all over the Eastern Seaboard. And who is Sam Cluett? Why, he makes boats! Harry, I could blow the place up two years after it's finished, and it'll have paid for itself three times over."

He turned to Ellie, saying, "Baby, you've picked yourself a house." Then he swung back to me. "You know the contractors here. Hire one, Harry, and follow through for me, will you? Don't even ask for a bid; just have him follow the plans and send me his bill as he gets them, adding—what? Twenty per cent? Work it out with him." Sam glanced at his watch. "Now, let's get out of here and go look for a site!"

He was right about the talk. He and Ellie picked a building site that same afternoon, Sunday, and Monday morning I bought it for them —a three-and-a-half-acre plot over three hundred feet deep in the best residential section of town.

It had been held for years in the hope of a fat price, and now Sam paid it. And less than seventy-two hours after Ellie Cluett dislodged the papers that were the forgotten plans for a forgotten house its foundation was being laid—of brick, just as the old plans specified.

At first the new house attracted no attention; the wood frame of one house looks just about like any other at the beginning. Then the roof framing began, and before it was finished it was plain to everyone passing that these were remarkably steep and complex gables. They intersected in dozens of places; they were pierced by innumerable dormers; at corners they rose into sharp, narrow peaks, and they projected over—it was suddenly obvious—what were going to become bay windows and an enormous porch.

And now, all day, every day, cars crept past and clusters stood on the sidewalk as people watched the steady, skeletal growth in fresh white pine of a brand-new Victorian mansion.

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See a pin . . .

WHEN I was a child we chanted: "See a pin, pick it up, and you're sure to have good luck." Now I am slowly but surely qualifying for a padded cell. The other day, from King Street to Wynyard in Sydney I picked up no less than 17 pins. I had to give up after that as passers-by were giving me queer looks. If you don't believe me about the pins, just take a look at the pavements as you walk along. Can some reader hazard a guess as to where all these pins come from?

£1/1/- to "Very Perplexed" (name supplied), Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.

Mirror, mirror, on the wall . . .

I HAVE always longed for a full-length mirror, but having now got one I am giving it away. Placed in a strategic position I can watch my every move and the sight of this short, plump, elderly, and often untidy woman plodding from room to room in her comfortable "flatties" depresses me more than I can say. Twenty, or even ten, years ago I could perhaps have done a lot for her, but it's too late now, and I was *so* happy before my new purchase.

£1/1/- to "As Others See Us" (name supplied), Moorabbin, Vic.

Closer to her parents

DO many people find out, as I did, that after marriage they are much closer to their parents? I have found that, although I've always loved them, we are really good friends now and understand each other much better. I appreciate now all the things they've done for me that, when I was single, I took for granted, or even resented at times. I wish, as I'm sure many others do, that I could take back all the hurt and worry I caused my wonderful parents.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Beverley Page, Greenacre, N.S.W.

Stable hit-parade

MY young sister, aged 14, loves hit-parades and carries her pocket transistor everywhere, which includes her horse's stable while she cleans it out. I am amused to find her and the horse listening to the latest discs while the horse chews contentedly on chaff and Anne shovels manure into a wheelbarrow. The only place she can find to hang the transistor is on the horse's ear, and I think the horse enjoys it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Z. Frazer, Glenelg, S.A.

Child endowment

MRS. JENNER (Armidale, N.S.W.) asks how we spend our child endowment. I banked ours until I had enough to buy land cheaply at a seaside resort. Each year endowment paid the rates. When my first two reached 14, the value of the land had risen from £50 a block to £500. I sold it to meet high school and college expenses.

£1/1/- to "Methodical Mum" (name supplied), Mayfield, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

ENDOWMENT has bought a badly needed sewing-machine, paint to redecorate the children's rooms, material for bedspreads and curtains to complete the job. A nice sum each quarter can buy clothing and household items which benefit the whole family.

£1/1/- to "Thankful Mother" (name supplied), Colcraine, Vic.

★ ★ ★

THE endowment for our four children has been banked to swell our funds toward a farm, but now, with two years to go before we head to a cold climate to get that farm, the endowment is being banked separately to buy the many winter garments we will need after five years in the tropics.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Hatswell, Darwin, N.T.

★ ★ ★

OUR three children's endowment is paid into a special account to assist with university, technical, or business college course, or any other kind of special training they may require on leaving school.

£1/1/- to "Paid Back" (name supplied), Epping, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

WHEN my first child was born I took out an insurance policy on my life to mature in 15 years. By then younger children might be straining our resources, but our eldest will be sure of funds for higher education. Meanwhile, if anything happens to me my husband will have an extra £200 plus bonuses to help with expenses. With the younger ones' endowment I buy at end-of-season clothing sales, keeping them well dressed with minimum expenditure.

£1/1/- to "Valmyra" (name supplied), Northcote, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I VISITED Canberra for the first time on my holidays.

Not many journalists reach my age without seeing Canberra. I was on the way to making a record for not seeing it.

But I am glad I went there at last. It is a beautiful place, with its thousands of trees. The embassies, all in different styles of architecture, are worth seeing, too.

Foreign countries have done some showing off in building these embassies—"Our embassy's better than *yours*" sort of thing.

I saw them only from the outside. Some of them displayed stern "No Admittance" notices. But the American Embassy had a sign in the driveway: "SLOW — Children Playing"—which I liked very much.

There are large numbers of children in Canberra. They look very healthy, and grow radishes. We heard the result of a children's radish-growing competition announced on the radio. The judge said: "Judith Connelly, only 2¼, brought in some very fine little radishes."

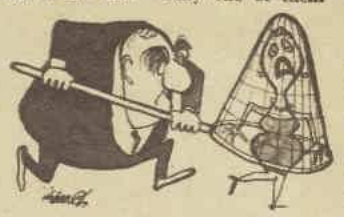
What Canberra seems to be short of is young women.

My wife and I noticed this on our first evening there, when we had dinner at the Hotel Canberra.

We were keen to see this famous establishment, having heard it was a great centre of political intrigue. I expected to see gay ladies there worming secrets out of Cabinet Ministers.

GIRLS WANTED

But the few women in the dining-room did not seem to be having much fun. They were heavily outnumbered by men, who were laying down the law. Only one of them



was under 30—a young girl much overawed by her Daddy.

It was the same at another hotel—lots of talkative men, but hardly any women.

My impression that the sexes are out of balance in Canberra is confirmed by the latest census figures. They give the population as: Male 29,463, female 26,986.

There must surely be opportunities waiting for bright girls in the Federal Capital.

It can't be much fun for those unattached politicians and public servants to be always talking to each other. They would welcome a chance to explain butter subsidies or wheat agreements to a charming feminine audience.

I don't mean a girl of the purely frivolous type. I mean the kind who dreams of influencing the nation's foreign policy—sharing in the excitement of imposing taxes—becoming a power behind the Tariff Board.

She should not behave in a too-saucy or forward fashion. It would be a mistake to start doing The Twist in the lounge of the Hotel Canberra.

But she should have a silvery laugh and be a sympathetic listener.

Soon Senators would be saying: "Delightful girl that! She really appreciates my views on meat exports."

With any luck she would meet an eligible deputy trade commissioner, or third secretary, or perhaps an assistant astronomer (they have a nice observatory at Canberra).

So I say to ambitious girls: you, too, may be able to make some lonely legislator or administrator happy. Why not get into the ACT?

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The time of her life

An amusing story

By BETTY DICKMAN



While George and I happily painted on one bank, Bob and the children fished on the other.

I WAS driving along in the station-wagon, lost in a world of my own, minding my own business, when a small sports car began tailing me. The maniac at the wheel kept hooting his horn.

I gave the approved signal and brought the car to a standstill. He had to draw up behind.

I got out of the van as elegantly as was possible in my short tight skirt and marched over to him.

"And what else did you get for Christmas?" I inquired coldly.

He stood in that narrow Devonshire lane, grinning from one large ear to the other, a bold check jacket draped over his heavy shoulders. I recognised his weather-beaten features. He'd been crunching cornflakes in the hotel dining-room that morning.

"A new glass fishing rod. A fixed spool reel, and oh, yes—" his large hand dived into his trousers pocket and reappeared with a set of poker dice, "these."

"If you used your head for something better than a hat-rack, you would realise there was no room to pass," I said and angrily turned on my heel and drove off to fetch the children.

As the hedges grew higher and the lanes became more winding and steep, I reminded myself that, at all costs, I must steer Bob clear of that man. Like most husbands, Bob is not averse to a few masculine sports, most of which are taboo on our family holiday.

Eventually, I had to abandon the station-wagon in a clearing and scramble down the hundred and forty steps to the beach. The little bay was sheltered and warm. A number of children were paddling floats. I soon spotted Paul and Anna. They were climbing on the huge rocks that nestled at the bottom of the cliffs.

As soon as they heard me calling, they came rushing to me, excited, and bubbling over with high spirits. Paul's wiry young body was evenly tanned and his straight fair hair was bleached almost white by the sun. He was obviously Bob's son. Anna's straight hair made her look strangely like me, poor child!

"Mummie, we took a float right up to that cave." Paul showed me an ugly hole in the cliff. "It was smashing. When we got near it, I thought the waves would suck us in."

"I warned him not to go so close," said Anna.

"You were scared," Paul accused her.

"I was not." Anna's temper was rising. She was like me in more ways than one.

We arrived back in Paignton in time for an evening meal. As I tucked the children into bed afterwards, I found myself going over my encounter with that man in the sports car. I felt in my bones he spelt trouble. We must give him a wide berth, I informed myself definitely. Bob must not get to know about him.

Alas, it was too late. After I had touched up my mouth with a pale rose lipstick and brushed out my hair, I went in search of Bob. I looked in the hotel lounge, but he was not there. Then I saw them together in the bar. They were engaged in close conversation. Twin souls. Blood brothers. The damage was done. I might have known I couldn't keep two of a kind apart.

My heart sank into my stiletto heels. Bob's face was animated. His deep-set eyes glistened with excitement. Any fisherman's wife would recognise the expression. He wears it when he has seen an outsize fish working toward his bait.

"George Graham. My wife, Molly."

The obnoxious one got off his stool. He gave me a handshake that nearly cracked my knuckles.

"George is a fisherman," stated Bob.

"I know," I said. "We've met."

They settled me with a gin and vermouth. After that, I didn't exist. I sat there, gloomily staring into my glass. Of course this would have to happen, just as Bob and I had started our family holiday. I foresaw what the next move would be, and I was right. Bob turned to me.

"George knows a gem of a river. He's going to take me out there tonight to catch a trout."

"You haven't brought a dry-fly rod," I said cheerfully.

"Yes I have. I packed it at the last minute, just in case I needed it."

"We were going to the flicks. Remember?" My tones were steely.

"So we were." Bob's good humor could be maddening.

"Tell you what. Get Mrs. Tuft to go with you instead. Unless you'd like to come with us." It was obviously a half-hearted afterthought, issued with the sound knowledge that I was bound to refuse after a previous experience.

"No thanks. I still have painful memories of a night in Scotland."

"Oh, yes. That was a funny episode, wasn't it? I must tell George." He slapped that man on the back. I mentally rubbed my hands with glee. They were getting along far too well for the friendship to last.

"There was old Molly, stuck in the middle of the Clyde. She'd cast her first line into an overhanging bough. Of course, I didn't know. I was preoccupied some way up stream."

"So I was stranded there on a rock until the early

To page 65

Record Offer Repeated

The response to the recent announcement of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY FAMILY ALBUM has been so great that this offer is now repeated, under which an 8-record set is available for £12 cash or £4 deposit and £1/10/- a month for 6 months. There are 12 records from which you can choose any 8:

Bing Crosby—TWILIGHT ON THE TRAIL (Mono E275).
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Al Jolson—THE IMMORTAL AL JOLSON (Mono E272).
Liberace—PIANO SONG BOOK OF MOVIE THEMES (Mono E270, also in Stereo SE270).
Les Black—DINE AND DANCE WITH LES BLACK (Mono 239).
Don Costa—SING-ALONG WITH DON COSTA (Mono E246, also in Stereo SE246).
James Verity and the 110 String Orchestra and Buckingham Chorus—THE BEST OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN (Mono E233, also in Stereo SE233).
Alfred Apaka, Roy Smeck, etc.—ADVENTURES IN PARADISE (E269, also in Stereo SE269).
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Worth Reporting



● *Book jacket*

THE pictures at left and right are from the dust-cover of a book published in time to solve some Christmas gift problems.

"Daddy, Are You Married?" is a collection of some of the funniest of the several hundred pieces Ross Campbell has written in the past seven years for this paper and for the Sydney "Sunday Telegraph."

On the cover (left) the author is portrayed by artist Clarrie King. On the back is a photograph (right) showing Ross returning from a Melbourne Cup assignment. It answers the question posed in the title.

Single men do not need two garbage-cans.

The piece to which the title refers first appeared in the "Sunday Telegraph," where Ross regularly chronicles life at a suburban home called Oxalis Cottage.

Some readers may be surprised to see Ross in a top hat, but he doesn't own it. This one was lent to him for a visit to the Melbourne Cup. He says:

"The secret of wearing a top hat, I found, is to stick with the other men wearing top hats. Otherwise you are in danger of being cut off and surrounded.

"This happened to me when I was going away from the Melbourne Cup. I could not get a taxi, and I went into a lolly-shop to ring up for one. While I was at the phone people gathered in the shop, and some were holding their children up to look at me.

"I think I must have been the first person who went into a lolly-shop in a top hat."

("Daddy, Are You Married?" published by Ure Smith. Price 17/6.)



. . . and author.

Dental operation

GET something done about that aching tooth while you can still find a dentist!

The Victorian Dental Registry can find room for 50 new dentists each year, but this year the final-year students number only 20.

Last year was considered a bumper year—32. The year before that produced a meagre 18.

If the scarcity of dentists continues, Australia may have to follow New Zealand and Britain and employ girls as dental auxiliaries.

New Zealand has employed girl auxiliaries for some time. In Britain the first 60 girls have just completed a two-year course.

Successful students are to work in hospitals and clinics under the supervision of dental surgeons.

The girls will do simple fillings, extract "milk" teeth, and clean, scale, and polish teeth, thus relieving the dental surgeons of many routine tasks and leaving them free for the more complicated dental operations.

Miniature farmyard

MR. AND MRS. ALFONSE KONIG have 100 animals in their home at Lawson, in the Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

Before you start thinking of the staggering food bill this must cause, we hasten to explain that the animals are miniatures, painstakingly carved by Mr. Konig.

German-born Mr. Konig, a freelance lithographer, came to Australia with his wife, Frida, and two children 28 years ago.

They now have a family of four, three of whom are married.

Carving the animals is a spare-time hobby for Mr. Konig. He has made a miniature farm, with stables, cowboys, cattle, and horses.

Mr. Konig buys scraps of wood; uses a penknife for carving.

He has made other things besides animals. Mrs. Konig is very proud of a beautiful set of hand-carved serviette rings and a jewel-box. He has also made bookends and a wooden doll for his youngest daughter, Erica.

"He's very handy to have around the house," said Mrs. Konig. "If anything needs mending he can fix it or build a new one."

Mr. Konig doesn't sell his work, as only someone who appreciated the carving would buy at a price to make it worth while.

Mr. Konig has always loved animals.

"Even now," said Mrs. Konig affectionately, "he will stand in the backyard gazing at the chooks for hours."



● *Animals carved by Alfonse Konig.*

A FRIEND of ours had a nasty shock the other day.

"I thought I'd discovered an Abominable Snowman in Sydney," she told us.

Calmly driving along a suburban street, she was suddenly transfixed by large red paw-marks on the roadway.

Being brave, she followed them.

They led straight to a service station.

On second thoughts, the "animal" was naturally an Abominable Petrol-Sales-Gimmickman.

Library — of music

"ANY old music you don't want?" asks the Music Council of Western Australia for its State public music library.

From 64 letters sent to publishers all over the world, American foundations, and W.A. country music teachers, the response has been overwhelming.

More than 445 volumes of piano, vocal, chamber music, and opera have been sent to England for binding.

The primary object of this music-lending library was to help young musicians with their studies, make available scores that might be difficult to obtain, and save them money.

Now anybody in the State can use the library, set up by the Library Board of W.A. in the State Library, Perth.

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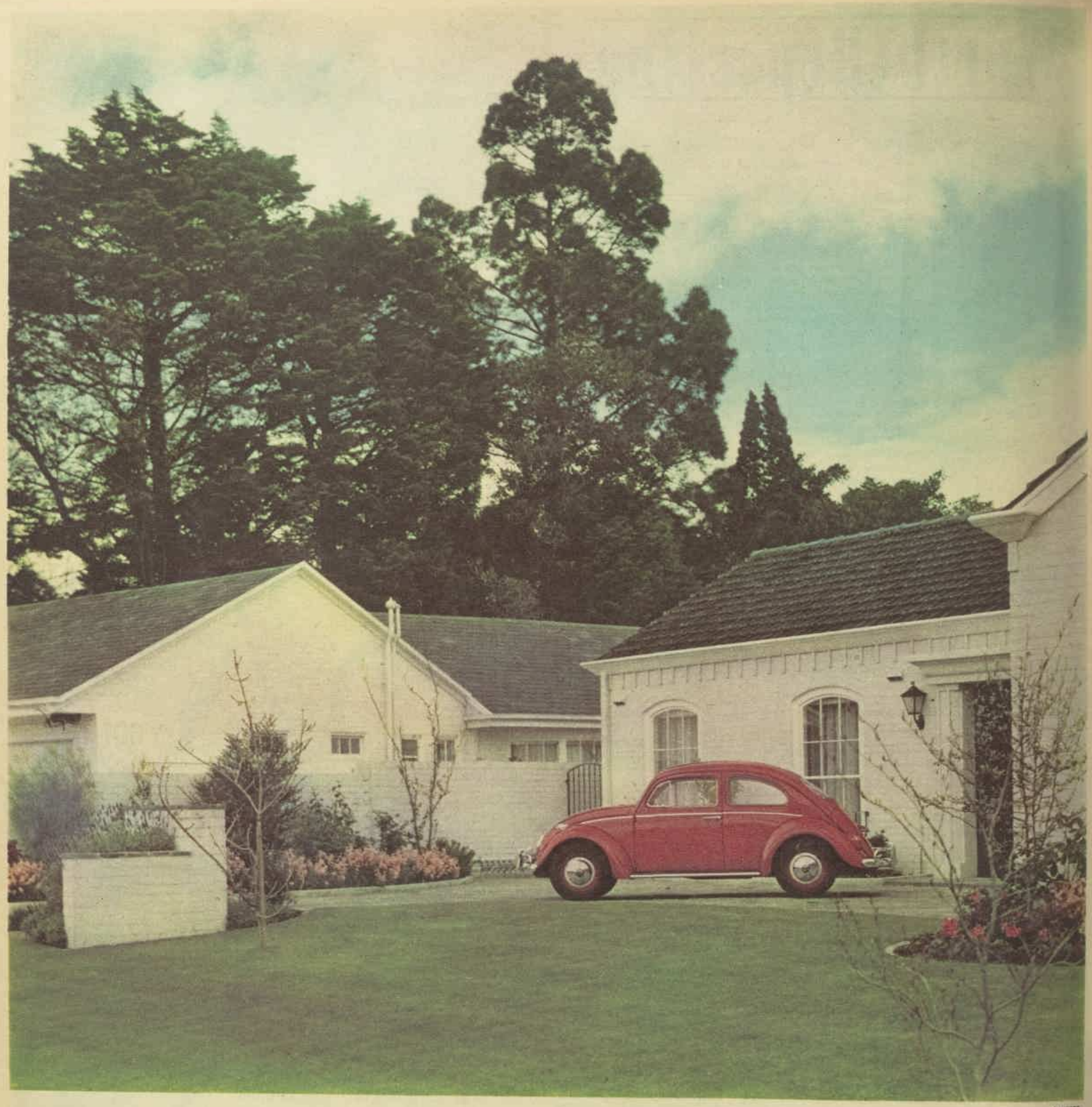
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What Year Car Do The Jones Drive?

The Jones drive a Volkswagen and Volkswagens look alike from year to year.

A Volkswagen is never outmoded. Indeed, no one knows how long a Volkswagen lasts; the first VWs made have not worn out. We hear from VW owners who have clocked astonishing mileage without engine repair.

Most owners rarely see the engine. The engine hood is open only when the car is serviced and, incidentally, VW service is as good as the car.

The Volkswagen does change — where it counts. A while back we added an anti-sway bar to the front suspension to make curves even smoother, new insulation to deaden engine and roadway noise. Most recently we changed the footbrake leverage to make braking easier, better.

Over the years almost every part in the Volkswagen has been changed (but not its heart or face).

Volkswagen owners find this a happy way to drive — and to live.

How about you?

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● Arriving in a remote part of Tanganyika, in tropical Africa, Valerie Helps had three years to create and enjoy a garden; then her husband would be transferred. She had lived most of her 24 years in Tanganyika, and loved Africa. As it turned out, after three years the family has migrated to Australia — for "Africa is no longer a place of friendly natives and warm sun."



MY AFRICAN GARDEN

● This had been a wilderness of 10ft. elephant grass.

By VALERIE HELPS

THERE is a garden in Africa that holds my heart. It was my friend for three years and it hurts to think of my little world reverting to bush, but perhaps I can rid myself of that sadness by remembering the things I loved in that garden in Africa.

We arrived at the tiny station in western Tanganyika late at night. After 14 hours on the train the two children were cross and weepy, and so was I.

The only indication in the dark night that we had reached our station was a small figure swinging a hurricane lamp, the native station master. Then came my husband leaping up the train steps, hugging us delightedly. We had been apart only three days, but that was enough.

We drove over incredibly bumpy, dusty roads to the farm, and I saw with deep pleasure that the house was set among enormous spreading indigenous trees.

We parked beside banana trees, glossy and green in the headlamps, and raced excitedly into the long bungalow-type house to investigate. No electricity, of course, and the lamplight revealed a series of empty rooms and wide windows. It was going to be fun, this house.

Out of the windows tall yellow grass, ten or twelve feet high, cut off any night breeze there might have been. Our predecessor had kept the grass tall to keep away the hyenas and lions.

We laughed. We would have that cut down the very first day. What a challenge —a piece of Africa miles from civilisation, a nice roomy home, and acres of bush for a garden.

The morning came with a chilly wind, a typical dry-season wind that parched the earth as it swept across fields, tossing up dust devils in the roads and creating whispers in the tall trees. Tall Trees—yes, that would be the right name for this piece of Africa, though, of course, it did not belong to us. It was a Government farm and probably we would be there only one tour, three years.

But that was long enough to create a home and a garden.

The children and I dressed hurriedly, pulling on jerseys as we raced outside into the wind, knowing that in a few hours we would discard them to feel the heat of that intense African sun on our backs.

There was no garden — a patch of dry lawn, a few straggly shrubs, a row of formal cannas, and all around the tall yellow elephant grass.

The trees were magnificent—huge soaring trunks up which multicolored scaly lizards raced, bobbing up and down.

There were five giant trees around the house, and more leading down the slope to the farm buildings and cattle pens. Beyond the wide, shallow valley, which flooded vastly in the rains, rose a slight hill dotted with uninteresting scrub. Alas, no blue hills for me to gaze upon, but I had my trees.

Noisy burning-off

I employed a garden-boy, Juma, one of the likeable grinning children of Africa, idle, talkative, and so very pleasant. Would that he had been left as he was, but that was not to be. He was one of the many touched by the trouble-makers. However, the garden began with him.

With a gang of chattering, laughing natives we burnt the tall grass, horrified at the ear-splitting noise as it leaped into the sky devouring everything in its path. The natives beat out the orange flames with long branches before they spread too far.

The children shrieked delightedly as they danced in the thick smoke, eyes streaming, watching the swooping birds as they curved earthwards after fleeing insects. For days afterwards the house was full of charred grass and dead beetles, and the wind tossed blackened twigs far into the sky and across the countryside.

We burnt a patch about an acre in area and, after watering heavily, Juma dug and turned the earth and planted grass shoots.

The immediate surrounds of the house were dust traps, and I could foresee, in the wet season, pools of black mud. I discovered an old broken-down cottage on the farm and broke up the cement floor into huge slabs.

A tractor and a gang of boys brought the slabs and deposited them around the house — silent amusement at the Memsahib's madness! I mixed cement and sand and, with Juma, laid the stones down into broad crazy-paving walks, completely encircling the house.

Along the outer side of the walk, past the bedrooms, we put poles deep into the ground and bamboo slats across side and top, and planted granadillas, the black and the golden variety. It would be a tunnel of cool green shade keeping the hot sun off the bedroom walls, and perhaps in later years we would reach a hand out of our window and pluck a juicy passionfruit.

In a vast curve round the front of the house, enclosing a patch of lawn and two trees, I built a garden wall. I planted bright red and pink geraniums around the trunks of the trees — they would look effective against the roughened bark.

The wall was filled with earth and manure, and seeds of every variety were planted in it. At an interval in the curve I built a pergola over a pathway and planted potato-creeper cuttings, and, for immediate show, morning glory.

Continued overleaf



● Author and her children. The recently made lawn is parched, for this is the dry season in 1960. Below: Daughter Chancy on a stone seat built near the front door of the house.



● Behind the salvia the family is having morning tea. They had to contend not only with the dry season, which seared the garden plots, but also with the equally regular season of storm rains.



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MY AFRICAN GARDEN

From page 33

A tree grew to the left of the front door. I surrounded this with paving and made a stone seat so one could lean against the trunk and survey the scene. It became a favorite evening haunt of our tortoiseshell cat. Ferns and a creeping leafy plant grew from the soil surrounding the trunk.

Against the bare front wall of the house, I planted bougainvillea shrubs taken from an old farm, and honeysuckle.

This thrived and in a short time surged over the wall. The bougainvillea grew at great speed and soon long healthy shoots and bright purple and mauve blooms peered across the windows.

I planted masses of feathery ferns in yellow-painted kerosene tins and scattered them about the front steps. They gave an illusion of coolness even on the stillest afternoons.

Dry season, then the floods

I was determined that the back entrance should be, if anything, more attractive than the front. Native servants have not the cleanest habits and generally the back entrance of a house in Africa is strewn with all manner of junk and dirt — old clothes, broken bottles, cups without handles, saucers, sweepings, cigarette ends.

I paved the area between the garage and kitchen door and planted a fig tree against the wall. The banana trees I had seen first by night provided ample shade and coolness, and with lawn beneath and two vigorous orange bougainvilleas the back entrance promised to be indeed more attractive than the front.

The fig produced fat fruit the whole year round, and grew high over the kitchen roof before being cut back — all this success because the roots had found their way to the underground waste pit, and had perpetual water.

No matter how frequently I watered the front gardens, the heat and intense dry winds destroyed them in the seven months of dry weather. Only the back remained lush and green throughout the year.

The few roses I had grew well—untidy dark red blooms and an attractive white rose; also my favorite, a bushy pink rose from my father's home, always covered in dainty pink buds. I would pick the unopened buds and watch them open in a narrow glass vase, filling the lounge with their heavy scent on hot afternoons.

Outside my bedroom window I planted one white rambler. It was magnificent. It spread itself over the pergola and great sprays of roses peeped through the granadilla leaves and fruit. I loved to walk down the paved path through my tunnel of green and discover how many sprays of roses were out.

The rains came in November. In the first torrential storms, my more delicate flowers were beaten to the earth, pansies and violets and fairy-like linarias lying bruised in a last colorful sleep. The scented petunias, the dancing fuchsias, the rose petals drooped and fell to the sodden earth and the leaves became spotted and diseased.

Yes, the rains were cruel to my flowers, but the lawn and the shrubs and small trees—how they revelled in the dampness and cooler weather! The dry yellowness of the lawn became tinted with a miraculous shade of green, and then, as an artist spilling a pot of paint, suddenly I woke in the morning and, behold, the land was lush and green and cool.

Once more the days were filled with the whirr of the lawnmower being pushed round by a reluctant Juma, and the scent of newly cut grass in hot sunshine and wet earth filled the air.

Birds fluffed their feathers in the pools, the children danced outside in the drive as it turned into a racing river, coming in breathless and happy, the raindrops sparkling on their hair and faces. I loved the rainy season, the paving-stones washed grey and smooth-looking and the air smelling fresh and clean.

The roads, of course, became raging torrents and between us and the small post office and railway station a dam burst and poured across the road. Mudfish in their thousands were swept downwards, and for weeks the natives flocked to the road, waiting with sticks to stun the fish as they wriggled across.

All rather exciting, but frequently very inconvenient. We were cut off from all supplies, and the endless task of making bread in a wood stove with drenched logs began. The mail was held up, airfields flooded, and trains derailed. It happened nearly every year and was accepted with Africa's usual resignation, a shrug of ebony shoulders, a broad grin, and "Shauri ya Muungu" (God's fault).

By February the rains steadied to a daily drenching, straight, heavy rain; no more squalls and thunderstorms, no more sleepless nights of blinding endless lightning and ear-splitting thunderclashes.

The shrubs surged upwards and outwards, the splendid scarlet of the poinsettia outside my bedroom window filled the eye with color, and the waxen scented Tree of Life, the frangipani, covered herself with white and pink blossom.

Three bauhinias burst into mauve, pink, and salmon-colored flowers, and the moonflower in the far curve of the garden grew so heavy with fluted white flowers that the branches touched the ground. It was a miracle time; one's senses were filled with pleasure, growth, color, scent, and the song of the birds.

Before we left this year I spent many evening hours wandering round, drinking in my garden, loving it. Loving the cascading white rose as it reached down to clutch my hair, loving the frothy ferns in their yellow tins, trying to visualise my garden in years to come, when the trees and shrubs have reached their full beauty. Would the garden look as lovely as I planned?

Winds of change were blowing

The tunnel of green granadillas had materialised beyond all my hopes: the glossy leaves and curious tendrils peeped into our windows and the children did indeed eat fruit off the vines.

The lawn had extended over a vast area and was bordered with young trees: two flamboyants with delicate frond-like leaves were shaping gracefully, one day to cover the ground with their scarlet blossoms.

The jasmine by the garden wall filled the nights with its exotic scent, and as I walked in the front door a pale pink coral-creeper danced in the wind.

Looking out beyond my colorful garden wall, the lawn swept away in a green curve, the circular patch filled to overflowing this year with phlox, pale blue plumbago, dwarf marigolds, and graceful sprays of mauve salvia. Farther still, bougainvillea sprays reached into the sky with fronds of golden-orange, deep red, and purple.

It seemed so cruel that this Africa I loved so well could change so much, so rapidly, that we were no longer wanted, and that it was best to go.

And yet there was the frightening, rather lost look that met us when we announced our impending departure. Our servant's wife who had woken us up late one night for protection from her drunken husband, beaten and bruised, her latest child still asleep on her back—who would protect and help her, try to civilise her man for her?

Who would clothe her children? I recall being so amused one morning as she walked serenely past with a sack of maize on her head, baby on back, and followed by her little girl dressed in my daughter's cast-off tartan trousers and red blouse. Such very European clothing on a small black child. What would become of them?

There were so few people left to employ her. What tragedy the winds of change are bringing to Africa!

I know that our home has remained empty, my garden will have reverted to bush. Do the crows still linger for pickings, cawing and hopping impudently on the garden wall?

Does the bottle-bird warble and chortle in the cassia trees bordering the lawn? Do our two pigeons, Greyboy and White Lady, still nest in the little vent under the roof?

Who feeds them? Who is there to watch and love their graceful swoop as they curve silently to the lawn to preen and fuss their feathers. No cats stalk them now, no happy children race round listening in delight to their soft purring and cooing.

No one wakes at dawn to listen for their song.

Have the dahlia bulbs I left in the ground burst into straggle-edged flowers, mauve, orange, and white-flecked purple? Only a few flowers will survive in the summer heat of that part of Tanganyika — the magnificent shaggy head of the blue agapanthus with its knife-edged leaves; the delicate pink and white flush of the African crocus hidden deep in the shade of mauve salvia sprays; a brilliant red lily with white streaks.

Many neglected gardens now

I see, in the cool, dry season, the banana leaves ripped into brown-edged fronds by the howling wind as they thirstily await the rains to become lush and smooth again. The lawn is brown and patchy, all growth ceases and some of my tall trees lose their leaves.

Never again will the garden smell of sweet mown grass; the mower rests, rusting in the garage. Juma, perhaps, recalls the many wasted hours he spent pushing the machine back and forth. Those crazy white Memsahibs!

The candelabra flowers of the golden Cassia alata will shimmer in the sun along the drive, but soon they will be devoured entirely by the voracious black-and-green caterpillar—there is no one to spray against this pest.

What has happened to our little fawn, Freckles of the slender legs and liquid black eyes? A tiny wild creature who appeared one day on wobbly legs and thrived on a baby's milk bottle.

Does he still wander shyly into the garden listening for the children's laughter? Does he search for his great friend the cat, to butt and play with? He used to fold himself neatly up on the edge of our Persian rug in the lounge.

Did the storks arrive from Europe? Each year in September they came in their thousands and solemnly walked the fields in search of the enormous grasshoppers that infest the country at this time. At dusk they fluttered round the tall trees, their wings whirring, uttering sharp cries as they argued over the choice of a branch for their night's rest.

Then, when the first rains came, they left as silently as they arrived, back on their long journey across the seas to Holland, or perhaps it is Denmark.

There is no one there to delight in the first rains, the delicious smell of parched earth drinking the welcome moisture, the shiny wetness of the paved stepping-stones I placed over the front lawn to the door.

I have left a part of myself in that neglected garden. So much went into it, only to return to bush again. There are many neglected gardens in Africa, many broken hearts, but one must find the heart to begin again.

Do the tall trees weep, I wonder? They must be so lonely now.

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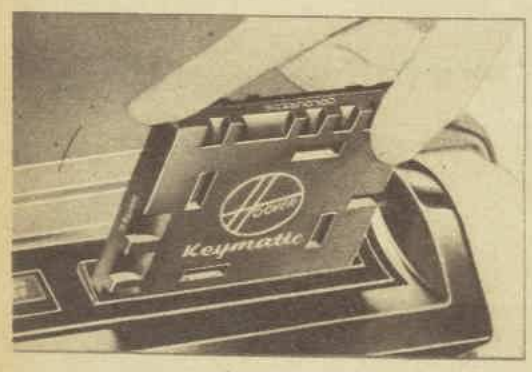


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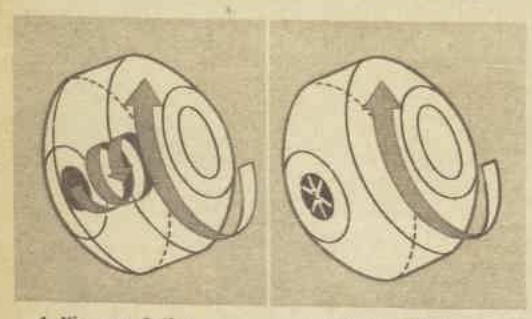
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It's as easy as posting a letter! There are no confusing dials, no complicated settings—just a simple Keyplate marked with eight separate washing programmes. All you do is select the programme you want, click in the Keyplate and the whole washing process is automatically controlled. Water temperatures at all stages, the correct washing action, rinsing and spin-drying times—the Keyplate does it all! No more guesswork, no fear of mistakes. Just click in the Keyplate and your washing is over.



1. Vigorous Action. Boiling Action Pulsator.

2. Gentle Action. Tilted tumble action.

Keymatic has 2 completely different washing actions

Not just two speeds, but two entirely different washing actions. For robust, everyday washing (linen, cotton, etc.) Keymatic uses the famous "Boiling Action" pulsator that bubbles suds through every garment—getting out even the most stubborn dirt. For gentler washing, Keymatic has a unique "tilted tumble" action that gently rotates and flexes delicate fabrics as the tub slowly turns. Only Keymatic has these two separate washing actions—**automatically** controlled to suit the fabric.

KEYMATIC HAS EVERYTHING . . .

8 separate washing programmes. Every type of fabric gets perfect handling in its own individual washing programme. For example: heavily soiled clothes are vigorously washed by the famous "boiling action" pulsator—proved in over 500,000 Australian homes. After this they are specially rinsed and then spin dried. Delicate woollens get gentle "tilted tumble" washing in lukewarm water and are then given three reduced temperature rinses to avoid shrinkage. Keymatic has eight separate washing programmes to give a perfect wash to every fabric. Just match the Keyplate to the fabric and Keymatic does the rest.
Compact design. Fits anywhere—kitchen, bathroom, under a bench. No special plumbing in or installation. Goes anywhere on easy-roll castors. **Big capacity.** Takes up to 10 lbs. of clothes and can't be overloaded. **Easy to load.** Wash-bowl is tilted up towards you. Open door makes handy shelf. **Automatic heat control.** Ensures exact washing temperatures for each fabric. **Saves suds** for the next washload and reheats them to the correct temperature. See Keymatic demonstrated now.

The amazing Hoover Keymatic—the washer that thinks for itself!

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Eight-page Cookbook

60 DISHES made with STEAK

● Beef steaks are indisputably a favorite food, especially with men. This feature gives many recipes for cooking them, ranging from budget meals to special-occasion dishes.

FOR easy reference, the recipes in this feature are divided into five groups: low-cost steaks, medium-cost steaks, higher-priced cuts, classical steaks, and quick family dishes.

A low-cost steak, such as minced steak, can become a gala dish when more expensive ingredients are combined with it. Or a fillet steak can be stretched with rice or pastas to become a family meal.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes.

Low-cost dishes

THE low-cost cuts of beef steak are as nutritious as the higher-priced cuts and, as these recipes show, can make delicious and appetising dishes.

STUFFED CHILLI PEPPERS

Six green peppers, salted water, ¼ cup oil, 1½lb. minced steak, ½ cup canned tomato paste, 2 cloves garlic (minced), ¼ to ½ teaspoon chilli powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup finely chopped blanched almonds or peanuts, fat or oil for frying, ½ cup flour, 1 egg, little milk, 1 rup dried breadcrumbs, 1 can red kidney beans, ½ cup sauteed onion, tomato wedges.

Cut round stem of each pepper, with fingers pull out seeds and pulp; discard. Cook peppers 5 minutes in boiling salted water to cover; drain. Score skin surface lightly. Heat in oil in pan, add steak, tomato paste, garlic, chilli powder salt, almonds. Saute over low heat 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Let cool slightly. Stuff peppers with meat mixture, lightly sprinkle top with flour. In shallow piedish beat egg, add milk, dip each pepper into egg mixture, then in breadcrumbs. Fry peppers in deep hot fat or oil until browned all over. Serve hot arranged in ring. Heap canned red beans (to which sauteed onions have been added) in centre of ring, garnish with fresh tomato wedges. Serves 4 to 6.

STEAK AUSTRALIS

One and a half to 2lb. blade, chuck, or any other steak desired, seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 or 3 rashers bacon (rind removed and chopped), 1 large chopped onion, 4 shallots (cut into 2in. lengths, including green sections), 2 carrots (cut in strips), 1½ cups meat or vegetable stock, ½ cup tomato puree, salt, pepper, crunchy puffs (recipe below).

Cut steak into large cubes, coat with seasoned flour. Brown all over in heated oil. Remove from pan. Drain off all oil from pan, add bacon and onion, saute lightly. Arrange meat in greased casserole, add sauteed bacon and onion, then shallots and carrots. Combine stock with tomato puree, season well with salt, pepper. Pour over ingredients, mix all well together. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours or until nearly tender. Prepare puffs.

Crunchy Puffs: Sift together 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Rub in 2oz. butter or substitute, add ½ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon each sauteed onion and celery. Mix to fairly soft dough with about 2-3rds cup milk. Spoon in rough heaps on top of casserole or bake separately (on greased oven-slide) further 15 to 20 minutes in hot oven. Serve piping-hot on top of casserole. Serves 4 to 6.

BRAZILIAN STEAK PASTIES

One lb. minced steak, 2 slices bread (crusts removed), 1 egg, 1 tablespoon sultanas, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 8oz. shortcrust pastry, tomato sauce.

Soak bread in beaten egg (reserve little yolk to glaze pastry). Beat soaked bread with fork, mix into minced steak, add sultanas, onion, parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well. Form into small sausage shapes about 4in. long. Roll pastry out to ¼in. thickness, cut into 4in. squares. Place 1 sausage in centre of each square. Dampen pastry edges, fold round sausage. Brush with beaten egg-yolk, make 3 slits in top of each. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat, cook further 30 minutes. Serve with hot tomato sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

COMPANY MEAT LOAF

Two eggs, 1½lb. minced topside steak, 1½ cups fresh breadcrumbs, ½ cup minced onion, ¼ cup minced green pepper, 1 tablespoon horseradish, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon each evaporated milk and tomato sauce, 8oz. packet cheddar cheese slices, snipped parsley.

In large bowl beat eggs slightly. Lightly mix in meat, crumbs, onion, green pepper. Add horseradish, salt, mustard, milk, tomato sauce. Combine lightly but well. Divide meat mixture into 3 equal parts. Into base of large loaf-tin gently pat one part of meat mixture. Cover with overlapping cheese slices. Spread with more meat, then cheese, then remaining meat, pressing each layer down well. Invert loaf-tin on shallow-sided oven-tray, remove tin. Bake in moderate oven about 50 minutes. Five minutes before end of cooking time crumble cheese slice over top of meat loaf. When loaf is done let stand out of oven 15 minutes before serving. Serve sliced hot or cold with snipped parsley sprinkled on top. Serves 4 to 6.

RANCH ROUNDUP

One to 1½lb. minced steak, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup rice, 1 large onion (chopped), ½ cup chopped green pepper, pinch chilli powder, 1lb. can tomatoes or use fresh tomatoes (skin and chop), 1 can kidney beans, 4oz. cheese slices, ½ cup sliced stuffed olives.

Combine in large greased casserole the minced steak, oil mixed with garlic, salt, rice, onion, pepper, chilli powder, tomatoes, kidney beans; mix well together. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 50 minutes or until meat is tender and rice plump. Remove lid, top dish with cheese slices. Return to oven, continue to bake until cheese melts slightly and browns. Sprinkle over sliced stuffed olives, serve. Serves 4 to 6.

BEEF IN A GOLDEN LOAF

One loaf of vienna bread (well crusted), 1½lb. minced steak, butter or oil for frying, 1 onion, ½ cup rice, 2½ cups stock (or use packaged soup), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, salt, pepper, tomato sauce.

Slice top off bread, about ½in. thick. Carefully remove inside soft bread, leaving about ½in. shell of bread inside. In little butter or oil saute steak, chopped onion, and rice 5 minutes. Pour in stock, bring to boil, add parsley, nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste. Cover with tight lid, simmer 20 minutes. Spoon hot mixture into hollowed loaf, wrap in foil, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. To serve, cut in large 1½in.-thick slices, spooning hot tomato sauce over each serving. Serves 4 to 6.

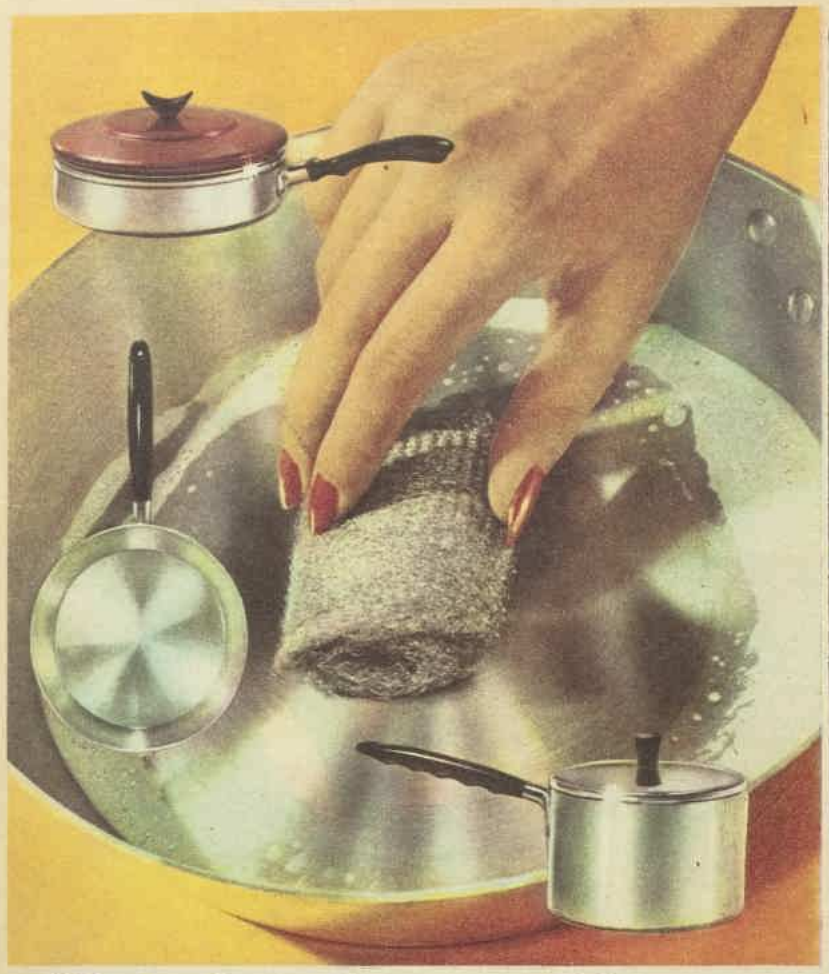
Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



PERFECT CUTS of beef should be deep red in color, marbled with fat, a fine grain with firm flesh, and pale yellow fat.

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KY503



Low-cost dishes

(from previous page)



POTATO-BEEF MEDLEY: Here is a new slant for flavor combination—savory minced steak and potato salad are baked in a casserole and served piping-hot. Recipe below.

POTATO-BEEF MEDLEY

Two lb. potatoes, ¼ cup salad oil, ¼ cup vinegar, 2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons snipped parsley, 1lb. minced steak, ½ clove garlic (crushed), extra chopped onion, salt, pepper, tomato sauce.

Cook potatoes in their skins until tender. Cool, peel, and slice into cubes. Combine oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, onion, and parsley with potato. Cover and chill. Place minced steak in pan with crushed garlic, extra onion. Stir over heat until browned all over; season. Arrange layers of potato salad and meat in greased casserole, reserving little of each for top. Place strips of meat and potato salad across top of casserole, decorate with tomato sauce. Cover, bake about 30 minutes or until meat is tender and piping-hot. Serves 4 to 6.

LITTLE ITALIAN MEAT BARS

One and a half lb. minced steak, ¾ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, ¼ cup finely chopped green pepper, ¼ cup minced onion, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ clove garlic (crushed), tomato sauce, parmesan cheese, chopped parsley.

Soak breadcrumbs in milk, add remaining ingredients, except tomato sauce and parmesan; mix well. Shape into 6 individual bars. Place on greased baking-tray. Spread tops with tomato sauce, then sprinkle with parmesan. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve with extra tomato sauce, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

MEXICAN BEEF TACOS

Tortillas: Four cups flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1-3rd cup lard, about 1 cup warm water.

Taco Filling: One lb. minced steak, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, ½ teaspoon chilli powder, ½ teaspoon oregano, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1½ cups skinned, chopped tomatoes, little butter or substitute for frying.

Tortillas: Sift flour, salt, add lard and mix in. Stir in enough water to make firm dough. Knead lightly on floured board until dough is smooth. Shape portions into balls the size of egg; cover, let stand about 20 minutes. Roll each piece into thin circle about 8in. in diameter. Fry in ungreased hot pan until lightly brown. (These can be made well in advance and, when needed, reheated in little hot oil a few seconds until slightly crisp.) Fold in half when removing from pan, drain. Fill each tortilla with about 1 tablespoon of taco filling. Serve with salad of lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber slices, olives.

Taco Filling: Brown meat in little butter or substitute, add other ingredients, simmer gently until meat is cooked. Serves 4 to 6.

STEAK-AND-APPLE PANCAKES

One lb. yearling round steak, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon each lemon juice, chopped parsley, and grated onion, ½ cup unsweetened apple sauce, little butter or substitute.

Mince steak, saute in little butter or substitute until well browned; cool. Separate eggs. Beat together egg-yolks, steak, flour, baking-powder, salt, pepper, lemon juice, parsley, onion, apple sauce. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into mixture. Drop batter by spoonfuls on to hot, well-greased frying-pan. Cook until puffed and lightly brown, turn and brown other side. Serves 4 to 6.

APRICOT-BEEF BIRDS

One and a half lb. thinly sliced round steak, ¾ cup dried apricots (soaked in water overnight), 1 stick celery, 1½ slices bread, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1½ cups water, 1 sliced onion, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, oil for frying.

Pound steak well, cut in pieces about 3in. by 5in. Chop drained apricots and celery finely, crumble bread. Mix together well, add sugar. Place some of mixture on each piece of steak. Roll up each piece, fasten securely with toothpicks. Heat some oil in pan, add rolls, brown well on all sides. Sprinkle with salt, pepper. Add water, soy sauce, sliced onion. Cook over low heat (covered) approximately 1½ hours or until tender. Serves 4 to 6.

MEAT BALLS IN TOMATO-WINE SAUCE

One and a half lb. minced steak, 3 tablespoons chopped green shallots, salt and pepper to taste, ½ cup chicken broth, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, oil for frying, extra cornflour.

Tomato-Wine Sauce: Half cup chicken broth, ½ cup dry white wine, 4 tomatoes, salt, pepper, little butter or substitute.

Mince meat again, combine with all other meat ball ingredients. Let stand 1 hour. Form into small balls, roll in extra cornflour. Fry in hot oil until meat balls are well browned and cooked through. Make sauce.

Sauce: Skin tomatoes, chop well. Fry in little butter or substitute 5 minutes, pressing down with fork. Add chicken broth and wine, bring to boil, stirring well. Add salt, pepper to taste. Add meat balls, simmer gently 5 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued opposite

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Medium cost dishes

THESE recipes are planned for average household meals and use steaks that require less ingenuity to make them an appetising dish.

CANTONESE STEAK WITH ASPARAGUS

One-and-a-half lb. round steak, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, 1 dessertspoon sherry, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup water, 1 small can asparagus pieces, oil.

Slice steak very thinly. Mix together soy, sherry, cornflour, and chopped garlic, add meat; mix until steak is covered with thin paste. Heat some oil, cook steak mixture, stirring carefully to avoid burning. When steak is almost cooked, add the water, bring to boil, simmer 10 to 15 minutes. When ready to serve, stir in well-drained asparagus pieces; heat through. Serves 4 to 6

STEAK ROLL SPECIALITY

One-and-a-half lb. round or topside steak cut thinly in one piece, ½lb. thinly sliced ham, celery leaves, salt, pepper, 1 clove garlic, butter or substitute, 4 shallots, 2 small carrots, ½lb. mushrooms, 1½lb. tomatoes, 1½ cups water.

Pound steak until very thin, cover with ham slices and chopped celery leaves, season with salt and pepper. Roll up steak like swiss roll, tie securely. Brown garlic in generous amount of butter or substitute, then discard garlic. Chop carrots, shallots, mushrooms. Add to pan with steak roll; cook, turning roll several times, until steak is well browned. Skin and chop tomatoes, add to pan with water. Simmer, covered, approximately 1½ hours. Serves 4 to 6.

ALASKA MEAT LOAF

One-and-a-half lb. topside steak, ½ cup shredded carrot, ½ cup finely chopped parsley, 1 cup breadcrumbs, ½ cup tomato juice, ½ cup sherry, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1½ teaspoons worcestershire sauce.

Creamy Alaska: 2lb. potatoes, 3 tablespoons hot milk, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 ounce butter, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mince steak, combine with all other loaf ingredients. Spoon into greased ovenproof pudding-basin, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Drain off any fat, turn loaf carefully on to ovenproof serving-plate. Frost with Creamy Alaska mixture, bake in hot oven further 20 minutes or until nicely browned. Garnish with ring of sliced tomatoes, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

Creamy Alaska: Peel and boil potatoes, drain, mash well, then beat in hot milk, butter, egg, sherry, and salt.

ITALIAN STEAK GRAVY WITH FETTUCINE

One-and-a-half lb. minced steak, 4oz. mushrooms, 2 large onions, ¼ cup salad oil, 1 clove garlic, 3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 2 small sprigs rosemary, 1½lb. tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste.

Saute chopped mushrooms and onions in oil 5 minutes. Remove from pan. Add meat to pan, cook until lightly browned. Add mushrooms, onions, garlic, parsley, rosemary, salt, pepper, and peeled, chopped tomatoes. Cover, simmer mixture 1 hour. Serve with Fettucine.

Fettucine: 8oz. noodles, water, salt, oil, 4oz. unsalted butter, 4oz. parmesan cheese.

Cook noodles in plenty of boiling salted water, to which 1 dessertspoon of salad oil has been added. Cook just 8 minutes so noodles are not too soft. Drain thoroughly, put into heated bowl. Whip butter until creamy. Add some to noodles, sprinkle with cheese, mix thoroughly with fork. Add more butter and more cheese, mix again. Continue, working quickly, until all butter and cheese have been used. Serve at once while still hot. Serves 4 to 6.

ARABIAN KUBA BISENEEYA

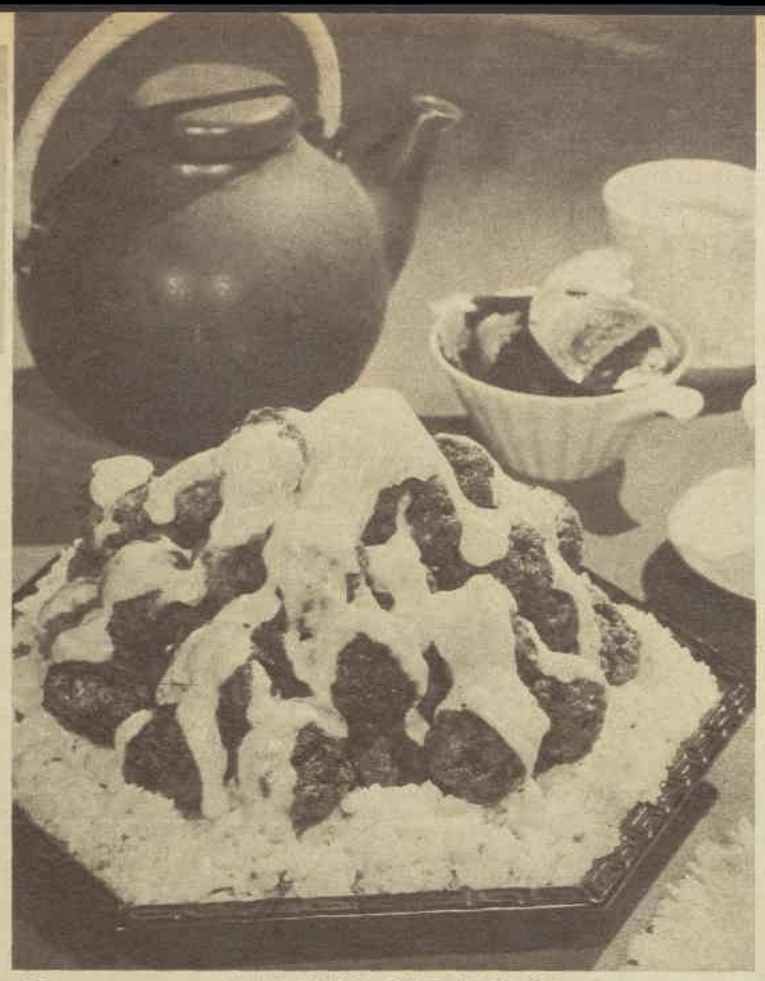
Half-pound minced pork, 1 onion, 2oz. mushrooms, ¼ cup canned pine nuts, 1 teaspoon garlic salt, butter or substitute, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 cup rolled oats, 1lb. topside or round steak, 1 egg.

Chop onion, combine with minced pork, chopped mushrooms, pine nuts, garlic salt, pepper. Melt some butter or substitute in pan, brown the mixture, stir in tomato paste; set aside to cool. Mince steak, then mince again. Combine with rolled oats, beaten egg. Put half steak mixture into square or oblong ovenproof dish. Spread mushroom mixture evenly over top (do not press down). Top with remaining steak mixture, smooth evenly. Score top into diamond shapes with sharp knife, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

CHINESE BEEF WITH TOMATO-RICE

One-and-a-half lb. topside steak, 2 tablespoons dry sherry, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ cup celery cut in ½in. pieces, 2oz. mushrooms, ½ teaspoon sugar, water.

Tomato-Rice: Three cups cooked rice, 4 tomatoes, butter or substitute, salt and pepper to taste, ¼ cup water, 1 tablespoon chopped green shallots.



STROGANOFF MEAT BALLS: Golden-brown meat balls are served on a bed of rice and topped with the traditional sauce. See below.

Cut meat into cubes. Put into saucepan with soy sauce, cinnamon, sugar, sherry, and just enough water to cover. Bring to boil, simmer gently 1 hour. Add celery and mushrooms. Simmer further 30 minutes. Serve with tomato-rice. Serves 4 to 6.

Tomato-Rice: Skin and chop tomatoes. Cook gently in little butter 5 minutes. Add salt, pepper, and water, cook 5 mintes, stir in shallots. Spoon over hot rice.

STEAK RING WITH SWEET-AND-SOUR SAUCE

One-and-a-half lb. minced steak, 2 onions, ¾ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg.

Chop onions, beat egg, combine with other ingredients. Press mixture into well-greased ring-tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 to 1¼ hours. Turn on to serving-plate, fill with fluffy white rice. Pour sweet-and-sour sauce over steak ring and rice. Serves 4 to 6.

Sweet-and-Sour Sauce: One carrot, 1 green pepper, 1 tomato, ½ teaspoon grated green ginger, 1 small can pineapple juice, 1½ tablespoons oil, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, ¼ cup water, 4 thin slices cucumber (quartered).

Peel and slice carrot thinly, cut green pepper into slivers, peel and chop tomato. Combine pineapple juice with oil, sugar, salt, vinegar. Heat and, when smooth and bubbling, add carrot, green pepper, tomato, ginger. Simmer gently 10 minutes. Thicken with cornflour mixed to paste with water. Add cucumber. Heat through. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued overleaf

Low-cost dishes . . . *concluded*

STROGANOFF MEAT BALLS

One-and-a-half lb. minced steak, ¾ cup milk, 1 cup dried breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons snipped parsley, 2oz. butter or oil, 2 onions (finely chopped), ½lb. mushrooms (sliced), ¼ teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons flour, extra butter or oil, 1½ cups stock or water, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, ½ cup sour cream, hot fluffy rice, extra snipped parsley.

Combine in bowl the minced steak, breadcrumbs, milk, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, parsley; mix well. With floured hands shape into small balls. Saute in hot butter or oil until browned all over and tender; remove from pan, drain. Add little more butter or oil to pan, saute onions, mushrooms with paprika until tender. Sprinkle over flour, stir in stock and sauce. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Simmer 2 minutes. Add sour cream, reheat but do not boil. Season to taste. Place layer of hot rice (to which extra parsley has been added) on serving-platter. Top with meat balls, spoon sauce over. Serves 4 to 6.

INDIAN CURRIED STEAK LOAF

Two lb. minced steak, 1 chopped onion, ½ cup breadcrumbs, ¼ cup fruit chutney, 1 cup chicken soup, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, salt and pepper to taste, 4 slices pineapple.

Curried Parsley Sauce: Half cup grated onion, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons curry powder, 2 cups chicken broth, ¼ cup chopped parsley.

Combine all ingredients for steak loaf, except pineapple. Shape mixture into loaf on shallow baking-dish. Top with pineapple rings. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Serve hot with curried parsley sauce. Serves 4 to 6.

Sauce: Saute onion in melted butter until golden. Blend in all other ingredients, except parsley. Heat, stirring until smooth. Simmer 15 minutes. Blend in parsley.



"Darling, are you all right?"
"I think so . . . I just had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed your boss and his wife came to dinner . . ."
"Go on . . ."
"And I came in with the chicken . . ."
"Yes . . ."
"And you carved . . ."
"Yes . . ."
"And the boss's wife said "Can I have some stuffing please?"
"What happened then?"
"There wasn't any. *We forgot the stuffing!*"
"Oh brother! Now that your dream is over, I hope you have plenty of stuffing in the kitchen".
"Oh I have! I've got PAXO".
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"That's it".
"Good, now we can relax and go to sleep. Anything your mother recommends is bound to be good. What a cook!"
"Beast!"
"Go to sleep".

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"YOU CAN TASTE THE DIFFERENCE"

PF28



Medium-cost dishes

(from previous page)

SEASONED STEAK ROUND

One piece round steak (about 2-2½lb. in weight), 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup cooked rice, 1 finely chopped onion, 1oz. butter, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 2 skinned and chopped tomatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, sprinkling monosodium glutamate, 2 or 3 tablespoons fat or oil, extra 2 sliced onions, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 1½ cups stock or water, few drops worcestershire sauce.

Cut pocket in steak; prepare stuffing. Combine breadcrumbs in bowl with rice. Saute onion in heated butter, add chopped tomato, cook 5 minutes. Add herbs, salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate; mix into breadcrumbs and rice. Fill into pocket in steak, secure with skewers or string. Heat oil or fat in pan or baking-dish, brown meat all over. Place in moderately slow oven, bake 1½ to 2 hours or until tender (lightly covered with aluminium foil to stop drying out). Baste occasionally with pan juices. When cooked remove from baking-dish, pour all but about 2 tablespoons fat from pan. Saute onion slices lightly in this. Add flour, stir over heat until well mixed and browned. Add stock, stir over heat until sauce thickens. Season with salt, pepper, worcestershire sauce; simmer 2 minutes. Serve meat sliced with sauce spooned over, accompanied by mashed potatoes and buttered peas. Garnish with parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

STEAK PIE WITH CREAM CHEESE TOPPING

One unbaked 9in. shortcrust pastry-shell, 1lb. round or topside steak, 2 onions, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons tomato paste, 1½ dessertspoons flour, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 2 eggs, 1 cup cream cheese, paprika, lard.

Mince steak, slice onions. Saute steak and onions in little lard until lightly browned, stir in salt, tomato paste, soy sauce, and flour blended with little water. Spread in pie-case. Beat eggs with cream cheese, pour over meat. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until pastry is golden-brown and cream topping is set. Serves 4 to 6.

BEEF BAVARIAN

Two to 2½lb. round steak (cut into cubes), 3 onions (sliced), 3 tablespoons butter or oil, 2 cups hot water, 1 cup dry red wine (or use all water), 1 bayleaf, 3 teaspoons salt, 1 to 2 teaspoons caraway seeds, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 medium-sized red cabbage (cut into wedges), ¾ cup crushed gingersnaps.

Brown beef and onions in hot fat or oil in large heavy saucepan or Dutch oven. Add bayleaf, salt, caraway seeds, hot water (and wine if used). Cover, cook slowly 1½ hours. Add vinegar, place cabbage wedges on top. Cover, cook 45 to 60 minutes. Remove cabbage wedges, arrange on edge of hot serving-platter. Pile meat in centre. Add crushed gingersnaps (softened in little warm water) to liquid in pan. Stir until smooth, pour over hot meat. Serves 4 to 6.



BEEF BAVARIAN: Alternatively this recipe (using cabbage shreds in place of wedges) could be served in individual dishes with a garnish of potato rosettes as above. See recipe above.

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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television



OH! THOSE SHOES

LANKY COMPERE John Laws with the Canadian husband-and-wife dance team of Carter and McGrath (and not forgetting the Revue 20) are "regulars" on Australian TV's new hour-long variety spectacular, "Startime." It's the much-ballyhooed (by the channels concerned) and much-blasted (by the critics) successor to "Revue 62," and is an all-Australian version of that earlier show. With the same big white look, it stars local singers and revue artists instead of the imported variety. The young disc jockey compere — John Laws is 26, married, with a small son — may have been pardoned for wilting under fairly consistent verbal attacks in "Startime's" first weeks on the air: critics claimed that he shouldn't sing, that he was awkward, that he looked too grim, that he was (in short) not very good. Mr. Laws says (too) often that people should "be kind to each other," and this wasn't. But as show follows show, he seems to be settling in rather more comfortably, and may confound the critics yet! **FOOTNOTE:** *For our picture, the trio chose fancy footwear — Carlu's white little-heel courts were instep-strapped, Bill wore nigger-brown highly polished leather, John Laws' black suede sported giant gilt buckles.*

of each pastry square, dampen edges, fold Serves 4 to 6.

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Gold-rush documentary makes a TV bonanza

THE FIRST DIGGERS



"IN SPITE OF WHAT I'M TOLD, I'm off in search of gold" . . . these tough diggers were warned that they would face incredible danger and hardship on Queensland fields like the Palmer — but they went anyway, prepared for anything.

A PRIVATE screening of a TV show in a theatrette is pure TV as opposed to social or home-type viewing. There are no commercials, no social distractions, and the privileged viewer is apt to get a larger than life view of what he has seen.

To overcome this, I always deduct 40 per cent. from my enthusiasm about a show seen privately, and start writing from there.

Even with the 40 per cent. treatment, "Gold Rush," TCN Channel 9's new three-part historical documentary, is world-class TV, exciting, interesting.

It uses the now well-known still-picture animation technique, with a magnificent collection of pictures, many of which have never been seen before.

"Gold Rush" is the work of reporter Tom Prior and photographer John Smith, both of the Sydney Daily and Sunday Telegraph, and Channel 9 producer Noel Swanson.

Prior and Smith spent four months, travelled 13,000 miles, visited all States except Tasmania, every major goldfield, searching and researching before they started the documentary.

"Gold Rush" is quite a remarkable documentary in three parts, each lasting an hour, to be shown all over Australia at weekly intervals.

The camera work is good. Added to this is the excitement of emotions evoked at seeing the beginnings of many Australian principles, recreations, and ways of living.

Emotional content is not something I expected to find in a historical documentary about a period long before the time of the three young men who made "Gold Rush."

I looked for an explanation of it, and found one.

Tom Prior, who wrote the script, is a grandson of two Australians who helped write the diggers' story.

His maternal grandfather, Selby Burt, went to the Kalgoorlie field in 1893, lived and worked at Kanowna, where he stayed until, in 1912, he "got dusted" (contracted miner's phthisis), from which he eventually died.

Tom's paternal grandfather, Jack Prior, of Maitland, N.S.W., mined first in Broken Hill, then Kalgoorlie.

It all adds up to make "Gold Rush" fulfil the classic requirement of TV—entertain, educate, and inform.

—NAN MUSGROVE

● Turn back to Page 15 for Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the Week.



TURNING TH 13 tons of go and families.



MINING CAMP in the Buninyong Ranges, outside Ballarat, Vic. This photograph, taken in 1854, is believed to be possibly the first ever taken in Australia. Diggers from camps like this came to fight police, the hated "traps," and British troops at the Eureka Stockade on December 3, 1854. Theme music of "Gold Rush" is an unpublished goldfield's song — "The Palmer River Song."



STAFF DINING-ROOM of the tent-and-ro decade of the W.A. gold rush. Kanowna, 1 it has completely vanished. The open bough searing heat. Temperatures of 124 degrees

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

November 14, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY



THE MODEL LOOK
—pages 4, 5

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

The school taught initiative

I USED to live at a boys' school in the high country in Victoria. It was a branch of a large school in the city and provided for boys of the Intermediate standard. One purpose of the school was to train boys to become independent, and another to teach them to love the Australian bush.

At weekends the boys would pack their rucksacks with specially prepared light rations and "go bush." Many of them would walk 100 miles or more during the two days. Because of these weekend activities there was no organised sport, but various inter-unit competitions would be held. These competitions included a 22-mile marathon race, wheelbarrow races, tree-climbs, boiling the billy (always on a wet day), and various other strenuous and amusing events. Hobbies included bird-watching, photography, trout-fishing, beetle and moth collecting, and tobogganing and skiing during the winter months. School was conducted five days a week like any high school, so outside activities did not interfere with normal schooling.

As this school is the only one of its kind that I know of, I think that more of them should be introduced into our education system. — *K. Leslie, Bathurst, N.S.W.*

Tourist tells

AS an American teenager on vacation in Sydney, I was very surprised to find the Australian accent so pleasantly different from the "cockney" accent which generally is used as an Australian accent in many American films.

I have also found the Australian teenagers so very easy-going compared with most American teenagers. I am also surprised to see so many fine buildings and such a high standard of culture here in Sydney.

But best of all I have found that the many beaches around Sydney are as good as any in the U.S.A., if not better. — *"G.K. — The Tourist," Cronulla, N.S.W.*

City lights

I HAVE lived in a country town all my life (I am 17 years old) and have found that during the past few months I have become very unsettled and depressed with most things, mainly the town itself. I would very much like to go to the city to work for a year or so and meet new faces and do different things, but my parents are very much against the idea and say that I should be contented with what I have. I have a good job, a wonderful family and home, but I would still like to try the city life. What do other readers think? —*"Country Cousin," N.S.W.*

Cold comfort

NOW that summer is here, designers will be busy creating styles for next winter's knitwear, so could I ask them to please eliminate the low V-neckline from next season's patterns? What is the use of a lovely bulkyknit sweater if it leaves the neck and part of one's chest exposed to the chills of winter? So please, designers, fill in the V and let us be warm; that way, too, we will use more of Australia's golden fleece when we knit our jumpers. — *Bronwyn Bullock, Lithgow, N.S.W.*

Any reason?

A GROUP of my friends were discussing why people write into Teenagers' Weekly. The majority said in anticipation of the prize if their letter was published, a few said for fun, and a few said for the thrill of seeing their letter in print. One said that she would only write if she had something interesting to say. Are there any more reasons? — *L. Jalast, Netley, S.A.*

Pretty true

MAYBE some English language expert can explain something to me. "Pretty" means pretty, so how can one say "pretty awful"? Similarly, "awful" means awful, so how can one say "awfully nice"? Beats me! — *Desleigh Long, Singleton, N.S.W.*

Tortoise wins

THIS might encourage the average or not-so-bright students. The eldest girl in our class was so backward that we thought she shouldn't have attended high school. I did pretty well at school (I thought), but when I went to work the "dull" girl was head of the office and I was the most junior junior. She had plugged away, while I had thought examination results sufficient in themselves.

It seems that the steady workers use what they have — leaving the clever ones for dead. —*"Keep Trying," Atherton, Qld.*

BEATNIK



"Like he started looking on the ground for money. He hasn't found any yet, but he's got the best bottle-top collection in town."

Asian speaks

I THINK an Asian student has an idea which we might all stop to consider. In a letter to a penfriend he wrote: "We may differ in some things such as the type of food we prefer, or in speech and dress, but that which is in our hearts and the desire for friends is the same." —*"Pen-Pal," Mackay, Nth. Qld.*

Time out

WITH the approach of summer, why don't we follow England's lead and as an experiment put all the clocks back one hour this year? People, rising earlier, would arrive at work or school before it became really hot and have extra daylight recreation.—*"Sun Worshipper," Melbourne.*

At 15 – should she baby-sit?

● A 15-year-old Intermediate student, Miss P. Bentley (T.W., 17/10/62), wrote saying that her father objected to her baby-sitting to earn extra money. Here's what readers think . . .

I AGREE with Miss P. Bentley that at 15 she is old enough to baby-sit sometimes, and I think that she should try harder to persuade her father to let her do it. She will gain more than just some extra money by working occasionally — taking responsibility and helping to pay her own way will make her a more mature and capable girl. — *Nancy Morrison, Melbourne.*

P. BENTLEY'S father has the right attitude. Responsible parents would not leave young children at night with a 15-year-old girl, and such a young girl should not be left alone till midnight or later herself. In any case, a student needs most nights for study and sleep, with perhaps two late nights for entertainment so that she will not go stale. If she has any spare daytime hours, Miss Bentley could spend them in sport or with friends of her own age. Leaving Certificate is a tremendous advance on Intermediate and there will be precious little time left over for sitting. — *Mrs. G. Clarke, Geelong, Vic.*

MISS BENTLEY'S father no doubt has his own good reasons for opposing her wish to earn a few shillings as a baby-sitter, but perhaps he would be interested to know that at least one church in our community encourages teenagers of 15 years and upwards to do this sort of work. Members of the church's youth fellowship are asked to put down their names if they are willing to baby-sit and leaders in the church then find occasional jobs for them. It is a most satisfactory arrangement, since many young parents cannot afford to pay large fees and the young people are happy to accept a minimum.

Speaking as a parent, I would be perfectly happy for my two elder daughters (aged 15 and 16) to undertake baby-sitting. It breeds a good community spirit and helps train young people in initiative, independence, and self-respect. —*"P.G.," Epping, N.S.W.*

I THINK that your father should be delighted that you want to earn yourself some extra money — after all, the more you earn, the less it will cost him. — *"L.W.," Macksville, N.S.W.*

SEEING the Intermediate is so close, I suggest that until afterwards you drop all ideas, however enthusiastic you might be about it, of trying to help buy your clothes. Wanting to help in this matter indicates that you are already showing capability to take on larger responsibilities. Perhaps if you kept on studying hard and got a good pass you might be able to prove to your parents that you are responsible enough, by putting your head down and really giving that exam all you've got. — *C. Inmann, Pymble, N.S.W.*

YOU should be allowed to baby-sit, because it gives the sense of responsibility which all teenagers need in later life. You can also study while the child is in bed. I baby-sit about once a week, and while doing this I study or do my homework. I find that it is an excellent time to do some study because the house is usually quiet after the child is in bed. I also find that I can concentrate much better than in my own home because there are no radio or television sets blaring out. — *David Muirhead, North Balwyn, Vic.*

NO parents are likely to leave their children in incapable or irresponsible hands. If P. Bentley does take up baby-sitting, she needs to have a number to telephone the parents if necessary. Also, when I baby-sat I found it helped to have my mother call in to see if things were in "apple-pie" order. I might add that I was always near home. —*K. Hayes, Strathmore, Vic.*

Next week

BECAUSE hairstyles for teenagers are getting prettier all the time, we've gathered together a crop of the newest "looks" from top stylists in London, Paris, and New York for casual and glamor occasions. These hairstyles, widely different in shape and appeal, are young as tomorrow and suitable for hair of various lengths. You can easily follow the how-to-set directions for the simple dos, as you'll see next week; take the other pictures along to your hairdresser.

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Two fabulous weeks in Paris

—for two Sydney teens

● Paris! It's the dream city of every girl, and two Sydney teenagers recently had a wonderful two weeks there as the prize in a competition.

THE girls are blonde Pamela Makin and brunette Patricia Bourke, both 17, from Manly, a seaside suburb of Sydney.

The two girls have been friends since school. Pamela works as a machinist in a Manly bank and Patricia is a typist in the city.

They were chosen as the winners of the Sunsilk "Two Girls in Paris" Contest.

As well as their fortnight in Paris, their prize included a cocktail gown of their own choice from the famous Maggy Rouff collection, perfume from the Carven Boutique, having their hair styled by world-famous hairdresser Alexandre, and special beauty treatments from Nathalie in the Harriet Hubbard Ayer salon.

Nathalie designed Jackie Kennedy's make-up when she visited Paris last year.

On the way to Paris by air they shopped and went sightseeing in Bombay, Rome, and London.

And what an arrival in Paris! They were presented with roses at a "movie starlet" welcome, then driven to their luxurious hotel.

On their first day the girls had their hair styled by Alexandre and had their faces made up by Nathalie. Then they saw the Maggy Rouff collection and chose their dresses.

They were able to show them off that evening, dining and dancing at an exclusive restaurant and nightclub with two charming French "dates."

Their last day in Paris was Patricia's 18th birthday, and her new French friends made her evening one to remember.

First there was dinner, then the theatre, then on to a nightclub where, said Patricia, "they made me stand in the middle of the dance floor with everyone drinking a toast to me."

After Paris the girls spent a week with Patricia's mother, who was visiting her family in Eire, and Patricia's brother Kerry hired a car and drove the girls on sightseeing tours.

Now it's home again, but as Pamela put it, "It's been fabulous, but at least we've come back to summer — and it takes a lot to beat surfboard-riding at Manly."



PATRICIA BOURKE (left) and PAMELA MAKIN, the two lucky girls whose beautiful hair won them a holiday in Paris, photographed the day they left Sydney. Below, proudly wearing the latest Paris hairstyles and make-up, the girls display their Maggy Rouff dresses. Patricia's is thick pure silk shantung and Pamela's a softly draped pleated chiffon.







ALEXANDRE (above), world-famous hairdresser, putting the finishing touches to the latest style chosen by Patricia.

NATHALIE (left), at the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salon, where Jackie Kennedy had her make-up styled last year, giving Pamela facial treatment.



MISS CARVEN, of Carven Boutique, sprays Pamela with a sample while advising the girls on the use of perfume.



LOOKING like two elegant Parisiennes, Pamela and Patricia admire art works at a wayside stall where they bought postcards to send home.

until lightly browned. Add to casserole with ... of each pastry square, dampen edges, fold ... Serves 4 to 6.

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THREE FACES OF JILL show the model make-up that "goes" with each of th... English skin is covered from brow to jaw — lips and all — with matching liqu... line, and either side of her nose. False eyelashes, quite a lot of blue eye shad... is brushed on strongly. CENTRE: Make-up for the young business girl (just ... dusting of powder, no rouge, smoky-brown eye make-up. Jill seldom wears fli... color is cool and solid. RIGHT: For beachy surroundings, a lightly tinted fou... cast to it. OUR COVER: Shows Jill modelling an orange-and-black stret...

MODEL LOOK IN TEEN FASHIONS

● ***Tall, slender Jill Stinchcombe, well-known London model and one of the three "Vogue" mannequins from overseas who appeared successfully in the first All-Australian Fashion Parades this year, posed for the colorful teen fashions and pictures on these pages and on the cover just before she went back to England. Jill, a new-style "individual" model, loves unusual fun clothes and young glamor fashions.***

Fashions from Farmer & Co., Sydney.

BUSINESS GIRL (left). Junior-navy linen three-piece, wonderful for the girl on the job, has slightly flared skimmer skirt upheld with nifty, crossover braces in self material. The vivid red blouse — it's cotton — is navy spotted and ties at the neck. Off-to-one-side beret is newsy.

DANCE DRESS and coat (ab... prettily. Of pink-and-white... double organza, it has a... belled skirt below a wisp o... off there's a billowing whit... with pink check trim th...

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...shions she wears here. LEFT: In glamor pose, Jill's warm ...oundation. A second, darker base tints cheek hollows, jaw ... and skilful pencil stroking make eyes look huge. Lipstick ...ead with the Chelsea outfit, too) — a light foundation with ...lashes for day, though she has them on in this picture. Lip ...ion with a nice sheen and light toned lipstick with a sunny ...nit swimsuit with poplin beachcoat and huge black hat.





...e) goes places very ...heck Thai silk over ...flattering, slightly ...bodice. Topping it ...organza opera coat ...s quite delicious.

CHELSEA LOOK (right). If you like a cool, up-beat look in fashion, then you'll fall for this very Chelsea-slim suit of aqua cotton with wide pleated skirt and short double-breasted top; a striped silk scarf tucks in at the neck. With it Jill wears a white, bowler-type straw hat.

...of each pastry square, dampen edges, fold ...

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Schoolgirl crush

"I HAVE a terrible problem. I have fallen in love with my teacher. He's so nice I get a sick feeling in my stomach every time he comes into the room. He's always looking at me and doing me favors and never gets mad at me. It's getting so that I cannot eat or sleep and I dream of him every night. I am in high school and aged 14. Do you think I should leave school and try to forget him or tell him of my feelings?"

"Confused," N.S.W.

Leaving school would be very dramatic, but not very constructive. You'd be much wiser to stay on and complete your education. Don't embarrass your teacher by telling him of your crush.

Why not work extra hard in his classes and do well in your exams? That would be a sure way of pleasing him and would help get your mind off this situation. Having a crush on your teacher is a stage you'll grow out of. Most girls do.

Holiday romance

"LAST September holidays our family went to the country and I met a very nice boy. He said he loved me, but I am not so sure, because he said he would write to me and he has only written once, although I have written five times. Do you think he still loves me?"

"M.S.," N.S.W.

No. Next time, don't be quite so eager. Boys hate to think they're being chased. Always wait till they write to you before you write. Put this down as experience and let the boys chase you in future.

So young

"THIS may sound silly, but I am 14 and in love with a boy aged 12. I am small for my age and he thinks I'm his age. We're in the same form and he often smiles at me, but he won't talk to me now. He said he loved me, then he said he hated me, and yet I still love him very much. Do you think I should go on loving him or turn him down?"

B.D., Vic.

I think you should stop bothering him and I'm sure he'd fervently agree.

Her own affair

"QUITE some time ago I met a boy through my brother-in-law. Although our friendship ended well over a year ago, my sister and brother-in-law are still trying to bring us together again. It's most embarrassing, as I am now going steady with another boy. They are always criticising him and comparing him unfavorably with their friend. Should I tell them to keep out of my affairs and let me lead my own life?"

A.K., Vic.

Tell them just that as nicely as you know how.

Party invitation

"I AM 18 and recently stopped going steady with a very nice boy because we both want to study for exams. However, we are still good friends and enjoy each other's company. I am planning a party at my home in a few weeks and would like to invite him, but wonder if it's a good idea. Would he think I was being more than friendly? And should I invite him by post, personally, or by phone?"

"L.P.," N.S.W.

I'm sure he'll be delighted to be asked to your party with all your other friends. If you meet him casually, ask him then; if not, phone him and ask him.

Next move

"I AM 15 years old and very much in love with a 17-year-old boy I've been going with for about 13 months. About three weeks ago he gave me a friendship ring, and the next day told me he didn't want to talk to me and to stop following him everywhere. Now he has gone to another town for a month and I wonder if I should write to him and ask if we are still going steady, or should I wait till he comes back?"

W.G., S.A.

Whatever you do, don't make the first move. Perhaps he's only being peevish, but don't encourage him by writing or looking for him when he comes back to your town. If he doesn't seek you out, try to forget him as fast as possible, and don't wear the ring. Friendship rings are a bit silly, anyway. Much better to wait for a real engagement ring when you're old enough to have one.

Plenty of time

"I AM a 14-year-old girl and have been going out with boys for the past 18 months. I look about 17. In my school exams I always come in the first ten of my class, so going out doesn't affect my schoolwork. Now my mother has decided that I may not go out with boys again until I'm 16. Do you agree with her?"

"Indignant," N.S.W.

Yes, I do. From your letter I gather you've been going out far too much for a 14-year-old and your mother no doubt thinks so, too. Don't worry, it will be much more fun when you're 16, anyway.

Simply ask

"I AM a nurse in love with a medical student and we are hoping to become engaged at Christmas. I have only one worry: he will not talk of his immediate past.

"His friends teased me the other night by saying that he was already married and I ignored them at the time, but he said nothing to disprove them, although I hoped he would say something.

"I have known him about ten months and wonder if I should ask him if he has been married or not."

"In Love," W.A.

As you can't become engaged to a man who is already married, you'll have to ask him. Do you know his parents? If not, it's time you did! When you know a man's family you soon learn about his background.

A word from Debbie



A RAINY Saturday afternoon got the gang bored? Why not have a theatrical afternoon. How? Listen.

Collect any old make-up (yours, your girl-friend's, or Mum's, but make sure you have permission to use it) and set up a "theatrical dressing-table."

Give your bedroom some real "backstage" atmosphere. Stick pin-up pictures over your mirror, and find some pictures of "faces" you'd like to copy. Don't forget globs of cold-cream and tissues for the clean-up afterwards, though.

A gang of girls can fill in hours experimenting with make-up and hairstyles. See if you can copy the make-up used by your favorite film star.

Heavy black eyebrows for a "Liz Taylor" look, and globs of eye make-up and pale pink lipstick for a "Bardot" look. However, don't wear it outside or you'll frighten small children and old ladies.

As you get into the swing of it you could have a small play. Surely you have some copies of plays from school. Or, what's more fun, make up your own.

Another theatrical - type game is to write the name of a film or a play on a bit of paper and fold it up and put it in a hat. Take it in turns to pick out a piece of paper and act out or mime the name of the film or play, while the others guess what it is.

This is also a good party game. Form yourselves into two teams (boys against girls if you like) and set a time limit on the guessing. The team that gets the most correct answers in the shortest time wins.

But, back to the Saturday afternoon. Remember what fun it was when you were young to "dress-up"? You can still do that and stage your own terribly chic, mad fashion parade. Have exotic models (use the make-up to good effect here) and elect a compere with a crazy script.

With a bit of thought and imagination you can have an entertaining afternoon. Take it in turns to have these afternoons at someone's house, and the hostess has to prepare something to munch afterwards, while you hold a "post-mortem."

Grilled cheese sandwiches with tall glasses of chocolate milk or three-decker sandwiches filled with left-overs and toasted are always delicious.

Beauty in brief — TAN TACTICS

● Even in the shade, a nicely suntanned skin needs pampering.

SOME dryish skins, for example, will tend to flake and peel even after the most cautious exposure to seawater and sun.

A warm bath each evening and a gentle massage all over with Very fair (and sensitive) skins, gleaming like silk.

In a hurry, just a tablespoonful of oil in the bathwater helps keep newly tanned skin from getting hard and dry.

Naturally oily skins, which usually take most kindly to drying heat and salt water, sometimes find that suntan creams cause clogged pores; if that happens, latch on to a good skin lotion that will clear and tighten the pores without delay.

After long spells of sea-bathing, soap and water will often feel a little harsh; so if you are normally a soap-and-water girl, change for a while to cleansing with a complexion milk and follow this with a refreshing splash of skin tonic.

You will find this not only keeps your skin sparkling clean but gives your brand-new suntan twice the staying power.



Very fair (and sensitive) skins, which almost never get past the pink stage, need the protection of specially formulated barrier creams (such as the type skiers use in high altitudes) which keep out all the tanning as well as the burning rays.

These are also ideal for those who hate getting freckled.

—Carolyn Earle

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

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LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

Dorothy's sights are set on the U.S.

● When Melbourne TV singer Dorothy Baker goes to America in January, she'll be able to claim that her very first single, "I'm The Girl From Wolverton Mountain," was a top seller in all Australian States.

IT'S the first Country and Western song she has ever had any luck with, and has been released in England, South Africa, and Canada, where "Cash Box" gave it a good review.

Though it's her first single, she has made one record before—an LP of Vera Lynn numbers, and she wants to forget it, she says!

When she gets to the U.S., Dorothy's first appointment is for an audition with powerful TV personality Steve Allen.

She'll be leaving behind her two new records on the W and G label, one an LP and a single with a side, "Darling," specially written for her by Kevin Shegog, who recorded "Wolverton Mountain."

(Flipside of the "Wolverton" disc is "My Aching Heart" to the old tune of "Santa Lucia.")

SO much is going on in **Johnny Devlin's** life that it's hard to know where to start relating it all. His most recent single, "Staying Up Late," has been released in the U.S.; **Patsy Ann Noble** is recording "Once in a Lifetime," which he wrote for her, for the Capitol label in England; and in France his "Hey, Little Angel" has been recorded by a four-man vocal group called **Les Vautours.** Top New Zealand girl singer **Lyn Barnett,** who's coming to Australia, has recorded Johnny's composition "Aren't Some People Funny?", for issue in America on the Congress label. In addition, his music-publishing company stands to do very nicely out of American **Hank Snow's** version of "I've Been Everywhere," which has broken into the top 100 of both "Cash Box" and "Billboard."

THE luck's certainly running **Bryan Davies'** way. **When Norrie Paramor,** artist and repertoire manager for England's huge E.M.I. recording company, was out here for a few days, he personally masterminded Bryan's coming H.M.V. single "Don't Love and Run."

It's a pretty big break for **Chet Clark,** too, who wrote the number as well as the flip, "Sad 16." For Paramor is the man who had so much to do with Frank Ifield's internationally successful "I Remember You."

THERE'LL be a new record by **Jerry J. Wilder** out next month, and both sides are his own composition. Jerry's making it an each-way bet, with one number fast tempo and the other a slow romantic ballad. Jerry has recently joined the dog-owning ranks and has got himself a young alsatian which he's going to have properly trained along police-dog lines.

LITTLE **Noeleen Batley** is just recovering from a huge dose of German measles, laryngitis, and conjunctivitis. She had to cancel a trip to Brisbane, where she was to appear on TV, and also several Sydney appearances. Poor Noeleen, who has been trying to build up weight, lost half a stone during her illness.

Pops: The fine playing we've come to expect from **Warren Carr** can be found on his new Leedon 45, "Toy Piano." And for the first time he sings, too. But Leedon have played it safe, and made the flipside just the instrumental version for those who prefer Warren silent.

FIRST in R.C.A.'s issue of Country music classic LPs is "The Honest-To-Goodness Country Music Hits," and among those contributing are **The Browns, Don Gibson, Jim Reeves, Homer** and **Jethro.** I always think that these "omnibus" LPs (and quite a lot are turning up these days in all fields of music) are good value.

AN EP that's a bit different is "Blues In The Night" (Festival), with that all-time champ harmonica player **Larry Adler** doing some spectacular things with "Clair De Lune," "St. Louis Blues," "Hora Staccato," and the sad, lonely title-tune.

RAY CHARLES is never bad, more often terrific. On "At The Club" (Ampar EP) you'll find him just middling. But for his fans it's still a good buy.



Dorothy Baker—she's the girl from Wolverton Mountain.

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Girls can use SOLUTION 41 under their makeup—boys use it and it can't be seen—because it's invisible! SOLUTION 41 is easy to apply—completely safe. A colourless liquid you simply dab on. Your INNOXA consultant will gladly advise you on scientific skin care with

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WORTH HEARING

SAINT-SAENS: Carnival of the Animals.

THERE are all sorts of ways of making jokes in music, from the most primitive sort of musical joke, the intentional "wrong note," to the more subtle kinds of humor, such as the satirising of other composers' styles.

American conductor Leonard Bernstein discussed various kinds of musical humor shrewdly and entertainingly on a record released not long ago by Coronet and illustrated his points on the same disc with a performance of Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," played by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Camille Saint-Saens' "The Carnival of the Animals" is one musical jest that has long outlived many of the same composer's large and serious works. It was written for a Mardi Gras concert in Paris in 1886 and consists of 14 short pieces for a small orchestra, including two pianos. A recording of it by the Halle Orchestra under Sir John Barbirolli is one of the latest issues of the World Record Club.

The style of the various pieces ranges from simple musical slapstick to the "staight" lyricism of the well-known "Swan." In "Tortoises" the strings play the can-can theme from Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld" very slowly and softly against a plodding piano accompaniment; in "The Elephant" a solo double bass quotes a phrase from Berlioz' "Dance of the Sylphs," and so on.

It is all good fun, and in this performance it is most skilfully and wittily executed.

— Martin Long

RUG-CUTTING FLOORWALKERS

● I see that teenagers recently took over the running of a big English store for a week.

AT the adult management's suggestion, a committee of eight teenagers ruled with full powers over the store's stock, display, fashion parades, color schemes, window-dressing, sales, etc.

This sort of thing, y'know, could change retailing no end.

Parents would particularly benefit.

A father could always follow his son into the family business.

He could have a pleasant life — once, of course, he got used to people sneering, "He's only here because the boss is his son!"

At least, this would be better than just being the office-man!

Building costs of new branches would be lowered by having teenaged merchants.

Think how easily they could "dig" the foundations.

The only danger, as far as I can see, is that boys in the future might find themselves out of jobs in such stores.

Machines would, perhaps, one day do away with male assistants. Dummies would serve.

A shopper would just put money in a slot and pull a side-lever!

I ALSO see that a famous English artist says that the figure of the typical English girl has developed from the "champagne bottle shape" to a more athletic physique.

The artist, Sir William Russell, was suggesting that girls today are fitter — and that's a good thing.

But boys should hope that wine hasn't fallen — with a deafening plonk — right out of girls' lives.

For no longer would a sailor have a girl in every **port.**

And think of the old saying: "All work and no demi-john makes play dull."

Naturally there will always be girls with intoxicating shapes.

There'll be **lager**-than-life lasses who wear sizes XXX.

And there'll be spirited girls — maybe not bottled in bond, but blonded in bottle!

It's a pity, of course, that girls haven't simply exchanged the champagne bottle shape for the healthier milk bottle shape.

I feel most boys would get this **pint.**

— Robin Adair

until lightly browned. Add to casserole with

of each pastry square, dampen edges, fold

Serves 4 to 6.

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Architecture through the Ages

By Morton Herman No. 18

House of transition



HATFIELD HOUSE, built in 1607, is an example of the transition from Gothic to Renaissance architecture in England. From "European Architecture in Colour," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames and Hudson).

JUST as it took the whole of the 15th century for Renaissance architecture to pass from Italy into France and other Continental countries, so it took the whole of the 16th century for it to cross the Channel into England.

Hatfield House, in Herefordshire, was designed in 1607 by Robert Lyminge, who was architect for many great country houses. Powerful English families were, with encouragement from Queen Elizabeth I, rebuilding their old estates or building new ones.

Hatfield House, very typical of its period, is an English version of architectural transition between Gothic and Renaissance. Many of its characteristics differ from those of similar French houses.

Where French examples like Azay-le-Rideau and Chambord have steeply pitched roofs and many pinnacles, Hatfield conceals its roofs completely behind parapet walls. And where the French pile up their chimneys in fantastic array, Hatfield has them in regimented rows, much like platoons of soldiers.

In the main, Hatfield is a Tudor (or late English Gothic) building with its red-brick wings, mullioned windows, and building corners emphasised by small square towers.

So that the house would be up to date for its time, however, Lyminge designed the centre wing completely in the Renaissance manner and built this part of stone.

The round-headed arches on the ground floor and columns grouped on the face of the wall all proclaim the influence of Continental ideas added to a traditional English house.

Indeed, the arrangement of the horizontal bands of mouldings and the vertical strips of columns all suggest the patterning of the fronts of Italian palaces of 200 years before.

A very English treatment is the complete levelling of the ground. It is seldom that these houses conform romantically to the folds and rises in the ground as do many Continental houses.

English houses over many centuries are set on ground that has been made as even as possible so that the house will rise majestically from its base.

The storey above the arcade in the central block has one room the whole length of the block. Dining-room, kitchen, drawing-rooms, and the like are on the ground floor.

Most of the upper floors of the wings are given over to bedrooms.

Although Hatfield House is a very large domestic building 350 years old, the first glimpses of the form and arrangement of a modern house can be seen in it.

NEXT WEEK: High Renaissance in France.



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IRST SOD in a new mine shaft, marked in whitewash, at Gulgong, N.S.W., in the 1870s. The Gulgong field was one of the richest in N.S.W., produced more than
tive years, gave 20,000 miners and their families a living. There were so many rich shafts that sinking a new one became a social event attended by miners' wives
tice the Sunday clothes; how fashionable is hand-made crochet lace, the very hatty hats, the longer line of the suit jacket; think of the cleaning of the skirt hems.



h-hut Kanawna hospital photographed about 1898, during the first
miles from Kalgoorlie, was then a boom town of 8000 souls; today
hed dining-room is believed to have been an attempt to beat the
ere recorded there. Water, too, was a very precious possession.



JAMES BALZANO, one of the most famous "barrow-men" of the W.A. gold rushes. The barrow-men tramped 500 to 600 miles through desert searching, carrying their prospecting gear on a home-made barrow. These barrows had handles as long as seven feet and there was always room on them for a sick companion who needed a lift.

until lightly browned. Add to casserole with

of each pastry square, dampen edges, fold

Serves 4 to 6.

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MAVERICK BROTHERS: Bart (Jack Kelly, above), Bret (James Garner).

THE TROUBLES OF "MAVERICK"

One of TV's hardy perennials, the Western spoof series "Maverick," is currently showing a new-old mixture of shows here.

WHEN the series began filming in America about six years ago, "Maverick" was a Western with a lot of difference.

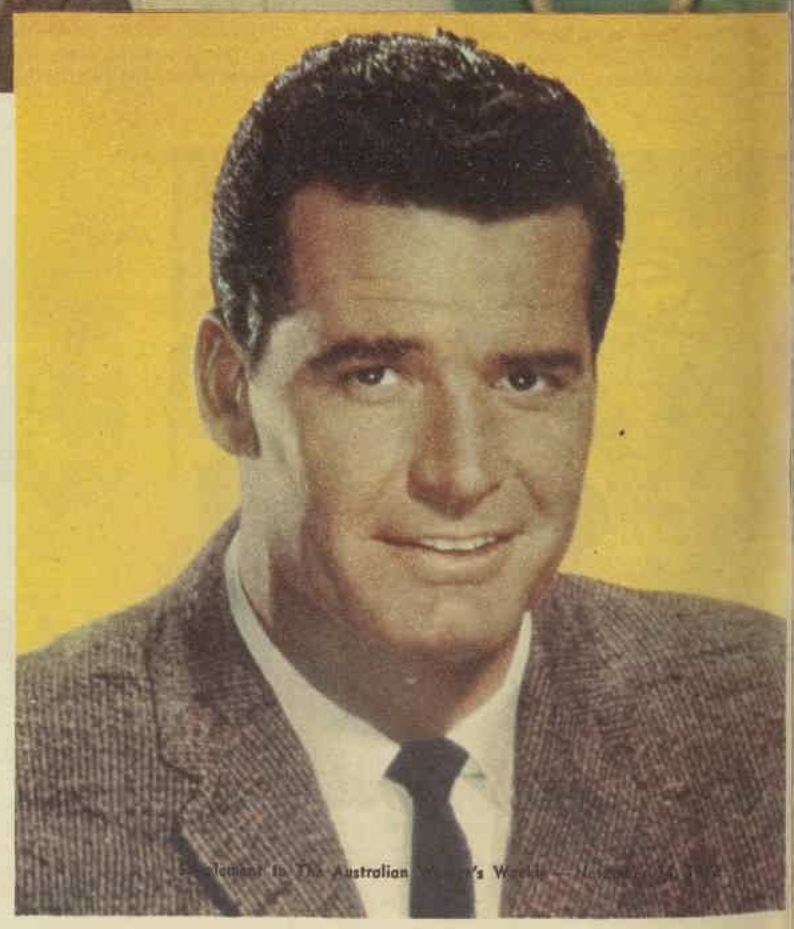
Whimsical and sometimes satirical, it chronicled the adventures of two brothers — Bret (James Garner) and Bart Maverick (Jack Kelly) — in the Old West. But these boys didn't go in for gunplay. They got out of trouble, often poker-provoked, with fast-talkin' and not fast-drawin'.

They also quoted their old pappy: "It isn't how you play the game that counts, it's winning." And "If at first you don't succeed, try something else."

The party went on for two years, and then — trouble.

James Garner left the series after bitterly fought legal battles with the studio, Warner Brothers. Jack Kelly carried on, and acquired various other "relations" (including Roger Moore as Cousin Beau). But "Maverick" has just never been the same without that Garner oomph.

Consequently, the series now running in Australia features some new shows (with Kelly) and some re-runs (with Garner).



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SPECIAL OCCASION DISHES

(At higher cost)



FILLET OF BEEF MARSALA

One and a half teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon thyme, 2½ to 3lb. fillet of beef, 4 tablespoons butter, 2 onions (chopped), 1 carrot (sliced), ¼lb. ham (chopped), 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup stock or 1 bouillon cube dissolved in 1 cup hot water, 1 cup marsala (or other sweet red wine), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Combine salt, pepper, thyme. Rub into meat thoroughly. Melt butter in heavy pot or Dutch oven over direct heat. Add meat, onions; brown meat on all sides. Add carrot and ham. Sprinkle flour on top of meat, add stock to pan. Place meat in moderate oven, roast 1 hour, basting occasionally. Remove gravy, vegetables, and ham from pan, force through sieve. Add wine, chopped parsley, stir through. Pour over meat. Continue roasting (15 minutes for rare meat, 20 minutes for medium, 30 minutes for well done). Baste occasionally. Slice meat, pour gravy over slices. Serves 4 to 6.

GINGER BEEF WITH RICE-IN-THE-ROUND

One and a half lb. round steak, 2 onions, 1 clove garlic, ¼ teaspoon turmeric, 2 tablespoons preserved ginger, 1 tablespoon ginger syrup, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1lb. tomatoes, 2oz. mushrooms, 1½ cups water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, oil.

Rice Mixture: One lb. cooked rice, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ cup chopped green shallots, ¼ cup finely grated carrot, ¼ cup chopped celery.

Cut steak diagonally (across grain) into thin slices. Combine with chopped onions and mushrooms, mashed garlic, turmeric, ginger. Add ginger syrup, salt. Heat some oil in heavy pan, add steak mixture, brown lightly. Add skinned, chopped tomatoes, cook 10 minutes. Add water, cover, simmer approximately 1 hour. Stir in parsley.

Rice Mixture: Combine all ingredients lightly with fork, mixing well. Take oven-proof pudding-basin, well buttered; line this with rice to about ¾in. thickness, making sure mixture is even and firm. Reserve enough rice mixture for top. Spoon Ginger Beef into centre of rice within about 1½in. of top. (Any remaining steak mixture can be heated and served separately.) Spoon remaining rice carefully on top. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

BLUE CHEESE OLIVEBURGERS

One and a half lb. yearling round steak, 4oz. cooked ham, salt, pepper, 6 olives, 4oz. blue cheese, red wine.

Mince steak and ham together, add chopped olives, salt and pepper to taste. Divide mixture into 4 portions. Cut cheese into 4 equal pieces, mould meat round each piece of cheese, making 4 thick burgers. Place burgers in bowl, cover with red wine; allow to marinate (covered) a few hours in refrigerator. Remove from marinade; grill until done, turning several times. Serves 4 to 6.

BEEF BURGUNDY CASSEROLE

Two to 2½lb. lean steak (such as yearling, round, or topside), 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons bacon drippings, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper, 1 bayleaf, 1 teaspoon thyme, 1 clove garlic (minced), 6 small white onions, 3 cups cubed potatoes, 1½ cups sliced carrot rings, 2 cups vegetable or meat stock, 1 cup burgundy wine, extra 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, ¼ cup madeira wine, ¼ cup brandy.

Cut meat into 2in. cubes. Melt butter and bacon drippings in heavy pan, add meat cubes, stir until browned all over. Remove meat to casserole. Add flour, seasonings, and garlic to fat in pan, cook until lightly browned. Stir in vegetable or meat stock, continue stirring until mixture thickens. Add burgundy. Pour gravy over meat. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Melt extra butter in pan, add sugar and the vegetables, stir until lightly browned. Add to casserole with the madeira. Cover, continue baking until meat and vegetables are tender (about 1 hour). Stir in brandy, cover casserole until ready to serve. Serves 4 to 6.

BEEF FILLETS WITH MUSHROOMS

Six pieces fillet steak, 4oz. butter, ½lb. small mushrooms, juice ½ lemon, 6 slices bread, 3 tomatoes, ¾ cup grated cheese, salt, pepper, fried potato balls or chips, watercress.

Prepare all ingredients for dish first. Trim off any excess fat from steak. Cut bread slices into shape of meat. Wash, slice mushrooms. Cut tomatoes in halves, top with little salt, pepper, sprinkling of grated cheese. To cook dish: Melt half butter in pan, add meat, fry slowly on both sides until browned and cooked to degree required. Remove from pan, keep hot. Add bread pieces, fry until brown and crisp on both sides. Meanwhile, place tomatoes under low griller to cook slowly. Remove bread from pan, drain off darkened butter, wipe out pan. Melt remaining butter in pan, saute mushrooms with lemon juice until tender. Arrange bread on heated platter, top each slice with steak, then mushrooms. Place grilled tomatoes round dish, lastly add potato balls or chips. Garnish with watercress. Serves 4 to 6.

STEAK GOURMET

Four to 6 pieces sirloin steak, 2 tablespoons butter, ½lb. mushrooms, ¼ cup grated onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons red wine, 4 to 6 pieces aluminium foil.

Saute mushrooms and onion in butter 5 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in salt, wine. Place 1 steak in centre of each piece of foil, turn up foil edges. Divide mushroom mixture evenly over the 4 steaks. Fold foil over, seal securely to hold in juices. Place on baking-sheet, bake in moderately hot oven 1 to 1¼ hours. Serves 4 to 6.

STEAK IN A GOLDEN PACKAGE

Four to 6 pieces fillet steak, each about 3in. by 4in., 4 shallots, 2oz. mushrooms, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ clove crushed garlic.

Pastry: Three cups flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons vermouth, iced water.

Melt the 2 tablespoons butter, saute the chopped shallots, mushrooms, and garlic 5 minutes. Spread evenly over top of each steak. Cool.

Pastry: Sift flour and salt together, blend in shortening, add vermouth and sufficient iced water to make fairly soft dough. Roll out about ¼in. thick into rectangular shape on lightly floured board. Divide pastry into 4 to 6 pieces. Put 1 piece of steak on half of each pastry square, dampen edges, fold pastry over sealing edges. Prick several times with fork. Brush with beaten egg-yolk. Lift carefully on to baking-sheet, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

COLORFUL AND DELICIOUS beef-steak dishes shown above are Seasoned Steak Round (recipe opposite), Steak Australis (recipe page 37), and Tournedos (see overleaf). Picture by Don Cameron, staff.

STEAK CHOW MEIN

One and a half lb. rump steak, 1 onion, 1½ cups celery, 1 green capsicum, ½lb. mushrooms, 1 tin bean sprouts, 1½ cups chicken soup, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1½ tablespoons cold water, 1 tablespoon soy sauce.

Cut steak into cubes. Heat some oil in frying-pan over medium heat. Add meat, cooking and stirring until well browned. Remove from pan. Cut celery in 1in. diagonal pieces, slice mushrooms and onion, seed and slice capsicum. Add to pan, saute 5 minutes. Add chicken soup, steak, bean sprouts. Mix cornflour with water until smooth, stir into steak mixture with soy sauce. Bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve over crisp noodles. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued overleaf

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MM15/62



Classic dishes and garnishes

● These classic steak dishes are international favorites and are traditional items on the menu at the best restaurants and hotels.

MOST of the classic dishes below are made with steak cut from the fillet. Exceptions are the Carpet Bag Steak, using rump or sirloin, and Planked Steak, in which rump or fillet can be used.

TOURNEDOS: These are slices cut from a slightly thicker section of beef fillet. They should be cut about 1½in. thick and are cooked by sauteeing or grilling quickly on both sides with butter or butter and oil mixture. A popular tournedo is served simply on a piece of fried or toasted bread of the same size and topped with sauteed mushrooms. (See color picture on previous page.)

FILETS MIGNON: These are pieces of steak, 1 to 1½in. thick, cut from smaller end of fillet of beef. Flatten each piece slightly, coat lightly with softened butter, then in breadcrumbs. Grill or pan-fry briefly on both sides. Serve with sauces and garnishings as desired.

MEDALLIONS: Cut of beef similar to tournedos, grilled or pan-fried in the same way and served with one of a variety of garnishings from which they derive their full name.

ENTRECOTE: Cut from sirloin or rib section of the beef, this steak is trimmed carefully — sometimes bone is removed. Grill to desired degree and serve with various vegetables or garnishes.

PLANKED STEAK: Grilling steak grilled or pan-fried to desired doneness, then placed on well-oiled heated wooden plank or platter to serve. Accompanying vegetables can include grilled tomatoes, glazed onions, green peas or beans and duchesse (mashed and creamed) potatoes. Replace under grill just before serving so it can be carried to table sizzling hot.

CHATEAUBRIAND: Usually prepared for 2 persons, this steak is cut in thick portions from larger and middle sections of beef fillet. Care must be taken when grilling or sauteeing that it is not overdone or charred on outside while still raw in centre. Souffle potatoes are traditional garnish.

CARPET BAG STEAK: Large sirloin or rump steak cut sufficiently thick to hold pocket section which is filled with seasoned oysters and grilled or pan-fried. Serve with extra oysters in sauce if desired.

STEAK DIANE: Thin slices of fillet pan-fried lightly in butter with garlic and/or shallots. Then same butter has worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper added and poured over for serving. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

TRADITIONAL TERMS

Many traditional steak dishes derive their name from the garnishings and/or the vegetables that accompany them. Some of the more popular varieties are given below. In each of them, the cooked steak can be served on fried or toasted bread of the same size. Small pieces of point rump or any of the fillet cuts are suitable.

Rossini: Spread each cooked steak with pate de foie gras, garnish with truffle slices.

Bearnaise: Surround each cooked steak with ring of thick Bearnaise sauce. Garnish with potatoes.

Chasseur: Add white wine to frying residue, mix with rich brown sauce flavored with mushrooms and shallots. Pour over cooked steak.

Maitre D'Hotel: Serve simply with accompaniment of parsley-tossed butter balls.

Lyonnaise: Spoon fried onion slices over cooked steak.

Mirabeau: Flavor and garnish with anchovy fillets and green olives.

Othello: A poached egg is placed on top of each piece of cooked steak. Served with garnish of straw potatoes and green peas.

Marechale: Sauteed steak topped with truffle slices and garnished with asparagus tips.

Crecy: Sauteed steak garnished with small carrot strips or slices simmered in butter.

A la Basque: Sauteed steak garnished with tomatoes, potatoes Anna, and creamed celery.

A l'Alsacienne: Cooked steak garnished with sauerkraut and fried bacon.

Belmont: Each steak is coated with madeira-flavored sauce, then garnished with mushrooms and cucumber balls simmered in butter.

Adelaide: Simple grilled steaks served with garnish of tartlets filled with creamed corn and with fried egg and crumbed banana slices. Serve a piquant tomato sauce separately.

A la Sultane: Sauteed steak placed on rice pilaf and with poached egg on top. Serve with potatoes tossed in chopped parsley and slices of eggplant.

Ambassadress: Grilled steaks garnished with lamb sweetbreads and green asparagus tips. Serve a madeira-and-truffle-flavored sauce separately.

Chantecleer: Sauteed steak with a sauteed lamb kidney and a coxcomb placed on top, then covered with port wine-flavored sauce. Serve with potato nests filled with chicken and/or asparagus.

Rourmaville: Each piece of steak is placed on a grilled tomato half, then coated with mornay sauce, sprinkled with grated cheese, and browned. Rolled anchovy fillet, olives, and eggplant slices are used for garnish.

Wellington: Very lightly cooked steaks are coated with mushrooms, encased in puff pastry and baked in oven. Serve mushroom or truffle sauce separately.

Mikado: Sauteed steak placed on grilled tomato half and bordered with a tomato-and-olive - flavored brown sauce.

A l'Espagnole: Sauteed tournedos or other cuts garnished with glazed onion and sliced tomato or with tomatoes stuffed with mixture of rice and chopped ham.

Victor Hugo: Sauteed steaks covered with cooked diced tomatoes and onions and garnished with slice of truffle. A border of Bearnaise sauce (mixed with little horseradish) is added.

Continued overleaf

Readers' recipes win prizes

● This week's £5 main prize is awarded for a recipe for a fruit cake flavored with apple cider or apple juice. A recipe for an unusual ice-cream flavored with honey and apricot pulp wins a consolation prize of £1. All spoon measurements are level.

CIDER FRUIT CAKE

Twelve oz. flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. brown sugar, 6oz. chopped raisins, 10oz. chopped sultanas, 1oz. finely chopped candied peel, 1 teaspoon finely grated lemon rind, ½ cup cider or apple juice, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour with spice. Rub in butter or substitute, add sugar, mix well. Add fruit and lemon rind, then make well in centre and pour in cider. Dissolve soda in milk, add and stir until well mixed. Turn into greased cake-tin lined with 1 thickness paper, leave to stand 12 hours. Bake in very moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. This cake improves with keeping.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Wellington, 68 View Street, Gymea, N.S.W.

APRICOT HONEY ICE-CREAM

Three egg-yolks, ½ cup honey, 1½ cups apricot puree, juice 1 small lemon, 1 cup cream.

Use stewed, fresh, or dried apricots or canned fruit for the puree. Drain away syrup, put fruit through sieve. Beat egg-yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add honey gradually, beating mixture until very thick. Fold in apricot puree, lemon juice. Fold in stiffy beaten cream. Pour into 2 refrigerator-trays. Freeze without stirring until firm. Serve plain or with wedges of melon.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Edwards, 9 Margaret Street, Highfields, Newcastle, N.S.W.

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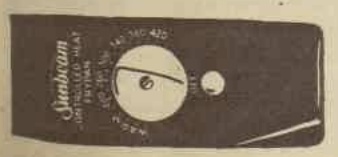


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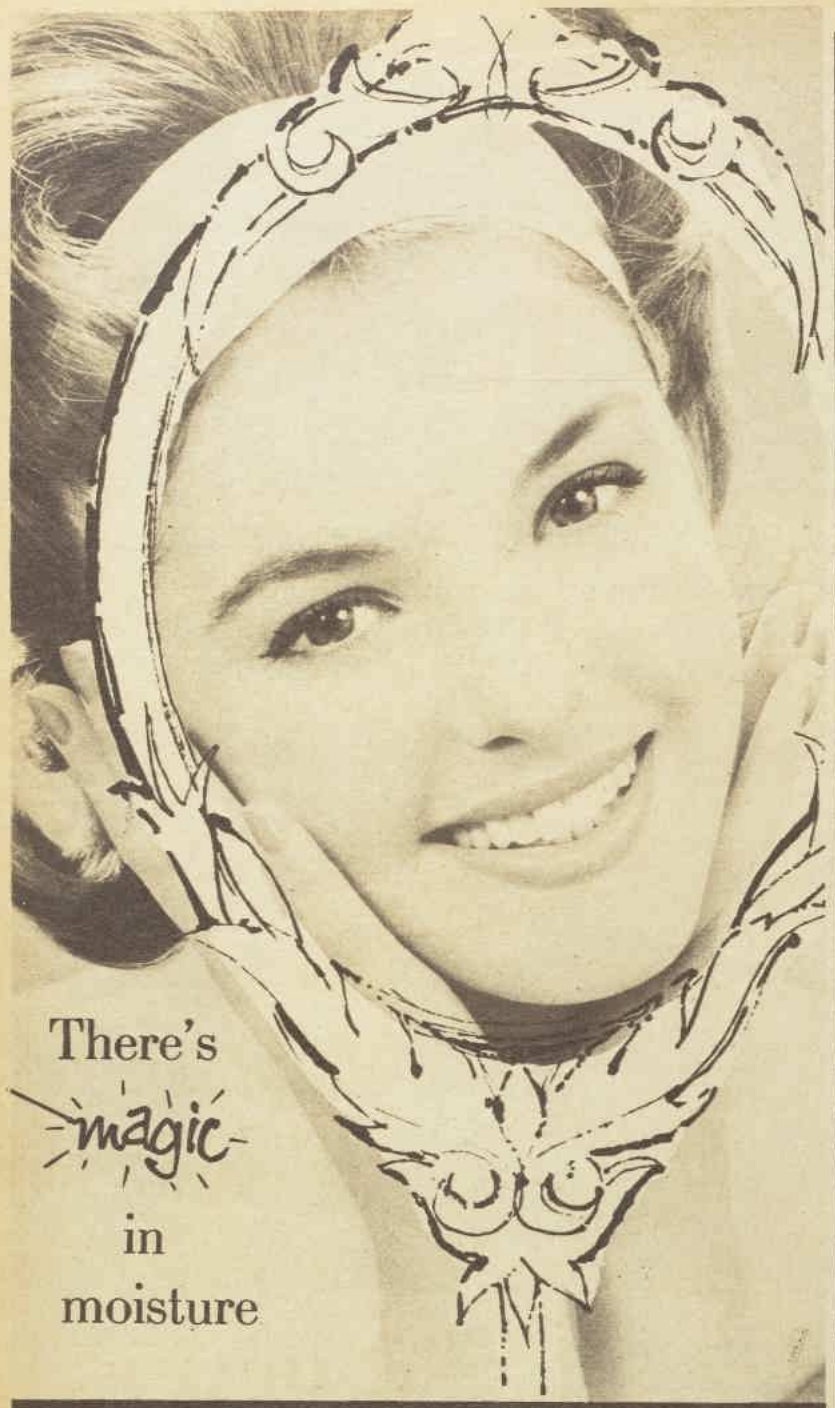
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Quick dishes for family meals

● These methods of cooking steak quickly will appeal to the housewife when she has little time to spare in preparing meals for a hungry family.

THERE are also recipes suitable for family picnics and barbecues and for a larger crowd at informal patio parties.

DEVILLED STEAKS

Four pieces first-cut round or topside steak, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon olive oil, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, salt, pepper.

Combine all ingredients except meat, rub into meat. Allow to stand 1 hour so flavors will penetrate the meat. Grill 6 to 10 minutes, turning once. Serve immediately with vegetables as desired or tossed green salad. Serves 4.

PORTERHOUSE STEAK WITH MOCK HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

One large piece porterhouse or T-bone steak, salt, melted butter or small amount olive oil.

Mock Hollandaise Sauce: One cup thick white sauce, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, 2 egg-yolks, salt, paprika, stuffed olives, green pepper.

Dust steak lightly with salt after brushing with melted butter or olive oil. Place on greased grilling-tray, cook under hot griller 12 to 15 minutes, turning once. Time for cooking depends on thickness of steak and individual taste.

Heat white sauce, stirring constantly and adding butter in small pieces. Add seasonings, then vinegar or lemon juice, a little at a time. Lastly fold in beaten egg-yolks. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until sauce is smooth and thick. Cover, keep hot over boiling water until ready for masking the steak. Garnish with olives, strips of green pepper. Serves 4.

CHEESEBURGERS

Two pounds minced steak, ½ cup finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 desspertspoon prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, ½lb. cheddar cheese, melted butter or substitute.

Cheese Rarebit Sauce: Half pound cheddar cheese, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce.

Combine all ingredients for burgers, except cheese, and blend together well. Divide mixture into 12 portions. Form each portion into thin patty. Shred cheese, make mound of cheese on top of half the patties. Top with plain patty, press edges together to seal. Grill, basting with melted butter, about 6 minutes each side. Serve with cheese rarebit sauce spooned generously over each. Serves 4 to 6.

Cheese Rarebit Sauce: Shred cheese, combine with other ingredients in top of double saucepan. Cook over boiling water 15 minutes or until mixture is smooth, stirring frequently. If sauce becomes too thick, add little extra milk.

HASTY BUT TASTY STEAKS

Eight jiffy cubed steaks, 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 3oz. butter or substitute, ¼ cup minced onion, ¼ cup finely chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon sage, tomato slices, parsley.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add onion and celery, cook over low heat until soft (about 5 minutes). Add salt, sage, bread, mix until all butter is absorbed. Cool. Divide mixture into 4, spread evenly over 4 steaks. Top each with another steak, pressing down gently and well. Grill both sides of steaks to desired doneness, turning carefully. Top with tomato slices, return to griller until tomato is toasted. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serves 4.

MINUTE-STEAK HOT DOGS

Eight minute-steaks (pieces of stewing steak, cubed to tenderise), 4 large tomatoes (quartered and seeded), 1 cup gorgonzola dressing (see below), 8 hot beef sausages, salt, pepper.

Marinate steaks in gorgonzola dressing ½ hour. Drain, roll each steak round a sausage and 2 pieces seasoned tomato. Secure with cocktail sticks, grill over coals about 20 minutes high above heat, turning twice. Serve piping-hot. Serves 8.

Gorgonzola Dressing: Combine 1 clove crushed garlic with ½ teaspoon dry mustard and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup wine vinegar, blend well. Mix in ½ cup salad or olive oil and 2oz. gorgonzola cheese (crumbled). Keep in jar in cool place. Shake well before using each time.

PARTY PATTIES

Two pounds lean minced steak, 2 small eggs (slightly beaten), 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, few drops worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 1 large onion (finely chopped), 2 tablespoons capers, ½ cup corn relish, little mustard, extra worcestershire sauce, melted butter or substitute.

Combine minced steak, eggs, tomato sauce, worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, mix well. Shape into 16 patties about 1¼in. thick. Mix together remaining ingredients except butter, spoon a little on to half the patties. Place remaining patties on top, seal edges, brush with butter. Barbecue 2in. from glowing coals 2 or 3 minutes on each side. Serve on buttered rolls which have been toasted. Serves 8.

BARBECUE KABOBS

Add to the fun by letting guests cook their own meal. Kabobs are tasty and colorful for this purpose, cook quickly and are economical for a large party.

What to Use: Beef steak, beef sausages, minced steak made into meat balls, mushrooms, small white onions, green peppers, pineapple, small tomatoes, bacon, dressing or mixture of butter and oil for basting, tossed salad, bread rolls.

To Prepare: Cut steaks into 1in. or 2in. cubes, marinate in dressing, if desired, to add flavor and help to tenderise. Cut sausages into pieces or cook whole. Wind bacon strips round sausages. Well beforehand, make minced steak into small meat balls (can be lightly cooked beforehand to save barbecue cooking time).

Leave small mushrooms whole, cut larger ones in halves. Remove seeds from peppers, cut into pieces same size as other foods. Cut pineapple into halves or wedges. Leave onions and tomatoes whole.

How to Cook: Let guests select their own ingredients from bowls of prepared foodstuffs and thread on long metal skewers. Brush with dressing, cook over glowing coals, turning skewer frequently. Takes about 10 minutes. Serve with tossed salad and buttered rolls.

this week's
SUNDAE

MOON TIME



ONE 15oz. can Golden Circle Crushed Pineapple, 2 trays ice-cream (vanilla flavor), 1 pint orange jelly, cherries and angelica strips to garnish.

In parfait glass place alternate layers of crushed pineapple, orange jelly, and vanilla ice-cream. Top with scoop of ice-cream crowned with pineapple pieces, place cherry in centre, and lace sides with angelica strips.

Quantities above serve 6.

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A READER'S STORY

- **When FATHER is ill, he goes to bed — on full pay.**
- ***When the CHILDREN are ill, they're treated like royalty.***
- **But when MOTHER takes to her sick-bed, all she gets is the advice:**

"LOOK AFTER YOURSELF"

- **I have been ill—not very ill, for in this antibiotic era pneumonia doesn't seem to kill women under forty. But ill enough to need some help and care — which I didn't get — from my family and friends.**

I AM now better, and indignant enough to sit down and write about the shabby treatment handed out to sick mothers—the very people who help others over their aches and pains.

One of my bitterest complaints is this:

During the few days when I actually looked wan, everyone who came to the house inspected me with sympathy, voiced vague offers of help, and took their leave with the inevitable remark, "Look After Yourself."

No doubt it was kindly meant, but I have come to hate those three words.

Never again shall I say, "Look After Yourself." If I care enough to say that, I shall take off my ring and watch and volunteer to Do the Dishes—and more.

This is probably something that less selfish and thoughtless people would do, anyway—but, if so, then all my family members are thoughtless, like me.

And so are most of my acquaintances.

For the casual help I have had has been paid for by me, or begged for by me.

And the family I might have expected to help cheerfully have simply suffered me through my indisposition with a grim, argumentative, quiet resentment.

"Suffering"

Apparently, Mum has no right to be so annoyingly sick as to have to stay in bed.

Are there other mothers-of-six who feel that unless they are pampered when they need it they will find it hard to pamper all the others when they expect it?

Or am I alone in this?

Women are inclined to be rather hard on each other and to be bored when another complains.

But sometimes the complaint of one woman reveals the suffering-in-silence that so many others go through.

So, here are the facts of my own case.

Travel around Australia, of necessity, has separated my family from their relatives and former friends.

Therefore we form a group of eight persons, one large dog, and a budgie, who have had to rely on ourselves.

But do we all rely on each other? Or have I merely allowed all my family to lean on Mum?

Normally, I'm a healthy, plump, reasonably cheerful soul with a sturdy fund of independence (born, no doubt, from Good Health out of Shyness).

The Shyness makes it hard for me to have to ask for help, and the Good Health makes it seldom necessary.

So maybe I am at fault—perhaps I have created a public image of myself as a dauntless, broad-shouldered type who can always manage the necessities, and sometimes manage a great deal more besides.

Only my husband knows how inaccurate such an image is!

Mothers want to help the oppressed and weak, and we do so.

But what kick does anyone else get from helping a mother who is usually sturdy and self-possessed?

None.

Others simply feel that it's mother's role to help them.

In snatches I have been reading a novel about Victorian Glasgow and its society—a society in which a Lady got a cold and went ceremonially to bed.

The housemaids went in and out, fires and food were tended, and the children, accompanied by the nursemaid, paid hushed, formal visits to the sickroom once a day.

Nobody wants the oppressions of those days to return, least of all me, but it seems that we "girls" are in danger of losing a great deal if we achieve equality in the "men's sphere."

It occurs to me we simply become "more equal" by having more to do and getting less out of it.

In the fortnight during which I was ill my part-time job had to lapse, and so did payment for it.

This will, no doubt, be heartily resented when the dance dresses for my two eldest are of cotton instead of the much-desired chiffon (which, I am assured, "everyone" will be wearing).

The old attitude of care and gratitude toward Mothers which was fostered by Fathers of an earlier age, who believed they had reason to be grateful for children, orderly homes, and social standing, seems to be going.

What have not gone are the day-by-day necessities of family care and housekeeping.

Someone must do these things, and whatever else Mum manages to do in the way of outside work, she has to attend to these home arrangements first.

Naturally, Dad does what he can, but he is away from home most of the day and tired when he returns to it.

"Unwilling"

Children lead full, busy lives, especially when they reach senior high school level, and they should not be asked to pitch in as housemaids.

Or should they?

In a family of any size, some help from the members is essential.

What worries me is that so little of it is given gracefully and willingly.

Is this the fault of a selfish, money-mad society, or the fault of an energetic mother who has done so much for the family that they have learned to take, but not to give?

Because of the working set-up the men have, most breadwinners, when ill, can go to bed.

Their salary continues, their meals appear on tasteful trays at appropriate times, and the children are hushed and kept away.

The life of the house goes on.

When children are ill they are treated like royalty and their wishes anticipated before they are expressed.

My youngest developed gastric flu when I was ill, so I spent my time in and out of a crumb-strewn bed, attending to her diarrhoea and administering her medicine and orange drinks.

When I was in bed she lay beside me and asked to be amused. And when I was out she shrieked at me to come back.

She is the darling of my heart, but if she shrieks at me again I shall apply a swift-travelling palm to her rear end!

Even mothers had mothers when they were young and experienced the warmth of mothering when they were distressed, or ill, or even cranky.

But my point is that adult mothers need mothering still—not often, but sometimes.

Otherwise the strength goes out of them and the emptiness comes in.

And an empty-hearted mother does nobody any good.

There are times when it is not possible to "Look After Yourself." Someone must look after you, or you do not stay in bed, and so arise from illness exhausted, emotional, and weak.

Even if the State assisted mothers temporarily ordered to bed at home, where are the women who would come in and do this job of caring for other women's families? Perhaps if they were respected, and adequately paid for it, a small army of willing helpers would become available.

Next time, perhaps, I'll throw a real fit and go to hospital. Meanwhile, I shall "Look After Myself" and lend what help I can to other mothers in need of it.

But anyone who hears me say "Look After Yourself" to a living soul can give me a darn good kick!

—By "Jo-anne," N.S.W., who wishes to be anonymous.

Christmas risks

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

- **The Christmas season will undoubtedly take many families once again to seaside or country resorts — an attractive, healthy way of spending the holidays.**

HOWEVER, a holiday away from home, especially camping or in a caravan with children, is one in which emergencies may have to be dealt with.

Parents should therefore have some workable knowledge of the basic rules for first-aid and home-nursing, and a first-aid kit should be packed.

1. WATER SUPPLY

When camping, always investigate the source of any drinking water.

Always carry a supply of cold boiled water for babies and toddlers.

2. MILK

If there is any doubt about the purity or reliability of the local milk supply it will be far safer to use one of the standard dry powdered milks.

A new dairy milk should be brought quickly to the boil and gently simmered for about five minutes when first giving it to a baby or toddler. This prevents gastric upsets.

3. DIET

A summer holiday place that can get supplies of food from nearby farms is a good choice for a family.

A light diet in the hot weather is best—less meat than usual, raw salads, fresh fruit and vegetables, good cereals, plenty of milk, eggs.

4. Baby's own cosy-bye or wicker basket with the familiar mattress and bed clothing will ensure sound sleep in a changing environment.

A few of the favorite or familiar toys and picture books should be packed for the little ones.

A leaflet giving detailed advice about holiday risks can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed for the leaflet.

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Collectors' Corner



● *Pair of Victorian vases.*

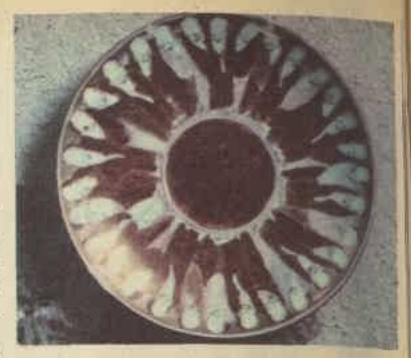


● *Porcelain clock.*

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers queries on antiques.

My early Louis XIV clock stands 13in. high and is in perfect condition. My vases could be Chinese and are 9in. high. — Mrs. D. I. Izatt, Tully, North Qld.

Your French clock (left), which is Jacob Petit porcelain, was made about 1830. The vases (far left) appear to be opalescent glass. Thev are Victorian, made about 1875.



● *Saucer is Japanese.*

I have a saucer which is decorated with Chinese figures. Could you tell me its age, please? — Mrs. A. Laurie, Ourimbah, N.S.W.

Your saucer (above) is Japanese satzuma, made in the late 19th century.

★ ★ ★

My urn stands 19in. high, has a bronze top and bottom, with the body in ivory-and-rose-colored pottery. Could you give me some information about it, please? — Mrs. D. E. King, New Plymouth, N.Z.

It is an ornamental ewer of French spelter bronze and pottery. It was made about 1880.

★ ★ ★

I have a trinket box which is a pale green Wedgwood with a white cameo and filigree lid. There is a crown mark as well as the numerals 6082 and a signature which is illegible. Could you tell me the age and origin of my piece, please? — Mrs. S. Jamieson, Burwood, Vic.

I don't think your little trinket box is Wedgwood. It is an Austrian copy, made about 1875-85.

★ ★ ★

I have a pair of turquoise vases 10½in. high which are decorated with raised stalks of wheat and painted flowers. They are marked with a cross and dash on the base. Could you tell me the age, please? — Miss N. M. Richard, Artarmon, N.S.W.

Your vases are Austrian porcelain and were made about 1885.

★ ★ ★

My clock is gold, has a French movement, and is ornately carved with figures and scrolls. Could you give me some information about it, please? — Mrs. M. Whittaker, Forestville, N.S.W.

Your clock was made in France about 1875. The metal is not pewter, but is a white metal which contains antimony and was originally gilded.

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● My nomination for the most boring topic of the century is the question of the sins of the current crop of teenagers.

THIS turns up every year as regularly as Christmas, and linked to it, because the weeks before Christmas are the time when there are lots of teenage parties to celebrate the end of exams and the end of schooldays.

This year we've got a whole new set of names for condemning them — now they're known as surfies, sandies, and ho-dads.

I'm not quite sure how you spell that last word, because I've heard it used but I haven't seen it written.

I'm not too certain what a ho-dad is, either; but even among teenagers it's always the other fellow and never yourself, so apparently it's a fairly undesirable thing to be.

The surfies (more boys than girls) are those who like to spend every minute of their spare time at the surf beaches, riding their boards.

The sandies (more girls than boys perhaps) are those who surf in the old way, without boards, and spend the rest of their time lying in the sand and the sun watching the surfies ride the waves.

On the face of it, these seem harmless enough occupations for the young of a sport-loving nation!

Their chief crime seems to be that they go round in gangs because they like the company of others of their own age group and that they like to wear chains round their necks with miniature surf boards or sharks' teeth on them.

The gangs (and the chains, with their suggestion of secret society) are probably a bit silly to adult eyes, but aren't we forgetting that youth's the time for gangs and has been, probably, since the dawn of human society.

Some don't know what they're talking about

A FEW years ago we were encouraging these kids to go in for all sorts of gang activities — brownies and cubs and scouts and girl guides and the sorts of team sports that they play at school.

Now, because they're a bit older and therefore a bit harder to control, and a bit more of a nuisance, we don't like them to get together in groups.

Because of our children, I know a lot of teenagers, from different homes and different schools and different sorts of backgrounds.

I like them.

I know that a lot of people are going to write and tell me either that I've been lucky or that I'm so dumb I don't see what's going on right under my nose.

But the more I have to listen to these endless, boring discussions about how today's teenagers are a hundred times worse than teenagers have ever been before, the more convinced I'm becoming that those with the most to say on the subject are very often those who haven't any very close connections with teenagers.

They're often either childless people or men and women whose own children are safely into their middle twenties, or sometimes the parents of quite young children who have heard these stories so often that they've become apprehensive about the future their own children are growing up into.

Every parent of teenagers has a few teenagers on a blacklist, but surely that has been so in every generation since the year dot.

Every teacher of teenagers knows a few he or she regards as a menace, and I'm certain that has been so since the first teacher opened the first school.

But the majority of teachers, and the majority of those who play host to their children's teenage friends, find them bearable, likeable, and often quite good company.

Would you like to be 18 again?

ONE thing I am convinced of is that they're better company, for adults, than we were at their age.

When I was a teenager I didn't know the word "square," but looking back I realise that I regarded my friends' parents as the squarest squares who lived.

Today's teenagers regard us as squares, and quite properly, too, but they're much easier in their manner with us, much more willing to regard us as poor old souls who can be quite fun at times, instead of as poor old souls who must be got out of the way before anyone can begin to have fun or even to hold a reasonable conversation.

If you're the mother of teenagers, and you happen to share my views, try this gambit next time you're pinned down by some know-all who is trying to convince you that today's teenagers, including your own, are the worst the world has ever seen.

If you can get a word in, just say quite casually and gently and out of the blue, "Would you like to be 18 again?"

Don't take any notice of the answer — that's unimportant.

What you want to watch for is the stunned and caught-out look that precedes the answer.

No adults in their right minds would actually want to be 18 again, but it's equally true that almost no adult is free from jealousy of the young.

And since, as Shakespeare said, "Youth's a stuff that won't endure," it's only a short step from envying what you haven't got to condemning it.

Don't judge the many by the few

THERE are no parents alive (unless they're saints!) who don't occasionally burst out with "You don't realise how lucky you are, when I was your age . . ."

Up to a point it's true—today's teenagers are lucky because times are prosperous and they have more and they expect more.

But in other ways, we were luckier. We were growing up in a world that had been made safe for democracy.

Maybe it all blew up in our faces a bit later on, but at least we had that false sense of security and safety when it could do us most good.

These children haven't had that, and if there's a good deal of eat-drink-and-be-merry in their philosophy, who are we to blame them for that?

I'm not saying that all teenagers are perfect or even good.

There are teenage hoodlums and gatecrashers and drunks and car thieves.

What I am saying is that anyone who has much to do with boys and girls in their teens knows that it's ridiculous and aggravating to hear the windy nonsense that's talked about them, as though the ones whose bad behaviour gets them into the news are typical of a whole generation.

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NEW WAY—WITHOUT SURGERY

New Formula, "Preparation H," shrinks, heals, stops itch—even in most stubborn cases—not just temporary relief!

NEW YORK, N.Y. (Special). For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

The pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinkage) took place.

And most amazing of all — this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "piles have ceased to be a problem"! And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes bowel movement less painful.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anaesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance, Bio-Dyne (Regd.)—the discovery of a world-famous research institution.

This new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for individually sealed, convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator.

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Continuing . . . WHERE THE CLUETTS ARE

I was just as fascinated. I had plenty of work. Specifying, ordering, and checking up on all the special milling were a job in themselves, and I had much more to do. But still I spent more time at the new house than I really had to.

Even at night, as though I were the actual architect, I'd sometimes drive over and prowl around and through it. One night I found Ellie standing on the walk, the big collar of her camelhair coat turned up, hands deep in her pockets, looking at the half-finished house.

The house was set far back from the street and the eye could take it all in. There was a three-quarter moon; we could see clearly. The new wood looked pale against the night sky, and the door and window openings were narrow black rectangles, for the house was no longer skeletal.

Most of the exterior sheathing was on, and the external shape of the house was complete. For the first time we could see, rising from the bare, wood-littered earth, the beginning reality of what had been only architectural drawings.

Ellie murmured, "Isn't it astonishing?"

"Yeah." I was enjoying the almost ghostly sight of this strange, unfinished house in the moonlight, and I began fooling, playing with words. "We're looking at a vanished sight. This is a commonplace sight of a world long gone, and we've reached back and brought it to life again. Maybe we should have let it alone."

from page 26

Ellie smiled. "I don't think so. I feel good about it."

The work went fast; the men liked this job. Several had grown moustaches or sideburns in styles they thought appropriate to the house. One of the carpenters had just finished a year in New Jersey, doing nothing but hang doors in over nine hundred identical tract houses. He told me this job was the first time carpentering actually was what, as a boy, he'd imagined it to be.

Now the big verandah was complete. All windows were in. Everything was finished outside, in fact, except the eave ornamentation, not yet delivered, and some special-patterned shingle work on the gable ends.

Inside, the hammering was constant — inlaid hardwood floors going down on the third floor, interior trim on the first and second. Plastering was finished, complete with old-style wood lathing, and on the first floor doors were being hung — inches wider, two feet taller, and far heavier and more solid than any ordinarily made today. Their surfaces were beautifully panelled with fine mouldings.

Walking through the house, I'd stop when no one could see me, close my eyes, and sniff the familiar damp-plaster, new-wood fragrance of a just-finished house. Then I'd open my eyes and wonder at the magnificent brand-new old mansion in which, incredibly, I stood.

Sam wanted speed, and got it. When the completed house was still wet with paint, new grass was showing on the landscaped grounds, and transplanted bushes almost surrounded it. He'd had a dozen fine trees trucked to and planted on the grounds, at whatever enormous cost; full-grown trees taller than the roof.

And five stonemasons, all I'd been able to round up, were building a wall clear around the grounds using old greystone from a dismantled church. And now, the activity of building over and the house painted, it lost its visual novelty and took its place in the town. People pausing on the walk dwindled to an occasional one or two.

The day Ellie finished furnishing it she stopped at my office downtown and invited me to see it. We drove in her car, and when we reached the house the great wrought-iron gates stood open in the wall, and we swung through them on to a snow-white gravel driveway that curved up to the shaded verandah.

Ellie stopped half-way, giving me a chance to look around. All trace of raw newness was gone; the grounds were lush. This was June, and the immense lawns were a flawless, fresh-mowed, brilliant summer-green. The hedges were perfectly trimmed, and flowerbeds stood in full bloom.

The house itself was immaculate; it sparkled. It stood there, in the splendor of its grounds, like a new-cut jewel in a just-finished setting; solid and vigorous, in the very prime of its youth. It was the living and finished reality of drawings that had lain dustily on my shelves for years.

I HAD only an impression of the house when we'd finished; of wallpaper, large-patterned and suggesting the nineteenth century, but colorful, gay, wonderfully cheerful; of last-century furniture, intricately but beautifully carved, ornately but gracefully curved, finished to perfection and upholstered in tufted velvets of emerald-green, canary-yellow, scarlet, coral, and sky-blue. I remember a little dressing-room carpeted in pink. The doors were dull white, with polished brass hardware. The house sang.

I was out of town on a job the night of the Cluetts' big party a week later—the housewarming. But I drove back late in the evening, and while I wasn't dressed to go inside I stopped my car by the big iron gates, and what I saw was the most haunting sight I've ever seen.

The house was equipped with two lighting systems. One, which I designed, was electric with concealed outlets and almost unnoticeable flush ceiling lights. The other was gas, the lines following the original plans and with ornate fixtures, which Ellie had searched out and bought, in all the principal rooms.

Tonight, as I sat looking in through the big gates, only the gas system was in use. And on all three floors of the big, rambling house every window — tall and arched at the tops, looking like rows of great, slender candles — glowed against the blue summer night with the yellowy, wonderfully warm light electricity has never equalled.

Dancing couples moved across those rectangles of light, and music from a live orchestra moved out through the open windows across the lawns into the darkness. Sam had bought a horse and carriage to meet his New York guests at the railroad station. Tonight he'd hired three more and now they all stood on the white gravel of the curved driveway. Any guest who'd come by car had parked in the street.

This was one of the last June nights, and the air was balmy and alive with the drone of insects, the very sound of summer; and the lawns, strung with candlelit Japanese lanterns, flickered with fireflies. From the verandah I could hear laughter and the murmur of voices softened by distance, and

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Continuing . . . WHERE THE CLUETTS ARE

people stood outlined on the glowing candle-shapes of the windows.

Over and enclosing it all, the backdrop for everything, stood the great, dark silhouette of the turreted, dormered, many-gabled house. It was a scene lost to the world, a glimpse of another time and manner of living, and I sat there for a long time before I drove home.

You lose touch with clients fairly quickly once a house is finished. For a time you're in each other's company and minds every day, more intimate than friends; then suddenly you're busy with someone else. I didn't see the Cluetts again till some months later.

Then, one afternoon on impulse, I stopped in, not sure if they were still there. But they were. Sam met me on the porch in shirt sleeves—it was warm yet—calling to Ellie that I was there. He led me to the end of the verandah. There was a wooden porch swing and we sat down, lifted our feet to the porch railing.

I said, "No work today, Sam?"

He smiled. "No. Lately I've been taking more time off than I used to."

From the window behind me I heard the steps in the kitchen and the sound of glassware. Then Ellie appeared in the doorway.

I stared in open astonishment. Ellie — smiling mischievously as she bent forward to set her tray on a little wicker table—was wearing a dress that began high at the neck and snug around it and ended well below her ankles, brushing the porch floor.

It was a soft leaf-green, and the long sleeves ended at the wrists in lace cuffs. The upper arms weren't actually puffed, but they were full, peaking up a little at the shoulders. It was a dress of the last century, and as Ellie sat down I saw that her hair was long now. It was braided and coiled at the back into a flat disc covering the nape of her neck.

SAM was grinning. He said, "You wouldn't want us to be the only things in the house that weren't appropriate, would you, Harry? Ellie and I decided we ought to be dressed for the place."

With his fingers he flicked one of his cream-colored pants legs and I saw that they were patterned with a light-blue stripe; a kind of trousers last worn decades ago. Then I realised that his hair wasn't just overdue for cutting; he was wearing it in a style outmoded when my father was born.

I grinned, too, then. Ellie was pouring from a brown stoneware pitcher beaded with tight little drops, the ice clinking as it slid into the glasses. I said, "You look wonderful, both of you; absolutely right for this house. Your guests must get a kick out of it."

"Well, as a matter of fact," Sam said, "we've pretty well quit entertaining my customers here. Not many of them really appreciated the place."

Ellie handed me a filled glass and I tasted the drink; it was fresh-squeezed lemonade and delicious. I said, "You must like the house for its own sake, then."

"I can't tell you how much," Ellie said softly. "We've moved here permanently, you know. We don't go to New York any more."

For half an hour then we talked about the house. Ellie told me she even sewed here, in a little room at the top of a square turret. It was something she'd never before had patience for, but she'd actually made the dress she was wearing. She said the pattern for it and even the exact shade just came drifting into her mind one day, and she wanted to have it and made it herself.

Presently she said, "I always assumed that the plans for this house had never been used, didn't you, Harry?" I nodded, and she said, "But it's just as possible that they were used, isn't it?"

"I suppose so."

She smiled wonderingly, "Strange, isn't it, to think that this house existed before? Right here in Darley, undoubtedly — maybe in sight of this one."

"If it existed."

from page 48

She looked at me for a moment, her face dead serious. Then, with such quiet certainty that I smiled in surprise, she said, "It did."

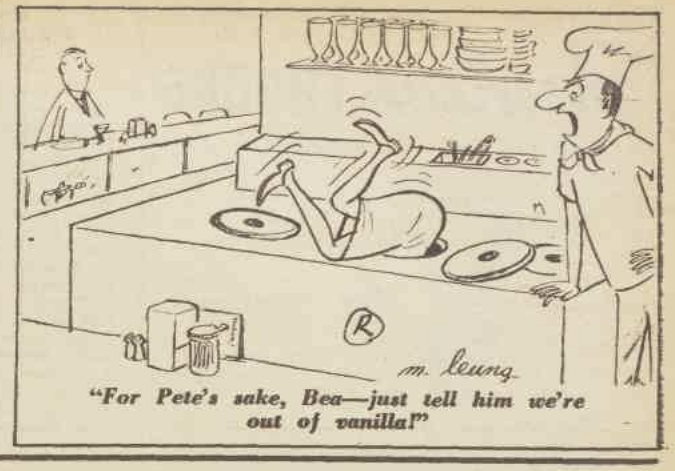
"Oh? How do you know?"

Ellie looked at Sam. He hesitated, then nodded slightly, and Ellie turned back to me. She said, "You know how associations slowly form in a house you've lived in for a long time? The way the sun strikes the ceiling of a certain room may remind you forever of how it felt when you were a child getting dressed for school. Do you know what I mean?"

I said, "Sure. After a hot day the beams of my house cool off and contract; make a lot of noise. Every time it happens I remember the first time I tasted strawberries as a kid. With some of the other old associations in my house the memories are gone, only the emotions are left, and I can't remember why they began."

"Yes," Ellie leaned forward, excited. "This house is full of them! Turn a corner in the front hallway, and the way the stairs rise toward the second floor gives me a feeling of peace. And when the back screen door slams, just the sound of it makes me happy for no reason I know."

To page 50



"For Pete's sake, Bea—just tell him we're out of vanilla!"



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Continuing . . . WHERE THE CLUETTS ARE

from page 49

She hesitated, then said, "And there are other, more specific things. One morning I walked into the library. Sam was sitting there, reading. The windowpanes are divided into quarters, and the sun came through at an angle, and four diamond-shaped patches of sunlight lay across the bindings of the books on the shelves.

"Harry, I saw them, smiled, and said to Sam, 'Well, the Pelliers arrive tomorrow for a week. Won't we have fun!' And Sam looked up and nodded. He knew it, too! Then we just stared at each other. Because we don't know anyone named Pellier; we never have. And no one was coming next day."

Sam said, "I thought she was nuts, too, Harry, till that happened. But from then on things happened to me, too. There's an upstairs window, and when you open it it squeals and the sash weight rattles. All I can tell you is that whenever that happens I'm just glad to be alive.

"And a couple of months ago I opened the front door to see if the morning paper had arrived. My hand touched the doorknob, and the instant I felt it—it's porcelain and oval; feels like a china egg—I thought. Today's the parade! At the same time I knew there wasn't any parade, hadn't been a parade in Darley for years." He turned to Ellie. "Tell him about the skating."

She said, "Night before last we were reading in the living-room. I looked up from my book at the fireplace, then thought, In a couple of months we'll be lighting that. And when we do there'll be skating on Sikermann's Slough. Yet I don't even know what that means."

I felt the hair on the back of my neck prickle as I said, "I do. It's been filled in and forgotten for years, but it was still there when my father was a boy—a slough that used to freeze over every winter. It was on a corner of what was once the Sikermann farm sometime in the eighteen eighties . . ."

In Darley, as elsewhere, building slacks off during the winter, and whenever I had time I tried to learn where or when the old house existed before, but I never did. The title block of the original plans tells for whom they were drawn, but I found nothing about him or the plans in town records, which isn't particularly surprising.

I poked through back files of the old Darley "Intelligencer," too, but found out very little; they're incomplete, with gaps of days, weeks, months, and even years. All I learned was how many more fires there were back in the days of largely wood construction, and of gas and kerosene lighting, and wood stoves.

But I have no doubt that that house existed—sometime in the 'eighties, I should think. And that it was a happy house; one of the occasional rare and wonderful houses that acquire souls and lives of their own; the kind of house that seems to know you're in it and puts its best foot forward; a house born of the feelings and love of the lost and forgotten people who planned, built, lived in, and gave it life.

I think that, like many another house of the times, this one burned, and that maybe my granddad produced the plans for a fire-insurance claim agent, then stuck them on his shelves. I don't know.

But in one way or another its life was cut suddenly short. And then, miraculously, it found itself in being again. Room for room, in every least detail—exactly as it had been in the far-off moment when fire flared along the edge of a curtain, perhaps—the old house existed once more. And it simply resumed its life; the kind of life and times, of course, that it knew . . .

I've never gone back to it. I suppose I'd be welcome, but I don't feel that I belong there any more, not in the life the Cluetts lead now. They leave the grounds only when necessary, Sam driving his buggy. No one goes in; the big gates are kept closed.

Sam sold his boatyard this spring; for enough money, I've heard, so that he need never work again. They no longer take a newspaper, and whether they read their mail no one knows; they never send any.

But every night the lights are on, the wonderfully warm yellow-orange gas lights, and all last winter they used the fireplaces. This summer people have had glimpses of them. They've been seen playing croquet on the lawn, Ellie in a long white dress. And just this week twin hammocks, the kind with long fringes at the sides, appeared on the shaded verandah. And the two of them lie there, reading the lazy afternoons away.

I know what they read. The books they'd bought had arrived when I last visited the Cluetts, and along with other fine leather-bound old volumes there were the complete works of Dickens and Sir Walter Scott, just the thing for long summer afternoons far back in the past.

For that's where the Cluetts are, of course. I don't quite believe stories I've heard — that one night last winter it snowed on their property and nowhere else, and that occasionally sun has shone or rain has fallen on their roof, but not on the rest of the town as though the house existed in some other year.

Just the same, Ellie and Sam are living far back in the past; that's where they are. For their new house is haunted by its old self. And its ghost has captured the Cluetts—rather easily, for I think they were glad to surrender.

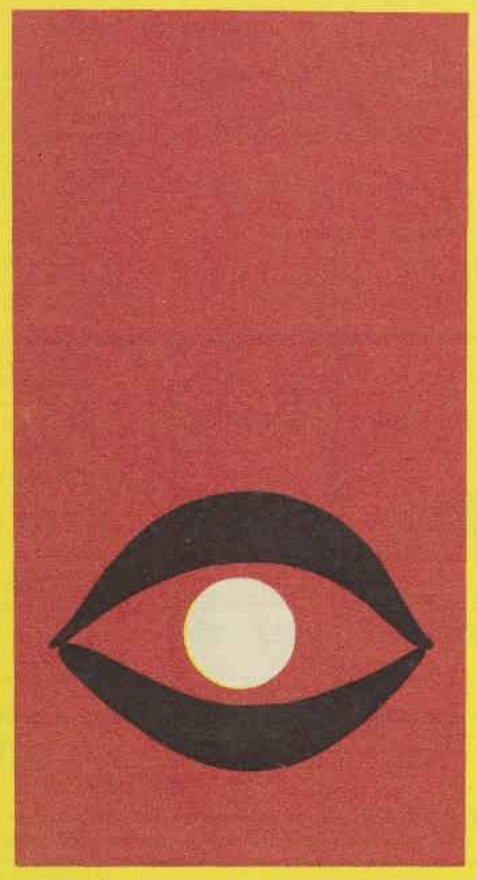
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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*





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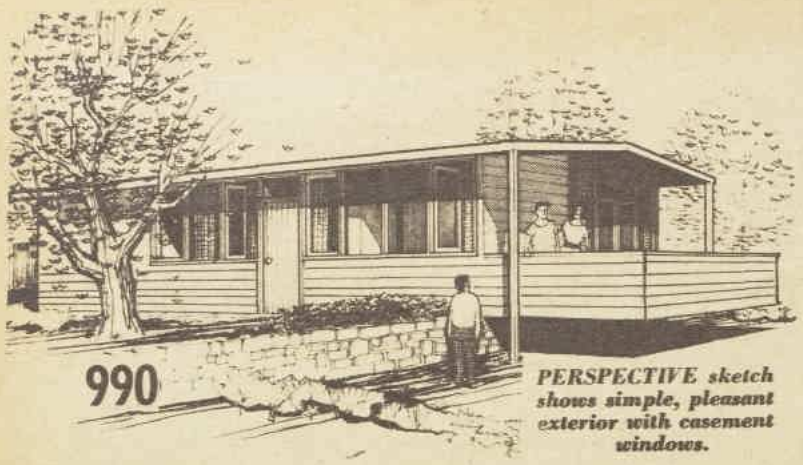
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PERSPECTIVE sketch shows simple, pleasant exterior with casement windows.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● ***A compact design to suit a small family, this week's Home Plan is 9.2 squares in brick and 8.5 squares in timber.***

INFORMAL living is the keynote of this house, which has a large partially covered deck opening off the living-room.

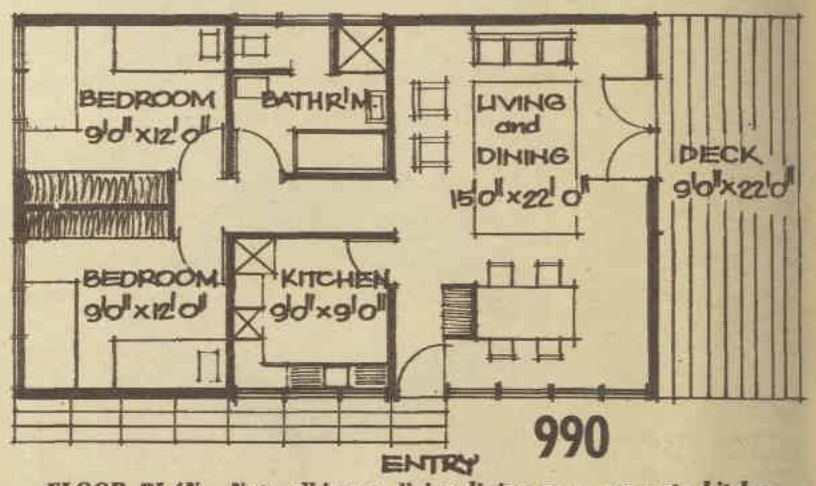
The living area, 15ft. by 22ft., includes the dining-room, which has casement windows overlooking the garden.

The kitchen is a completely separate room. It is 9ft. square and has plenty of work space and cupboards.

The bathroom has a partitioned-off toilet and a separate shower recess. There is enough space for a washing-machine, though this could be placed in the kitchen.

The two bedrooms have built-in wardrobes, and one of the bedrooms could accommodate four bunks.

The exterior of Plan No. 990 is simple and attractive. A slightly pitched roof has overhanging eaves to protect the windows, and the deck at one side makes the house look much bigger than it is.



FLOOR PLAN. Note all-in-one living-dining area, separate kitchen, and two bedrooms. Deck provides ideal outdoor living area.

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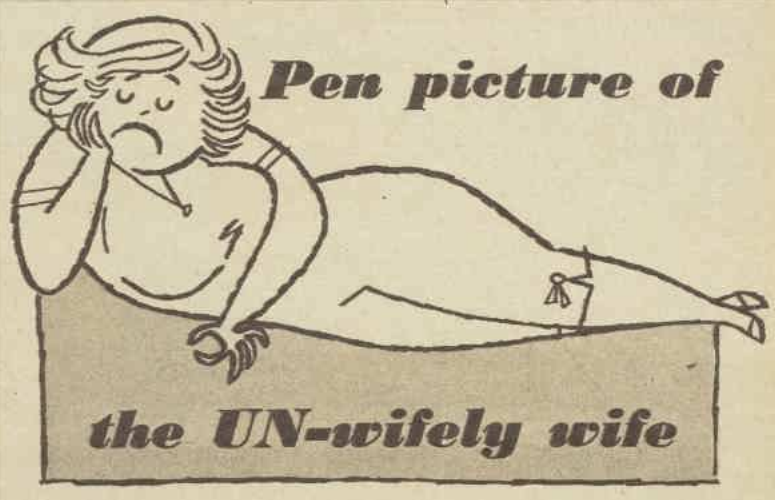
(The third of four articles)

How NOT to Kill Your Husband

(Previous articles dealt with diet for men and coronary attacks)

ARE YOU A 'WIFELY' WIFE?

● Every woman whose husband is burdened with office cares and responsibility should be prepared to act as the sponge-rubber buffer which can absorb both shocks and worries. She has to be a good listener and a comforting one.



● When a man enters married life he should be moving out of the zone of war between the sexes into the zone of peace. Sex warfare is not a thing which has any place in married life.

By A Family Doctor

THE businessman who hasn't got such a wife is much more likely to become hypertensed, snarly, and perhaps ultimately ill than his brother whose wife is "wifely."

One of the most important things about being able to carry responsibility is the ability to have every now and then a discussion of your worries with someone whom you can utterly trust.

This person may have no knowledge of the facts, may be quite untrained and even unintelligent (this description might even fit the wife of a business executive).

Don't argue

The essential point about providing this service for your husband is that you must be more than merely at his side. You must always be on his side in these discussions.

It may be that what he tells you makes you think the decision he has taken is quite wrong.

It will do nothing to help his worries if you start arguing with him and point out that he is wrong, because he has already taken his decision and perhaps given his orders on that matter.

On the other hand, at times he may discuss something with you on which he has not yet issued a directive.

It is then valuable to give him the advice which springs from the outside mind, which can see faults not apparent to those more deeply involved.

Always remember that your husband's bad temper or his violent complaint which is blown off in your direction is not directed at you personally but at the person or the situation worrying him.

You may do him a very great deal of good by merely sitting by placidly and allowing him to let off spleen into your sponge-rubber shock-absorber.

Business and professional men often cannot direct their spleen at the cause of the annoyance — a man may have to play his cards very carefully, not only with his customers and superiors but also with his subordinates, to avoid trouble.

There is therefore only one person left in the world to whom he can blow off steam —his unfortunate wife.

(If she will not listen, he may substitute his fortunate secretary!)

The wife who feels resentful about being used as a buffer must suffer in silence and realise that it is all part of her job.

In this hard, tough, high-pressure world in which these men work and live the wife is there for this very purpose.

It so often happens that these highly confidential matters can be discussed by the husband only in the privacy of the marital bedroom, or quietly in a relaxed frame of mind over a drink in the evening, when husband and wife are alone.

If you are wise you will reserve your own list of worries and annoyances until after your husband has got his off his chest, even if it is hard to have patience.

Remember that by taking his confidential worries into your custody you are protecting your husband's health in many ways and helping him to achieve a means of relaxation, because a worry talked over is a worry resolved.

● Hypertension merely means a raised blood pressure.

Though it may be the sign of the disease, it is not in itself a disease, any more than having a high temperature is a disease.

In some cases, in which full investigation shows no abnormality apart from the raised blood pressure, the patient is said to be suffering from "essential" hypertension.

Essential hypertension is a very slowly progressive condition. The older a man is when he develops hypertension the better the outlook.

It usually starts in men of middle age who have very stressful lives.

It is therefore common in business executives and professional men, who are born worriers.

● Now what can a wife do when she knows her husband suffers from hypertension?

If she knows her husband's high blood pressure is not due to any underlying organic disease, she can persuade him to stop worrying about it.

But she cannot do this unless she herself stops worrying.

A wife who fusses her husband because she thinks that some disaster is about to befall him is doing him lasting harm.

If it has been shown that there is nothing to worry about, it is up to a wife to play her part by giving up her self-indulgent worries.

● If you are wise, you will avoid matrimonial warfare with a husband who has a raised blood pressure.

If you don't, you will be working against everything the doctor is trying to achieve.

Although it would be absurd to maintain that a husband should have his own way in everything, if he has hypertension, constant sources of annoyance and frustration should be eliminated as far as possible.

The wife who is constantly picking a quarrel with her husband is not so much running the risk of some sudden catastrophe like a stroke as she is merely robbing him of the calm existence which his condition needs.

This especially applies to early-morning tiffs, which cause so many husbands to set out in a state of suppressed annoyance which may keep them seething all the way to the office.

The number of women who deliberately polish off their husbands has always been much fewer than the number of husbands who rub out their wives.

However, if one were to judge by the way many wives treat their middle-aged hypertensive husbands, one could not help wondering if they were trying to find out how far they could go without actually achieving the state of widowhood.

Let's face it, the majority of wives have little or no control over their husbands' lives after they leave home in the morning.

The one thing you can do to help your husband is to ensure that at home he has peace.

"Extroverts"

● I think it is true to say that all men like the company of men, though it is not true to say that all women like the company of other women.

Men who have made their way in the world of business are usually extroverts who are at their best in the company of men.

Boarding schools, colleges, the services — all give the male the opportunity of mix-

Continued on page 55

YET many wives consider it is their duty to tell their husband what to do and say all the time, what to wear, and how to drive.

If you feel like this about your husband I cannot imagine why you should read articles on how to keep him alive!

One of the most subtle ways of rubbing him out is to arrange social engagements for nearly every evening in the week when he's tired.

Another way is to get him to serve on every possible committee and go to public dinners where there will be too much of the wrong food and too much of the best wines.

Another important gambit is to arrange for him to be telephoned in the middle of every meal. (The more telephone calls during a meal, the more effective.)

See that he has no opportunity of relaxing.

Make quite sure that he discusses his worries just before going to bed.

Another useful tip is to encourage him to smoke cigarettes excessively.

Always see that he is well supplied with cigarettes. If you see him sitting wasting his time not smoking, immediately offer him a cigarette.

Offer him a cigarette as soon as he gets up in the morning.

See that there are plenty of cigarettes in the bedroom so that he can smoke in bed at night.

Do not call him early in the morning. Let him lie in bed so that he has very little time to catch his train and has to run for it, and especially see that he eats a large breakfast so that the effort or running for the train is not wasted.

Think up strenuous jobs for him.

If he has to saw logs, see that the logs are wet.

Heavy digging should be encouraged, especially in wet weather when the soil is heavy to lift.

If he goes shooting, see that he is dropped by the car at the wrong side of a ploughed field, especially if it is wet and mud clings to his boots.

"Pitying smile"

There are many other winsome little ways of "wifing" a husband, such as always making him angry. Keep him constantly on the boil, because that can be a very damaging thing, especially if he has any cardiovascular disease.

Never let him have his own way in anything.

Always treat him like a fool, and when he gets angry smile at him pityingly. (This method is specially effective if he is angry because of some unnecessary argument which you have started.)

Never let him get away with anything.

Never let him have a meal in peace. Always serve a bone of contention with every meal—especially if the rest of the meal happens to be burnt or undercooked or is just plain revolting.

Another useful practice is to tell him how to drive.

Tell him he is driving too fast, and then later ask why he is dawdling.

Always start an argument just as your husband is leaving for the office, and see that he leaves you in a state of frustration or suppressed annoyance.

If you always insist on having the last word, one of these days you will have it.

I am convinced that only a small minority will want to follow any of these hints.

But they may be useful for those who are anxious to stave off widowhood —they'll avoid doing these things.

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Are you a "wifely" wife?

Continued from page 53

ing with other males much of the time.

In spite of the hardship of prisoner - of - war camps and battle-stress conditions, most men look back on their war experiences with a feeling of nostalgia.

The truth is that they enjoyed the company of other men because they were able to relax in their presence.

The wise wife will understand this and press her husband to develop leisure interests in the company of men.

She will encourage him to spend time which is not connected with work with men friends.

It is a fundamental point in the psychology of some men that they are more at ease with men than they are with women.

If you are wise you will also provide your husband with time to think. I know several busy professional men who devote an entire day each week to reading and thinking, and it helps their general calm.

● Sleep is a thoroughly bad habit. The vast majority of people sleep too much.

Middle-aged businessmen require rest more than they require sleep.

Although the period of sleep they require as they get older becomes less, the amount of horizontal rest they require increases.

But the average businessman can remain fit and healthy on very much less sleep than most of them manage to steal one way and another.

It may be true that a man should relax in the horizontal position for a spell after lunch, but that is no reason why he should sink into a noisy siesta.

We all know the slumber-room of men's clubs with each of its deep armchairs occupied by a snoring clubman snatching a nap after lunch.

It is not necessary to sleep to rest. It is possible to train the body and mind to relax and yet remain awake and usefully employed.

Sleeping during the daytime is due to one of three things: alcohol, overeating, or boredom. It is seldom due to physical fatigue and seldom occurs in those who are mentally fatigued.

Sir Winston

Controlled sleep is quite different from postprandial stupor.

There are people who, like Sir Winston Churchill, take very little sleep at night, but are able to take ten minutes' sound, restful sleep at will during the day and awake refreshed.

As far as sleeping at night is concerned, I am quite convinced that the average adult can remain full of health and vigor on about six hours' sleep.

But if he has been used to having much more he cannot cut it out just like that.

You as a wife need not feel that your husband is not getting enough sleep because he does not settle down until well after midnight.

He will do himself far more harm by going out to dinner and drinking and eating too much, or by going to a party or dance which involves a good deal of exertion plus smoking too much, than he will by quietly getting on with some reading or writing or dictating connected with his work.

I do not think it is true to say that overwork of this sort harms a middle-aged man, provided it saves him from rushing round the next day with that sickening feeling that time is not on his side.

Time is far more likely to be on his side if he has managed to get some work done the previous night.

The best plan is for your husband to go to bed early and do his work there. He does not actually need the sleep, but his heart and circulation need the rest that being in the horizontal position can give them.

Not only should he go to bed early but he should go to bed gradually. Once he is secure from intruders in the evening, there is no reason why he should not prepare for bed a couple of hours before he actually goes there.

It is very comfortable and comforting to lounge in pyjamas and dressing-gown, knowing that all the chores have been done and that all you have to do when you feel like it is just get into bed.

● Business executives have a right to placid, restful lives during the hours they spend in their own homes. They have enough turmoil at work, so that for the sake of health and happiness home should be a haven of peace.

How many homes are peaceful havens for the middle-aged man?

How many women have a completely clear conscience on the question of provoking their husbands to wrath, or keeping them constantly on the boil in a state of irritated resentment?

"Tranquil"

Most men have provided a comfortable home and an adequate income by constantly overworking themselves.

The gratitude of their wives is often shown by constant criticism and irritating upsets about trivialities.

But a "wifely" wife is wise, and her home tranquil.

● A cough is not always a symptom of something wrong in the lungs. Some coughs are just bad habits, or are caused by bad habits such as mouth-breathing or excessive smoking.

There is no such thing as "only a smoker's cough." The heavy smoker who has a chronic cough is the very one who needs investigating.

If your husband has a chronic, dry, irritating cough do not let him shrug it off as "only my smoker's cough."

Keep at him until he goes to have his chest checked, for an X-ray will show most forms of lung disease at a very much earlier stage than a doctor's stethoscope.

And, what is more, you must dissuade him from smoking as much as he likes just because his chest X-ray is normal this time.

The object of mass X-rays is to spot disease at its earliest curable stage. Tuberculosis of the lungs and lung cancer can be cured completely today if they are diagnosed early enough.

The man who refuses to make use of the available facilities for chest X-rays is lazy, foolhardy, or is just living in the past.

Whichever it is, it is up to his wife to make him come to his senses.

But what are sensible proportions for smoking?

Actually, so small that the man who smokes forty or fifty cigarettes a day will think it is preposterous.

At least he will until he realises that his chances of staying alive very much longer will be enormously increased.

Also he will enjoy many things in life which he has not enjoyed for years — including cigarettes.

The number of cigarettes I have in mind is—only five daily!

It is possible for your husband's doctor to help him over the initial stage of reducing smoking. He has probably been through it himself.

Continued on page 56

WOMAN AT WORK?

● The wife who goes out to work will, if she is honest, ask herself if by so doing she is increasing the burden which her husband has to carry.

It is all very well to say that by increasing the family income she makes his load lighter, but, I ask you, what business or professional man ever slackened his efforts because his wife was earning?

What is important in the sphere of prevention is to make sure that the husband's state of stress is not increased by his wife having less time to deal with family or domestic problems.

Does the fact that she is not available mean that he has to order the groceries, pay the household bills, or interview schoolteachers?

The womanly wife considers all these things.



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Keep him happy, and keep him alive, but KEEP him

● Although many middle-aged men like a furtive flirtation, few of them enjoy the deception and worry of an affair.

WHAT they enjoy most of all is the pleasant company of their wives.

The overworked and underprivileged businessman who lives it up in the evening with a business acquaintance (such as his secretary) is usually not doing it because his wife is older and looks it.

He is probably doing it because it is no longer fun to go out with a wife whose personality has changed.

No intelligent man minds the signs of character and age in his wife's face so long as her personality has remained her source of attraction for him.

The wife who allows her husband to live it up with his secretary, or some model, is failing in her duty to him. **It is her duty to keep him.**

In many cases when a man makes a fool—or a corpse—of himself by trying to prove to a girl that he is as young as she is, his wife is largely responsible, because she has just not made the effort to keep him fond of her.

How NOT to kill your husband

Are you a 'wifely' wife?

Continued from page 55

● When women are discussing the drinking habits of other people's husbands, the moral issue seems to be uppermost in their minds.

They are shocked and surprised every time they hear that poor little Mrs. X's husband is always coming home the worse for liquor.

The moral issue is not so important in the case of their own husbands.

Your own husband is a person you know far too well to worry about his morals.

Still, it is best for a good wife to know some facts about drinking — for instance, while everybody knows that excessive drinking is an evil, there are many who are not aware that a drink containing alcohol can be a benefit medically.

It is no concern of mine to discuss moral issues, but I think one can say quite definitely that a drink is not a work of the devil.

It can be of great benefit to middle-aged men. It doesn't matter what their profession or religious persuasion, they can all be helped by a little alcohol, especially on returning home in the evening from a hard day's work.

It helps them to relax by giving them a benign outlook just when they return from facing a world which seems a little hostile.

It makes them pleased to be home.

It dilates their arteries and improves their coronary circulation.

Far from increasing their blood pressure, it lowers it by reducing the nervous tension which has held their arterioles in a state of contraction.

Even in the realms of health, alcohol has its contradictions.

It is one of man's greatest blessings. It is of immense value in many forms of sickness.

'On the other hand, alcohol is a nerve poison. Alcohol, which can be an irritant to the gastric mucosa, can also be considered as a food.

You may be surprised to hear that alcohol is a food, but, weight for weight, it provides as many calories as fat.

A long walk!

It is quite surprising how much energy a small quantity of alcohol will provide.

One dry martini will supply 150 calories, which is the amount a man would burn in playing hard or doing hard physical work for a quarter of an hour.

Half a pint of beer would provide a hundred calories. A man would need to walk for an hour to burn up that amount of fuel.

Although I am in favor of your husband having a relaxing drink when he returns home in the evenings and, perhaps, another with his dinner or late in the evening, the lunch-time drink is a very different matter.

It is unnecessary and it is fattening.

I am sure the sort of person who takes drink at lunch time very **seldom burns it up in the form of energy.**

The man who has two or three cocktails plus wine with his lunch is unlikely to do the hour's hard physical work which would be necessary to burn up that amount of alcohol.

In fact, it is quite probable that many men do not take enough exercise in the entire course of the day to consume completely the amount of alcohol they take at lunch.

Therefore, they lay down the surplus as fat.

Many men say they drink at lunch because it helps them in business, but in many cases this is completely offset by the drowsiness which results from daytime drinking.

If drink is taken to excess at any time, it acts both as a nerve poison and a gastric irritant.

HE likes coffee SHE likes tea



"both enjoy a "Bushells TEA OR COFFEE Break"



The Tea of Flavor

The Instant that IS coffee

STOP **FOR BUSHELLS**
Stop — and make yourself a cup of Bushells Tea or Bushells Coffee. Then make yourself comfortable . . . and r-e-l-a-x . . . while you *enjoy* your "Bushells Break."

GO **REFRESHED**
The short rest . . . and your cup of Bushells gives you a wonderful lift. You go refreshed! *You'll get more done after you've had a "Bushells Break!"*

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In chronic alcoholism its constant irritating effect in the stomach causes chronic gastritis.

The worst drink of all is the one you persuade someone else to have, which he feels he should not have.

The man who is persuaded to take a drink which he knows he shouldn't, and which he fears may be bad for him, is definitely harmed by that drink whether it is physically bad for him or not.

In the first place he is harmed psychologically by his own weakness, and secondly he is harmed by the anxiety caused by worrying that it may do him harm.

Then there is another point.

Having persuaded him to take that one drink which he knows he should not have, he has that "in for a penny, in for a pound" feeling which often leads a man into taking two or three more, or even to making a night of it.

As a tension easer a drink is only valuable when you can relax, when, in fact, the tension should be relieved.

The man who takes a drink when he comes home tense and tired from the office achieves a placid frame of mind before having dinner. He then settles down for the evening with the feeling that his drink has done him good.

Direct poison

The man who takes a drink, or even several drinks, because he thinks it will ease the tension in the middle of the day is merely replacing tension with a feeling of stupor which he has to fight against all afternoon.

The battle against this is very much worse for him than his original state of tension.

It is only when taken in small quantities that alcohol has a beneficial action on the heart.

It can provide a readily circulated supply of fuel for the energy which the heart is expending.

It can speed up the heart and dilate the coronary arteries and allow more blood to flow through the heart muscle.

However, when drink is taken to excess habitually, it harms a middle-aged man in several ways.

It acts as a direct poison to the heart muscle and causes a state of fatty degeneration.

It prevents the absorption of Vitamin B, which has an indirectly injurious effect on the heart muscle, and it acts as a fat and carbohydrate sparer, so that the body lays down fat and becomes overweight.

One of the places where fat is stored is around the heart itself, and this may embarrass the heart's action.

It also may lead to other evil developments in the body.

(Please note that I have not referred to the moral degradation of the chronic drinker, nor the economic harm of excessive drinking, but rather of its effect in causing certain medical disabilities. Alcoholism is a totally different medical matter.

Most men drink because they like it. The alcoholic drinks with a shudder. Not only does he not like it, he detests the stuff.

To describe a man as an alcoholic because he drinks for enjoyment is inaccurate. An alcoholic drinks because he has an inner compulsion which makes him drink.)

● Many men are "gastric neurotics." They worry too much that there is "something wrong with their stomachs."

Yet a great many people who devote that amount of care and attention to their stomachs have nothing wrong with them.

You never saw a woman with six children who was a gastric neurotic, because it just does not fit in with her way of life.

But many businessmen put themselves on some ill-chosen diet for imaginary stomach trouble, then take some ill-chosen medicine to counteract the diet.

A little later they have to take some further medicine to counteract the effects of the medicine they have already inflicted on their stomachs.

And so their entire life goes, one bottle after another, one pill after another, until they end up tied by the leg to a closet full of patent medicines.

When they visit the seaside I think it is a good plan for them to take all the medicines in their bathroom medicine cupboard with them in a suitcase, preferably in an old one.

When they arrive they can go down to the end of the pier and drop the whole thing into the sea.

But it's up to a wife to see that, when a man has nothing wrong with his stomach, he doesn't think he has.

(From the book "How NOT To Kill Your Husband," by A Family Doctor, to be published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London.)

Next Week:
Exercises and Holidays for Your Husband

DON'T NAG OR FUSS

● Wives will have to exercise a great deal of tact to wean their husbands from what can be called their "compulsive self-destruction."

Somehow they must persuade them to renounce over-work along with their other add ..tions of over-eating, over-smoking, and over-drinking.

Nagging will achieve nothing, and it will probably make both the hypertension AND the over-work worse.

Fussing will be even worse, because the only result fussing ever has on a man is to make him furious, which certainly should be avoided in people with high blood pressure.



Pretty Iced Vo-Vo...Pretty good to eat!

Special treat! Iced Vo-Vo biscuits — crunchy semi-shortbread topped with strawberry fondant and raspberry jam — sprinkled with coconut!

Arnott's FAMOUS Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

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U·S·A and CANADA



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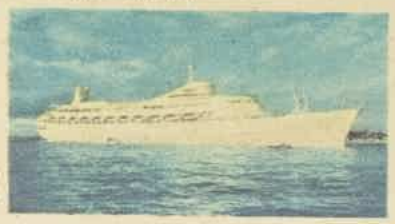
P&O-Orient Lines

Ask any P & O – Orient Lines' Office or Authorised Travel Agency for our "Around-the-World" folder and "Summary of Transit Tours in America."

NEXT P & O - ORIENT LINES' PACIFIC SAILINGS FROM SYDNEY:

DEC. 7 – 'Arcadia'†; JAN. 1 – 'Orsova'†;
JAN. 27 – 'Canberra'†; FEB. 10 – 'Iberia'‡;
MAR. 10 – 'Oriana'; APR. 5 – 'Arcadia';
APR. 19 – 'Oronsay'; MAY 8 – 'Canberra'†

†"Round-the-World" Sailings. ‡Triangular Pacific Voyage.



MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

LOW-GROWERS FOR BORDERS



CHARM of alyssum as an edging to a bed is shown in this picture from Bowral, N.S.W. The yellow alyssum is a perennial, Saxatile; mauve is Violet Queen, an annual.

Gardening Book — page 47

● Make sure your borders are well planted for summer color. Here are suggestions.

ACHILLEA is an easy-to-grow free-flowering perennial. There are several varieties available.

ACORUS variegata, or ribbon grass as it is called, is a splendid perennial border plant with its compact grassy tufts with deep-green foliage striped white.

AETHIONEMA is an attractive blue-grey foliage plant with dense masses of bright rose-colored flowers. It is a perennial and grows to 4in.

AGATHEA is a compact dwarf bush with many blue daisy-like flowers. It is a long-flowering perennial.

AGERATUM (new variety Blue Mink) is one of the prettiest blue annuals. Can be sown in all seasons.

AJUGA, the bugle flower, is an attractive, hardy, carpeting perennial with colored foliage.

ALYSSUM, white variety Carpet of Snow, is highly fragrant. Other newer varieties are Rosie O'Day (pink) and Royal Carpet (dark violet). Alyssum is an annual but will self-seed.

ARTEMESIA nitida is a perennial with silvery foliage and white flowers. It's very hardy.

ARMERIA, commonly called thrift, is a hardy free-flowering perennial. Has neat tufts of green foliage with pincushion-like flowers.

ASTER. The dwarf species of this lovely flower is highly recommended for a perennial border.

BEGONIA (dwarf) is a perennial which provides a wealth of color in heavily shaded positions. Red, rose, and white flowers on 12in. plants provide an answer to the question of what to grow in a southerly aspect.

CALLA, a hardy class of arum lily, but dwarf in height. The yellow varieties are the most common, but there are also white, pink, and red to purple shades.

DIANTHUS is an indispensable race of hardy plants for dry sunny places or walls. Nearly all these perennials like lime.

ERIGERON is a free-flowering hardy perennial producing quantities of aster-like flowers for many months.

GAZANIAS bring brilliant color and effect. New hybrids are on offer. They are hardy perennials.

HEUCHERA sanguinea is a dainty perennial with tiny coral and red flowers. Sow in autumn.

MIGNONETTE can be sown in spring, winter, or autumn. Has green cone-shaped flowers.

PETUNIA makes a lasting display of color and, although an annual, will often continue its pageantry right through the winter in mild climates. One of the best introduced for years is Color Parade, a hybrid from Japan.

PHLOX, the annual variety, is almost equal favorite with bedding petunias. Fragrant new variety, Dwarf Cecily, comes in every color.

SALVIA, extra dwarf scarlet variety, can be sown in spring and early summer. Plants grow 18in. Annual.

TORENIA is one of the most brilliant bedders. Sow in spring and summer. Variety Fournieri, its flowers a light blue and purple, yellow-throated, is ideal for dwarf edging and for window-boxes. Annual.

VERBENA, an annual sown in spring and summer, can be grown in a massed border. It has rich shades of crimson, blue, purple, and scarlet.

ZINNIA, an annual, has several dwarf varieties, including Linearis.

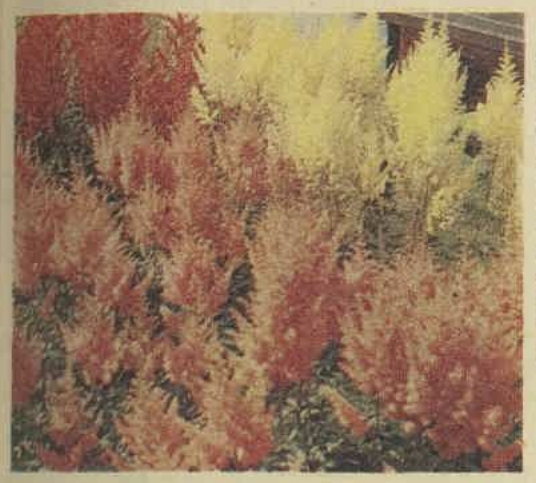
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Cut out and paste in an exercise book



LIATRIS is a perennial not often seen in home gardens. It is easy to grow, preferring a semi-shaded position or one not too dry. The hardy woody roots are dormant in winter. Increase is best from seed sown in spring, the plants blooming the next autumn.



CELOSIA will fill a border with color until frost cuts them down. Fire Feather and Golden Feather are two dwarf varieties with masses of glowing plumes. This annual grows 12in. high and keeps on blooming over a long season.

Gardening Book — page 49



GLOBE AMARANTH is a hardy easy-to-grow annual producing masses of clover-like flowers. Sow it in spring or summer. The plants need good average soil. The flowers can be hung head down, like other everlastings, and dried for the vase when other flowers are scarce.

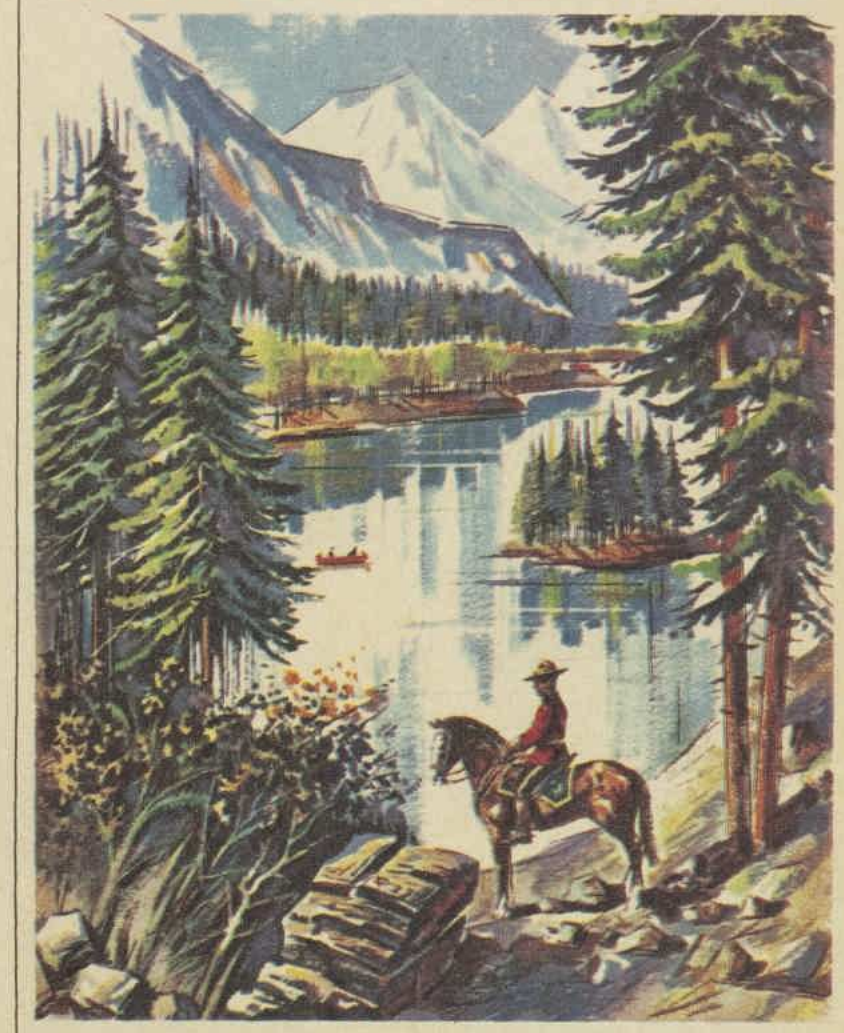


PORTULACA is a hardy dwarf sun-loving plant with fleshy foliage and masses of vivid flowers in a wide range of colors.

NEXT WEEK:
Tall plants for the back rows

Gardening Book — page 50

VISIT
CANADA and U·S·A



FOR A WONDERFUL HOLIDAY

Leave your cares behind and take a sea-going holiday by P & O – Orient Lines across the sunny Pacific to the modern wonderland of North America. It's cheaper than you think! And so easy to arrange.

Your local Authorised Travel Agent, who is a professional expert, will help ensure that your itineraries and costs for road, rail or air touring in North America are suitably trimmed to your holiday budget; and we have the widest selection of fares for sea-holidays, First Class and Tourist Class, right down to economy levels.

To voyage eastward across the Pacific in one of the big, stabilised and air-conditioned P & O – Orient ships (largest, fastest and finest in the Pacific) has its own very special delights . . . with every amenity from sparkling swimming pools to modish beauty salons! Inside, as well as on their vast games and promenade decks, the big P & O – Orient ships have elbow-room – spacious restaurants and dance-floors to cater for a gay night-life and quiet, restful places for those who simply want to relax in comfortable peace and privacy. On board, you'll be spoiled by impeccable British service . . . and the calls at tropical Suva and Honolulu (or the fascinating Far East) will be romantic curtain raisers to your exciting adventures in America.

Pacific 'Boomerang' trips to Nth. America cost only 1½ single fares (from Sydney, First Class Return: from £A353), there are facilities in certain sailings to stop over in Canada and U.S.A., if you wish, for a month, returning by our next ship.

Here are two of the many economical package tours which are available for North American holidays:—

West Coast and California Tour TC6: 21 days: Rail and Coach: Commencing Vancouver, ending Los Angeles, including Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Yosemite Valley, Los Angeles, Las Vegas, Mexican Border, and San Diego: Cost for each of 2 . . . $300 (£A134)*.

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**Including transportation tickets, hotels, certain sightseeing tours, but not meals.*

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'Never make a move without your KLEENEX® Tissues'

— says JUNE DALLY-WATKINS head of the famous model agency and deportment school.

Because a model lives a busy life, frequently changing her makeup, she must have a facial tissue that is soft and kind to her skin. That's why you'll find a packet of Kleenex Tissues in every model's makeup kit. Kleenex Tissues pamper fine skins, gently cleansing with no hint of roughness or chafing.

Pop a packet in your handbag. Once you get the habit, you'll never be without Kleenex Tissues, at home, in the office or on the move. You'll keep your makeup looking fresh—and find a dozen other uses for Kleenex. Choose from 3 pack sizes . . . in pink, aqua or white.



For longer lasting lipstick —apply one coat—blot with Kleenex—powder—add another coat. A smooth matt finish!

Hold a Kleenex Tissue against your forehead next time you use a hair spray for a neater, non-sticky, well-groomed hairline.

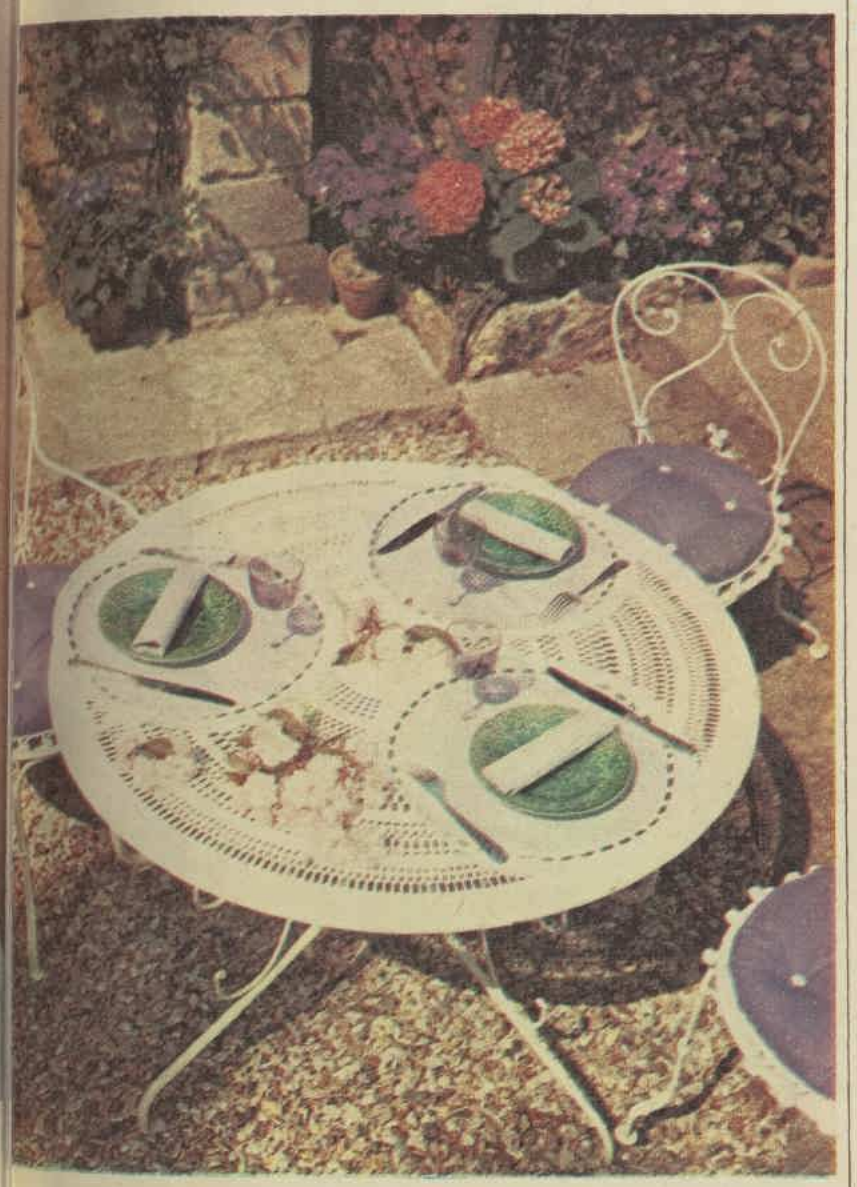
Kleenex for colds. So soft, so gentle, so much more hygienic—and makes unpleasant hankie washing unnecessary.

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SUMMER TABLES

● **Eating indoors? Out of doors? All over the place? Make these new table linen designs to help you set a prettier table this summer. There's a gingham mat and napkin set trimmed with embroidered edging, a beautiful cloth of white eyelet cotton, and cross-over runners to dress up a plain cloth. Directions in this three-page feature.**



OUTDOOR TABLE above is set informally in the French manner — forks face downwards and napkins rolled up across plates. Directions for the mats and napkins are below.

THE natural beauty of the outdoor living area above is matched by the informality of the furniture and table setting. Crisp gingham mats in blue and white checks repeat the color on seat cushions and in background potplants.

And because blue and green are nature's own colors, green china with an embossed ivy design has been chosen to complement the mats. The white embroidery edging adds a lightness of touch that blends well with the airy elegance of iron table and chairs, and, to play up the pretty look, flowers (first dipped in water) have been tossed "carelessly" on to the table.

Materials: Half yard checked gingham, 1¼yds. 2in. Swiss embroidery edging, 1yd. Swiss embroidery beading, 1yd. bias binding. These quantities make one mat and one napkin.

To Make: Cut 16in. diameter circle and 14in. square from checked gingham. Join 1¼yds. of Swiss embroidery edging into a circle, matching pattern. Machine 2 gathering rows ¾in. apart round raw edge of edging. Draw up gathering threads to fit gingham circle. Join to outer edge of mat on right side. Dampen edge slightly and press to shrink out surplus fullness. Join 1yd. embroidery beading into circle. Damp-press, stretching outer edge and shrinking inner edge.

Stitch outer edge of beading flat over raw edge of mat and edging, stitch inner edge flat to mat. Thread bias binding through beading holes. Make napkin by stitching narrow hem round 4 sides of 14in. checked-gingham square.

More designs on page 63

" bring back...bring back oh bring back my whiteness to me! "



FIESTA * Safety BLEACH

Why use Fiesta? Sprinkle Fiesta Bleach Powder into your washing machine and you'll out-dazzle every other clothes line! When the sun shines on FIESTA BLEACHED WHITENESS . . . well, you almost need sun glasses to bring your washing in.

Coloureds respond to Fiesta Bleach with vivid new life. Fiesta softens water and is kind to your hands.

The packet reads "Fiesta *Safety* Bleach". And *safety* is really meant because Fiesta is gentle washing care for all cottons, silks, linens, rayons, nylons and other synthetic fabrics.

Fiesta lacks only one thing which other bleaches have! . . . Fiesta *has no smell.*

A Fiesta sprinkle gives a new "white" twinkle





Half the price of any other cloth that mops, washes or shines with the same efficiency.

KY50s

XLO SPONGE CLOTHS ...are thicker



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Sunshine ice-cream

One easy recipe...

so many wonderful variations

SUNSHINE

full cream powdered milk makes this economical ice cream deliciously creamy. Sunshine puts full-cream richness into all your cooking.

SUNSHINE ICE CREAM*

1 teaspoon gelatine; ½ cup cold water (4 oz.); ½ cup boiling water (4 oz.); 3 oz. Sunshine Full-Cream Powdered Milk; 2 oz. sugar; 1 4-oz. tin Nestlé's Reduced Cream; 1 teaspoon lemon juice; 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

METHOD: Turn refrigerator control to maximum. Mix gelatine in cold water. Allow to swell. Add boiling water and allow gelatine to thoroughly dissolve. Whisk in Sunshine and sugar. Add lemon juice, Nestlé's Reduced Cream and vanilla essence. Beat thoroughly. Pour into freezer tray and cover. When consistency resembles thick cream (approx. 2 hrs.), remove from trays. Beat until double in quantity (approx. 5 mins. with electric beater). Turn refrigerator control to normal, replace ice cream into trays, and return to freezer. Makes 1½ pints.

VARIATIONS: 1. *Passionfruit.* Before second freezing beat in four fresh passionfruit or one 4-oz. tin of passionfruit. 2. *Sugar Plum.* Before second freezing, beat in 10 large prunes, chopped into small pieces. 3. *Coconut Ice.* Before second freezing, beat in three tablespoons desiccated coconut. 4. *Cherry Nut.* Before second freezing, beat in 2 tablespoons chopped almonds and 2 tablespoons chopped glazed cherries. 5. *Coffee Walnut.* Before beating, add two teaspoons Nescafé and 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts.

(*All spoon measures are level.)

(Write to The Nestlé Company in your State for more ideas.)



DAIRY-FRESH MILK IN SECONDS
Add Sunshine to equal parts of boiling water and cold water in a wide bowl; whisk and you have fresh dairy milk in seconds.

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SHARP RED OF ROSE-MOTIF plates, used for napkins, glasses, and flowers, contrasts brilliantly with the foamy whiteness of this romantic cloth. See directions below.



NEW-STYLE TABLE DECORATION (above) is made from two bands of patterned pink polished cotton with plain red edging, crossed over and stitched. Directions overleaf.

WHITE EYELET CLOTH

A FEAST for the eye as well as the palate, the enchanting eyelet cotton cloth illustrated at the top of this page turns the simplest meal into a gala occasion.

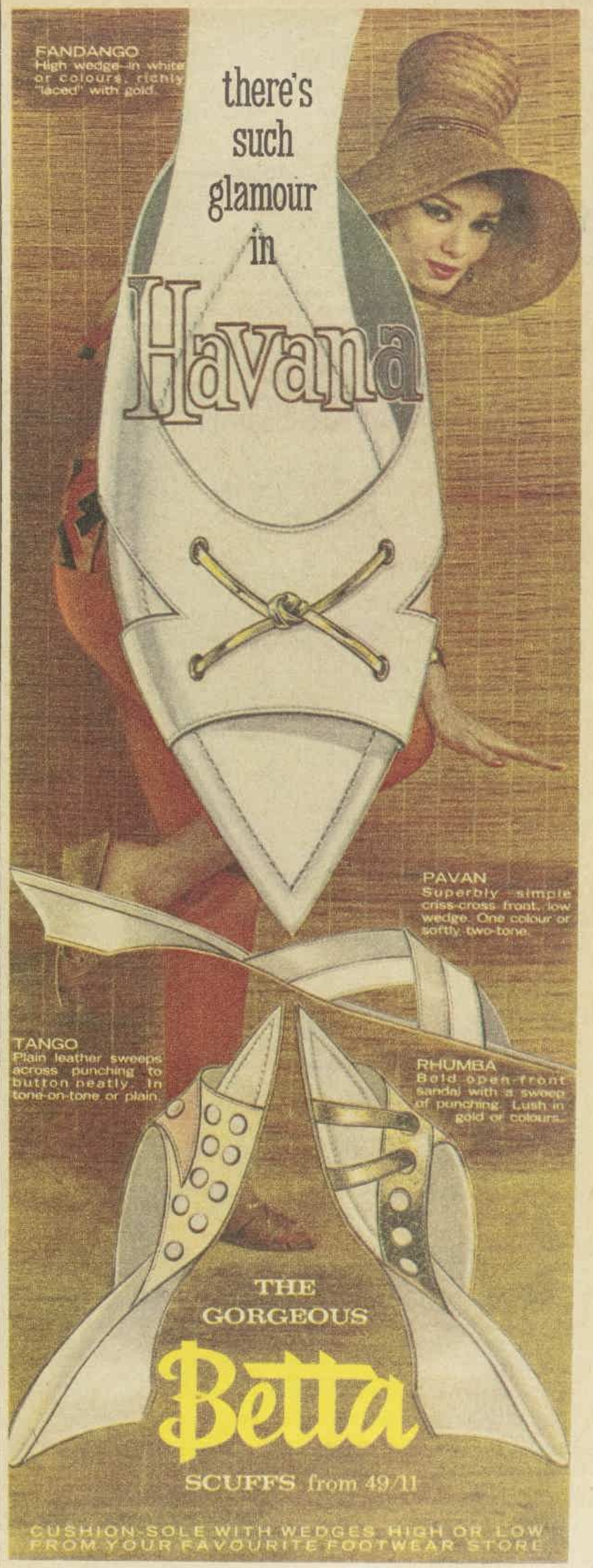
Materials (for 3ft. round table): 4yds. eyelet cotton, matching thread.

To Make: Cut 36in. square of eyelet cotton and fold into 4. Mark point where folds cross; this will be cloth centre. Measure 18½in. (or half table diameter, plus ½in. turnings) from this point and mark material at intervals with tailor's chalk. Join chalk-marks to form circle arc. Then, following arc, cut out through 4 thicknesses of material. This circle forms top of cloth.

Machine a "stay" stitch ½in. in around cut edge of circle to prevent stretching when frill is sewn on. Cut remaining material into equal lengths for frill. Join pieces together to form cylinder. Hem top and bottom edges, then mark top edge into halves, quarters, and eighths with tailor's chalk.

Machine a gathering line 1in. in from top hemmed edge. Neaten outer edge of top cloth circle by overlocking or machining narrow hem. Divide outer edge of circle into halves, quarters, and eighths as for frill. Gather frill evenly to fit circle, matching marks on frill to marks on circle. Machine frill to circle along gathering line.

Continued overleaf



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FRUIT-AND-VEGETABLE-PATTERNED cotton makes a gay cross-over runner similar in shape to runner on previous page. Directions at right.

SUMMER TABLES . . . concluded

GAY CROSS-OVERS

THE cross-over table runners at right and on the previous page show how you can turn one or two basic cloths into a full-scale linen supply.

The cross-over runner is an ingenious development of the old-style table-runner, but instead of using only one length of material to make it there are two lengths, crossed in the centre and sewn together.

They are very versatile and can be used over a cloth, on their own, or with mats on a bare wooden table. Practical, too, they can be adjusted to cover spots on the tablecloth. They can be gay for everyday in patterned cotton or formal for special occasions in silks, satins, or brocades.

The runner illustrated on the previous page is rosebud patterned to match the china and is shown over a plain white cloth. At right, fruit and vegetables bordered by red-and-white lattice team well with the stone-wall background.

The design can also be adapted to a patterned cloth for which the crossed runners should be in plain material. You could have a different color for each day of the week.

Materials: A runner to go over a 3ft. tablecloth takes 1yd. pattern material and ¾yd. plain. For cloths of other sizes calculate quantities by measuring from corner to corner of a square cloth, or the diameter of a round one. Altogether you need two 9in. wide strips of patterned material and four 3½in. wide strips of plain material to the length previously measured.

To Make: Double plain material strips along length. Turn under ½in. on both long edges. Machine sew a doubled plain strip to each side of each patterned band. After attaching plain strips, hem short edges at each end of band. To finish off runners, cross bands in centre and stitch securely together.

It's Rosella International Recipe Time



. . . more Recipe Magic from the Leila Howard Test Kitchen!

Add an international touch to your cooking with these easy-to-prepare recipe dishes . . . all made with economical Rosella Food products. Keep this page . . . it's your passport to exciting eating, and watch for **more** Rosella International recipes! They add new variety to your family meals, at surprisingly low cost!

SPAGHETTI CONTINENTAL. **Rosella Spaghetti.** Saute ½ lb. small whole mushrooms in 3 or 4 oz. melted butter. Cut 1 can luncheon meat into long strips (or use any cold cooked meat desired). Snip with scissors ½ cup parsley. Combine 1 can **Rosella Spaghetti** with the mushrooms, meat and parsley, spoon into a shallow dish and heat in a moderate oven. Serve hot topped with tomato sauce — made from 1 can **Rosella Tomato Soup** combined with 1 clove garlic (crushed) and 1 onion (sauteed in a little butter), a little **Worcestershire Sauce** and salt and pepper to taste.

FRENCH PRAWNS ANTOINE

Rosella Tomato Soup, Rosella Tomato Paste, Rosella Worcester Sauce. Saute 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 chopped onion and ½ cup chopped celery in little butter or oil until tender. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour, cook 1 minute and add one 16-oz. can Rosella Tomato Soup and 1 tablespoon Rosella Tomato Paste with 1 cup water. Season well with bayleaf, dash Rosella Worcester Sauce, salt and pepper. Simmer 10 minutes, stir in 1 lb. shelled prawns, simmer further 5 minutes. Serve with rice which has been cooked until tender, then tossed with ¼ cup chopped parsley and 1 tablespoon butter.

Choose from this range of fine Rosella Food products:

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HOME HINTS

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A BRIGHTLY colored rubber ball makes a good moneybox for young children. Cut a slit in the rubber, wide enough to allow a penny to pass through. The opening will close automatically and the money will not fall out. When the ball is full just widen the slit and empty. — Mrs. A. McElroy, 36 Goomalibee St., Benalla, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Paint the tips of the electric light switches throughout the house with luminous paint to make them easy to find in the dark. — Mrs. H. Carpenter, Houghton, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Prevent ice-cream melting before it reaches the table by placing the dessert dishes in the refrigerator about an hour before serving the ice-cream in them.—Mrs. M. F. Stennet, 11 Belmore Road North, Punchbowl, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Fuel stoves and open fires will light easily if you soak some small chips or kindling in a small amount of kerosene in an old tin. Set the fire round the treated kindling, apply a match and the fire is alight in next to no time.—Mrs. Joyce South, R.M.B. 913a, Tingha Road, via Inverell, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Give a diamond ring or brooch extra brilliance by soaking for a few minutes in half a cup of water in which two teaspoons of bicarbonate of soda have been dissolved. Dry with a soft cloth and polish with tissue paper.—Miss Lynette Kuhl, Box 6, Cooyar, Qld.

★ ★ ★

A spare fuse, ready wired and stored in the meter box, will save time and confusion when house lights fuse. It takes only a moment to exchange fuses and the damaged fuse can be rewired at leisure. — Mrs. D. Coulter, Wyalkatchem, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Restore whiteness to yellowed knife handles by covering them with a paste made of lemon juice and french chalk. Leave two or three hours then remove with hot water.—Mrs R. Birkett, 412 Sandgate Road, Nundah, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

Do not discard good green pea pods after shelling. Boiled well, they make an excellent stock, full of flavor.—Mrs. J. Baxter, 91 Wheatley Street, Gosnells, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Easy asparagus rolls: Use very fresh, thinly sliced bread, roll each slice flat with rolling-pin then fill and roll up. The bread never breaks and the rolls stay in position.—Mrs. B. McKenzie, 42 Keam Street, East Ivanhoe, Vic.

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hours of the morning," I made an attempt at a smile, and tried to enter into the fun, as I continued the story "waiting for Bob to wade out in his big boots and carry me to dry land. I was perished with cold and awfully sleepy."

"I feel quite sure your wife would not enjoy coming out with us tonight." George spoke firmly. Evidently, he was of the opinion that women were an encumbrance on a fishing trip, so I dutifully went to the movies with Mrs. Tuft. The film was poor. I came back early and went to bed. Bob crawled in at about four in the morning and warmed his icy feet on mine.

The next afternoon, Bob needed matchsticks to prop his eyelids open. He wasn't exactly good company, although he insisted that he was as bright as a lark.

Paul flicked a paper pellet at his father. "Let's go on to the fun fair, Dad."

"Not now. I want to read, and I wish you would refrain from using me as a target for that silly game."

"You are crotchety and tired. That's because you were out late fishing last night," said Anna unwisely.

"On the contrary," Bob snapped, "a night's fishing stimulates me. It doesn't tire me at all." His distended nostrils suppressed a yawn. "Get your mother to go with you."

"Will you?" Paul is irresistible when he pleads like Bob, so against my better judgment I allowed myself to be jolted and banged in the dodge'em cars, leaving Bob to have a catnap.

Afterwards we sauntered along the beach-front. The children contentedly sucked ice-creams and I had a candy floss.

"Look. There's Daddy." Paul pointed a brown finger at Bob. He was stretched out on the sun-baked sand. I lay down beside him, luxuriating in the warmth of the late afternoon. The waves lapped at our feet. Bob stroked my arm lazily.

"How about a walk along the beach when the children are in bed?" he suggested. "The sea is very beautiful at night."

ALTHOUGH we've been married twelve years, with two children nearing the eleven-plus stage, it still makes me happy when he touches me like that.

"Just like we used to on our honeymoon," I whispered softly.

After dinner I slipped upstairs and put on a wrap. When I came down Bob was waiting for me in the foyer of the hotel. With him was that man again.

"Trying to persuade your husband to join me in a game of poker," he grinned.

I looked appealingly at Bob.

"Just a quick game, honey. I'll take you out afterwards."

I didn't have the heart to remonstrate. I suppose a walk does sound a bit tame in comparison with poker. The game went on and on. I retired to bed with the transistor radio. I lay there fuming. Really a man can be more of a nuisance than a woman.

When Bob came to bed I was still sleepless, lying there pale and uninteresting.

"Sorry I'm late, darling." He bent over and brushed the tip of my ear with his lips. I didn't answer. I was speechless with rage.

"What's the matter?" Bob looked puzzled.

I sat up in bed suddenly. All my pent-up feelings rushed out like a swollen river that has finally burst its banks.

"Everything," I yelled indignantly. "I'm not an ivy-clinging wife. I don't tie you to my apron-strings. You can have your fishing weekends, your poker, and your stag parties. We only have one family holiday a year. This is it. We're supposed to share it. Enjoy doing things together. It simply isn't fair. That man is monopolising all your time. Choosing pastimes that I'm no good at—" I had to stop for breath.

"I was wondering when you'd run short of bullets." Bob looked at me calmly. "Honestly, darling, you rattle on like a machine-gun. I said I'm sorry. Now let's forget it. Tomorrow we'll have fun together. We'll take the kids down on the

Continuing . . . THE TIME OF HER LIFE

from page 29

beach and give them a game of cricket."

"All right." Though mollified I found it hard to climb down off my perch quickly. I slunk under the bedclothes, ashamed of my outburst. Bob tucked the sheets round my neck and turned out the light.

Next day, after breakfast, we sorted out the cricket stumps, bats, and balls and other paraphernalia, and prepared for a morning on the beach. We were barely packed in the station-wagon when George Graham appeared from nowhere.

"He's like a bad genie," I muttered. "I must have rubbed my ring by mistake."

"Care for a round of golf?" he addressed himself to Bob. The impudence of the man! How dare he butt in on our holiday. It wouldn't have been so bad if he'd brought a wife. At least I could have tagged along with her.

"Haven't brought my gear, old man," said Bob pleasantly.

"I can fix you up." That man wasn't going to be suppressed easily.

"I'd like to," Bob weakened. "But I've promised to take the family on the beach this morning."

"Move over." I took the wheel. I hope I didn't look like a martyr, but it's no good pulling Bob one way if you want him to go the other. "You go with George and I'll look after the children."

"They'll be all right on their own. You come with us."

"No thanks. I'm no good at it."

"Sure you don't mind?" Bob looked at me earnestly. I believe I detected regret in his voice.

"Come on if we're going," said Paul ungrammatically, making the best of a bad job. He knows I can't play cricket any better than golf.

All through the beach cricket I was racking my brains as to how to eliminate George. Short of shooting him, drugging him, or just giving him a plain clonk on the head I couldn't think of a convenient law-abiding way. Then suddenly I hit on the villainous idea. I swiped the last ball good and hard.

"What a smasher!" Paul congratulated me.

"You certainly are improving," condescended Anna.

.

In the morning I said to Bob, "What does George do for a living?"

"I'm not sure." He was sipping his early tea. "Something in plastics, I think he said."

"He must be pretty high up the scale." I was making up my face carefully.

"Why?" Bob went on reading the paper.

"He looks awfully clever."

"D'you think so?" Bob looked wide-eyed with surprise.

"Is he married?"

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Continuing . . . THE TIME OF HER LIFE

from page 65

"I've no idea. Why on earth should you ask me that?"

"Just curious," I said innocently. I put on my blue sundress.

"I love you in that." Bob zipped up the back for me. "It matches your eyes."

"Thank you," I said, and went downstairs to breakfast.

When Bob followed me down I had finished my coffee and grapefruit. I was sitting at George's table, having an important discussion . . . and the time of my life.

"What's to do?" asked Bob.

"Your wife is going to introduce me to the intricacies of landscape painting," grinned George.

"Good show," said Bob. "I think I'll come, too."

"I'm afraid that won't be possible. You see, George hasn't any equipment, and I knew you wouldn't mind lending him yours, darling." I smiled pleasantly.

"No—oh, well, I see." Bob scratched his chin. He resorts to this habit when he is perplexed. "What about the kids?"

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind giving them a game of ball on the beach," I said sweetly.

.

Later that evening George and I were tucked away in a quiet corner of the bar, utterly absorbed in each other's conversation. Twin souls. Suddenly Bob appeared looking like a thunder cloud.

"What'll you have, old man?" George summoned the waiter.

"Scotch and soda." Bob's eyebrows nearly shook hands.

"What are you all dolled up for?" he growled out of the side of his mouth.

"Are the children all right?" I inquired politely.

"Just got 'em into bed. They're waiting for you to kiss them goodnight."

I RUSHED upstairs, my conscience pricking me unmercifully. When I re-entered the bar I had disciplined myself to harden my heart. George handed me a gin and vermouth. "Here's to another masterpiece tomorrow."

"Why don't we go fishing," suggested Bob testily.

"Can't do that, old man. Got to paint the trees from the other side of the river. Why don't you bring your fishing tackle and fish on the opposite bank?"

"It's an idea," agreed Bob, visibly brightening. "But then there's the kids."

"Bring them, too. Let's make it a picnic."

"They can divide their time between fishing and painting," I said amiably, knowing that it never works out.

.

There was a breeze blowing. The trees nodding gently made purple shadows on the fast-flowing water.

"I can't make out if the water is blue or green," murmured George. "It's an indefinable color, like your eyes. May I take a closer look?" I thought he meant the water until he leaned over and gazed steadily at me.

I caught sight of Bob on the opposite bank. There was no doubt about the color of his face, even from that distance. I thought he was going to have an epileptic fit!

"Try lemon-yellow and prussian blue." I ought to have been enjoying myself, but I instinctively edged away.

"Paul and Anna find fishing more entertaining than painting," observed George, as he mixed the colors on his palette. I glanced across the water again. Bob was having a heck of a time trying to fish with the children chattering around him. I could tell by the way his shoulders were hunched that he was fed up to the teeth. Suddenly Paul started to dance a jig. "Dad's got a bite," he yelled.

Anna ran up and down the bank shouting, "Let me play it, please."

Paul pulled the rod from her grip. "No. Me. It's my turn. You did it last time."

Between the three of them they lost it. I could see Bob mouthing a few unmentionable words. Then he started to pack his kit. George and I went on painting.

It wasn't long before the sound of sodden boots squelched toward us.

"How are you doing?" George grinned.

"The fishing's off this afternoon," Bob grunted. "Too much noise around here."

"Dear, dear. Try again tomorrow," I said kindly.

"It's no good with Paul and Anna. They chatter incessantly. I know they're only kids, but they make fishing hopeless from an adult point of view."

I shut my paint-box and wiped my palette clean. George packed our easels into the station-wagon and laid our pictures carefully on the floor. The children clambered up beside Bob in the front seat. George peered into the van.

"There's not a great deal of room now," he said to Bob. "I'll take Molly with me."

It was the first time I'd heard him use my first name, and I didn't like his authoritative tone. Before I knew what was happening he had tucked me into his car and we were tearing along with the wind blowing through my hair. It was cosy and I quite enjoyed the drive. It made me feel like a teenager again.

I had nostalgic memories of pillion riding with Bob before we were married. Clinging on to him bravely while he rattled down the road on his old motor-bike. I looked sideways at that great gawk of a man and found it hard to keep my nose from twitching with distaste. We got back twice as quickly as Bob and sat in the garden chatting.

"I really enjoyed that painting session," said George. "You've taught me something today, now let me teach you something tomorrow."

"Such as?" Though apprehensive, I looked at him through lowered lashes. I could afford to flirt a little. Nothing untoward could happen outside the hotel and Bob would arrive at any minute.

"Can you swim?" George's arm rested familiarly on the back of my seat.

"A bit."

"Life-save?"

I smiled silently at him.

"It's a date, then. Tomorrow after breakfast I'll give you a lesson." The hand that showed beneath his coat sleeve was thick and coarse. I didn't like it much. It gave me a ridiculously panicky feeling in the pit of my stomach. I knew that except in a case of emergency I didn't want to be life-saved by George. I restrained a sigh of relief as Bob settled the station-wagon beside us.

"Fancy a fish tomorrow?" he had recovered his good humor.

"No thanks, old man," George grinned. "I'm going to teach your wife the latest method of life-saving, and in the afternoon we're going to finish our pictures."

"Cards after dinner, then?" Bob tried to control a frown.

"Good idea," agreed that impossible fellow. "I'll teach Molly how to play poker."

"I'll teach my wife if she wants any lessons." Tight-lipped, Bob slammed the car door and strode into the hotel. Sensing trouble in the air, the children made themselves scarce.

I thanked George for the lift and strolled leisurely indoors. I felt awfully grubby. I had a smudge of aquamarine on my nose, and I was dying to go to my room and wash, but pride had to allow a decent amount of time to elapse before I followed Bob. I was beginning to feel worried. That man was getting very persuasive and difficult to brush aside. This roundabout way of removing him was heavy going.

Reluctantly I wandered along the corridor of the first floor. I hesitated outside our bedroom door. I could hear a great deal of crashing and banging going on inside. Eventually, I mustered sufficient courage to walk coolly into the room. It was a shambles.

Drawers were half open. Shirts and pyjamas were strewn all over the bed, shoes and trousers kicked aside on the floor. I breathed a sigh of relief. My problem was being solved more quickly than I had dared to hope.

"What on earth are you doing?" I feigned surprise.

"Packing," roared Bob. "And you'd better hurry up and get yours and the children's things together."

"Packing," I echoed blankly, concealing my delight.

"I'm sick and tired of this absurd situation." He picked up a handful of socks and ties and threw them into his case.

"I thought this was supposed to be a family holiday."

"Yes, dear," I said meekly.

"We get all the entertaining we want at home, don't we?"

"Of course," I agreed.

"Well, then, we don't want to be saddled with strangers. I'm fed up with having to cart that fellow everywhere we go. Why can't he buy his own paint-box? Borrowing other people's gear the whole blessed time."

"I know," I nodded wisely.

HE charged in and out of the adjoining bathroom, gathering washing materials and his electric razor. "I mean to say, a fellow we hardly know and he has the audacity to monopolise my wife for two whole days on the pretext of learning to paint.

"And since when did you need life-saving lessons? What's that advanced swimmer's badge you have at home for?"

"I meant to tell him," I said weakly.

"It's not as though we found him interesting company."

"Quite so." By this time I was packing my belongings, too.

"Then what the devil were you two talking about on the opposite bank when I was trying to fish?" he demanded angrily.

"Surely you're not jealous, darling?"

"Of course not," he said wearily. "I just want some peace."

"Where can we go at this time of the evening?" I stopped packing momentarily.

"Don't worry about that," Bob put an arm around me. "I've telephoned Aunt Jane. I told you she lives at Newton Abbot. Well, by a lucky chance her caravan is free. The would-be tenants have let her down and she's offered it to us for the rest of the fortnight. It's on a farm site. A few miles from Newton Abbot, so we shan't be in and out of each other's pockets exactly."

He kissed me anxiously. "It won't be quite the same as a hotel, darling, but it is a new luxury van and the children will love it. It has one great advantage, that infuriating fellow won't be able to park himself on us."

"Thank heavens for that." We both clung to each other, laughing. Next we found Paul and Anna, and paid our hotel bill. Then we disappeared quietly in the station-wagon, leaving no address behind us.

Cuddled up comfortably beside Bob at the wheel I had to congratulate myself on the disposal of George.

The caravan was a huge success. We all voted it the best family holiday we have ever had.

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Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 23

I don't want to get involved. The phrase came, unbidden, to his mind. Involved. He didn't want to get involved. He didn't want Mrs. Howard and the little girl to get involved. Involved in what? It didn't make any sense at all. And what could happen to you just because you said goodbye to somebody?

It was just the old fear, the old worry habit. There wasn't anything for him to sweat about. And yet when the bell sounded again he still made no move toward the door. He lifted his pale gaze to the entry. He seemed to feel the strength of her personality, the tug of her will, even from out in the hallway. And then, abruptly, her footsteps resumed and continued on in the direction of the entrance.

Harvey let his hands fall limply to his sides. Now that the moment had passed he felt foolish, humiliated, in a way. There was still time to follow her outside and say goodbye. Just for old times' sake, for Fern's sake. But when he finally did move it was not toward the door, but back in the direction of the kitchen.

As he busied himself making coffee, he tried to put her from his mind. He refused to let himself respond to the impulse to return to the living-room window to see if she was gone yet. It doesn't matter if she's gone or not, he told himself sullenly. What I've got to do is get her clean out of my head. Just let on like she never was alive at all.

.

As they entered the George Washington Bridge they met the first wave of city-bound traffic coming in from New Jersey. The explosive sound of the oncoming automobiles grew steadily heavier until by the time they were nearing the end of the bridge the sound was so constant and rhythmic they were hardly aware of it. At the wheel Karen looked around to see Connie standing on the seat beside her, craning to see into the rear-view mirror.

"Littler," Connie was saying softly to herself, "littler . . . littler . . . and littler . . . and littler . . ."

"Smaller," Karen corrected. Glancing for a moment into the mirror herself she saw that it was true; the city, in reflection, was dwindling, drawing in upon itself, falling back and back, steadily, into the distance, as if to vanish for ever from the face of the earth. Karen looked back to the road ahead.

Now the trip was real, not just a decision to be doggedly upheld, nor a date to be marked with misgivings on the calendar. It was real. It was now. It was all her doing, her responsibility. And if anything went wrong, well, that would be her responsibility, too, and she would be equal to it. In this moment of actual beginning she felt suddenly bright and crystal clear, certain that everything was going to work out perfectly.

She looked up into the mirror again and caught a glimpse of Winnie. She was sitting to the far right in the back seat, gazing impassively out the window. She was wearing the same clothes as before, the same skirt and sweater, the same silk scarf, tied just as securely over her hair. As Winnie turned from the window, Karen glanced quickly away. Winnie White, she had decided, was perhaps a little odd, but probably the perfect person for the purpose of the trip, having established an all but instantaneous rapport with Connie.

The discovery of her own quick jealousy that first day, and the knowledge of Winnie's awareness of it, had unquestionably exerted an influence upon her decision, Karen thought. It was likely she had needed to choose in favor of Winnie and the trip simply to prove, to herself as well as Winnie, that she was, in all events, mistress of her own emotions.

● Art is a lie that makes us realize the truth.

—Pablo Picasso

Of course, there was the possibility that she had taken herself much too seriously, that she had given the incident a sinister importance it didn't deserve. Dr. Emory had warned her against emotional exaggeration. But just the same, whatever the reasons, conscious, sub-conscious, what-have-you, she was glad now that she had decided as she had.

Leaving the bridge to join the humming, apparently endless current of the New Jersey Turnpike, they seemed suddenly to be travelling much more swiftly. This was mostly illusion, because of the constant rushing sound of the traffic and the steadily passing landscape. Karen, struck suddenly with the vastness that stretched before them, reached down into the seat and touched the map upon which Dan had marked their route, just to make sure it was still there.

Their first stop, according to Dan's plan, would be at Pittsburgh that night, at one of the motels along the highway, to save the trouble of entering the city and looking for a hotel room. They were to look for one of the larger motels, one that had a restaurant, where they could eat both dinner and breakfast, thereby saving two extra stops. All across the country, the man at the club had told Dan, the motels were excellent, clean, comfortable, and well run. And if they planned their driving day for an early stop in the evening they were all but assured of finding a vacancy.

At noon they stopped for lunch, and it was then, as they got out of the car and started toward the big orange-and-white building that Karen, with a start of surprise, looked around at Winnie and saw her blond hair. She didn't know when Winnie had removed the scarf, or why she found the sight of the inexpertly bleached, pinkish hair so jarring. Probably, she supposed, because she had assumed, until now, that Winnie was a brunette. With her skin coloring it seemed impossible that she should be anything else.

Watching as Winnie ran a hand through her hair to loosen it, Karen wondered what sort of woman could be so indifferent to her own natural attributes as to deliberately make herself look so—so common. She wondered, and for the first time since the trip began she felt a faint shadow of doubt.

But the instant the thought came into her mind, she checked it. It was unjust to judge people simply by how they looked or dressed. But even as she told herself this her eyes picked at the other flaws in Winnie's appearance, the inclination of fatness that even the conservative skirt and sweater could not hide, the careless, almost inviting movement of the hips as she walked, the affected lifting of the hand, that curious curving motion of the wrist, as if to settle on her arm a profusion of bracelets.

Karen looked away, ashamed. This was her jealousy at work again; she was trying to revenge herself upon Winnie by mentally picking her to pieces. Annihilation in the mind, the doctor had called it. But even knowing this, Karen found herself looking around for Connie, reaching out a possessive hand.

To make up for her lapse from grace, even though it was known only to herself, when they returned to the car, she made herself give in to Connie's insistent plea to be allowed to remain in the front seat while Winnie took her turn at the wheel. Pleased with herself, perhaps a bit smugly, Karen retreated to the back seat for her period of rest.

NOW she was tired. Now that the exhilaration of getting started had worn off she began to realise that all the planning and packing and arranging had taken its toll of her physical and nervous reserve. Shutting out the gently undulating Pennsylvania hills, drab still with winter even now when everywhere else was beginning to be green with spring, she closed her eyes and tried to sleep.

But the edge of excitement was still there, in the tautness at the back of her neck, and in her shoulders and thighs. Intermittently, though, she managed to put her mind adrift, making it independent for whole minutes at a time of her still-alerted body. At the same time, in and out of her awareness wafted the babble of conversation from the front seat.

"But what kind are they?" she heard Connie ask. "What's their name?"

"Those trees?"

"Uh-huh. Those there."

There was a pause, and then Winnie answered. "They're maples, maple trees. You know—they're the ones that they get syrup out of."

"Syrup?" Connie asked, her tone sceptical.

"Uh-huh. The sweet stuff you put on your waffles and hot cakes and things."

"Out of those trees? Oh, they don't, either — they don't."

"Sure they do, too. They take it out of trees just like those back there. Heck, that's why they call it maple syrup. Didn't you ever know that? Because they get it out of maple trees."

"Well — did you ever see them doing it?"

"Well, no, not right there, I didn't, not right where they were doing it. But I saw it in a movie once—way back when I was just a kid at school—one of those educational movies.

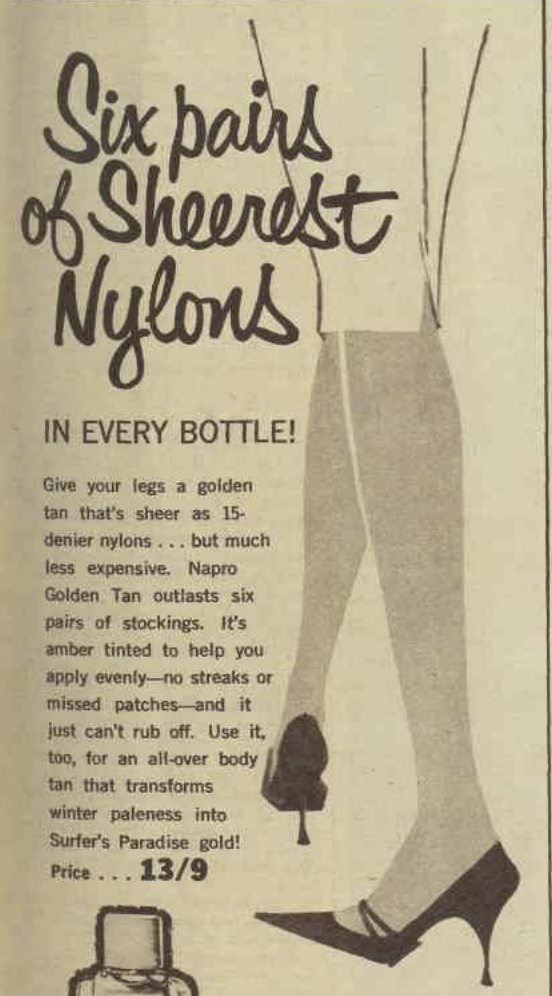
"What they do is they cut a little hole in the side of the tree, see, and then they put in this little kind of wood faucet, except it doesn't have a handle. And then they hang a bucket on a nail beneath and they go away and when they come back it's all full of syrup."

"It just runs out? Out of the inside of the tree?"

"Well, I guess it kind of drips out, very slow. It takes a couple of days or so, I think, for them to get a whole bucketful. It takes a while, anyway, I know that."

There was a brief silence, and then Connie said, "Is that really so?"

To page 70





"Nobody helps me with my windows."

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"Irma! — tell me what to wear!"

Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 69

"Uh-huh," Winnie said, "cross my heart. You think I'd lie to a little kid like you?"

"Oh — well, no. Look! There's some more syrup trees."

"Maple trees. You get syrup out of them."

Karen roused herself, looking out at the wan cluster of trees slipping past in the near distance and, with a faint smile, closed her eyes again. Winnie's fascinating maple trees were very plainly not maples at all but the commonest species of elm. Winnie, evidently, was not the kind ever to be stuck for an answer. Not about anything.

.

"Karen has to have someone to rely on, that's just the way she is."

Mrs. Spence, entering the living-room from Faye's cramped apartment kitchen, stood for a moment surveying the furniture with a glittering eye, the dustcloth poised in her hand. Over a dress of dove-grey wool, she wore a ruffled cotton apron of faded lime-green.

"Now, if it were you, I wouldn't worry for a minute, not a minute. But with Karen — well, I'm sorry I didn't put my foot down. At least I should have called Dan when I wanted to and told him what she was up to. He's going to think she's gone mad."

Faye, ensconced in bulging discomfort on the divan, put down the paperback novel she had been reading and regarded her mother with a look of restrained amusement.

"Why all this lamentation now, when it's too late to do anything about it? Anyway, I'm sure there isn't any reason for you to—"

"You haven't eaten your lunch," Mrs. Spence broke in as her roving eye found the untouched plate on the coffee table. "Is there something wrong?"

Faye shook her head. "I'm just holding out on myself, so it'll be a treat." She glanced at the clock on the table. "In exactly twelve and one half minutes I can have it. It's a test of character."

Mrs. Spence, satisfied with this explanation, nodded. "You know," she said, "I've turned into the typical meddling mother. And I always swore I wouldn't. The typical meddling mother-in-law, too."

"Oh you," Faye scoffed.

"Well, look at me fretting over Karen the minute she leaves my sight, as if she were still a child. And mother-henning it around here with you and Johnny, running everything."

"In answer to my desperate, not to say hysterical, appeal. What would we do without you right now, call off the baby? And when the baby comes—"

"Well, I do mean to be helpful. But there's the real danger. It's the mothers who mean to be helpful who always wind up making everyone miserable. Including themselves."

"That's right, think only of yourself. Forget about Johnny and me —and the baby."

"No, seriously, I'm getting to be quite awful. Anyway, I earnestly suspect I am. I am, too, aren't I?"

"Well," Faye said, "frankly, yes, since you must know. When you start stewing like this you're just awful. Now look, Karen did promise on oath that she'd call Dan from Pittsburgh tonight."

"Well, yes. But that's what really worries me. How's he going to take this little surprise? Karen's awfully tight mouthed, but there has been a strain of some sort between her and Dan for a long time now.

"Anyone could see that. And I know if I were Dan, and Karen called me all of a sudden—"

"I repeat," Faye broke in flatly, "there is not one single thing you can do about it now. So why don't you just relax?"

MRS. SPENCE looked at her and slowly her frown fell away into a smile. "I suppose I might as well." Selecting the side table next to the door as her first target, she advanced upon it with her cloth. But then she stopped and turned back. "But, that woman—you said you saw her, didn't you?"

Faye, in the act of retrieving her book, looked up. "What woman?"

"The one who's with Karen and Connie, that man's sister, what's-her-name."

"Oh, her. What about her?"

"What was she like?"

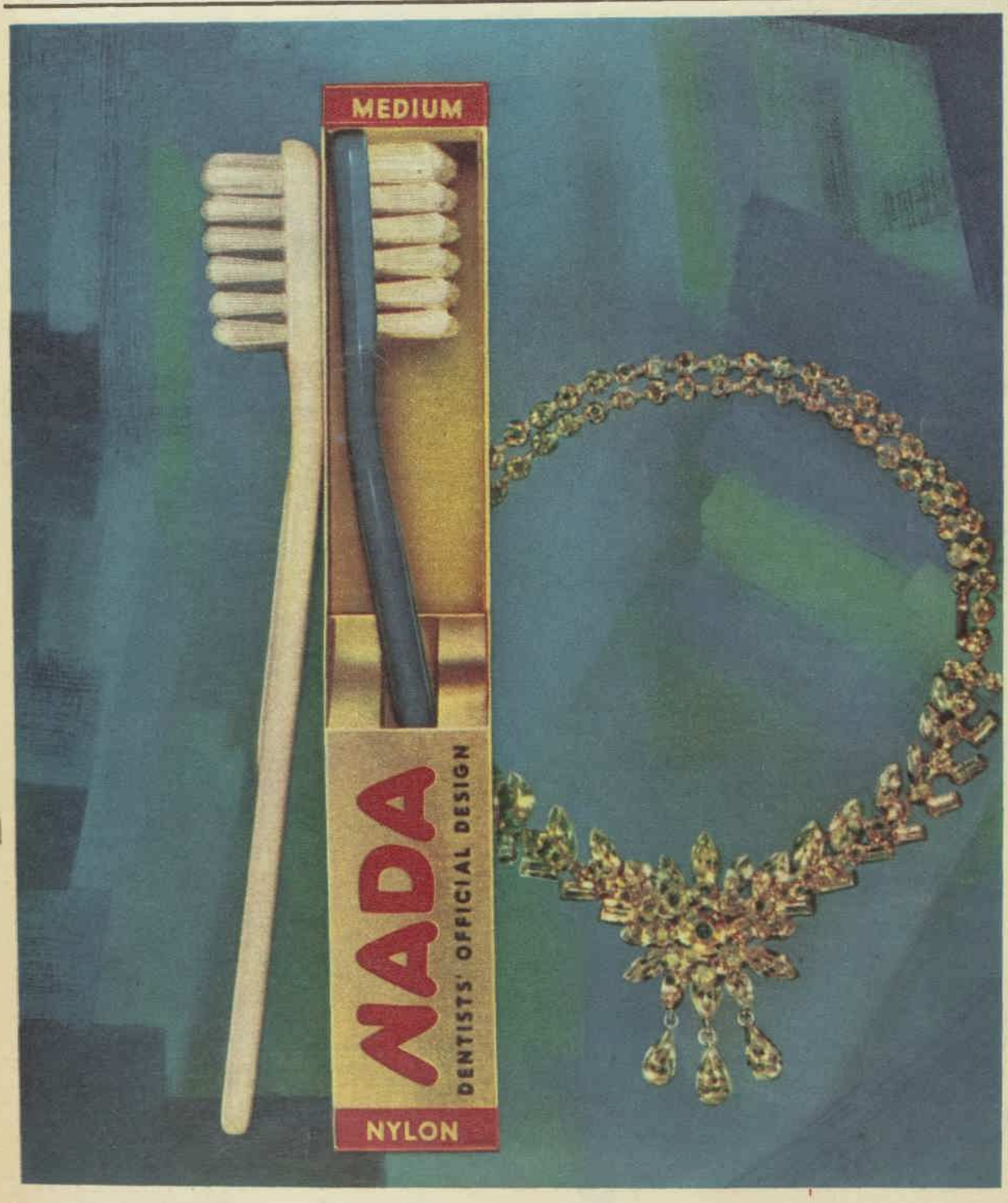
"Well, I only saw her for a second, really. She was sort of plump, I think. She had a coat on, so it was hard to tell. I would say she was in her middle thirties, somewhere around there. It was only for a minute, and the hallway was dim. She had—dark hair . . . I think . . ."

"But how did she act? What was she like, You must have gained some impression of her."

Faye shrugged. "I guess I didn't. You can't really judge anybody just by the way they look and dress."

"To a certain degree you can," Mrs. Spence said, "particularly with a woman. You're so keen on psychiatrists and psychologists, you and Karen. Well, I read the other day where one of them said that the more pride a woman takes in her appearance — within reasonable limits, of course—the better adjusted

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she is. One of the first signs of maladjustment in a woman is when she begins to let herself go."

"Well, yes," Faye agreed, "that's probably perfectly true. But what is good taste and good grooming for one woman may not be for another."

"In this day and age of supercommunications——"

"Mother, I thought you were going to stop fretting."

"Well, I really am. But I was only wondering, that's all. Karen said on the phone that Connie took one look at this woman and was just crazy about her. Naturally, I wondered what she was like."

Faye looked at her mother, a smile growing softly on her lips. "You," she said. With a vague gesture of dismissal, she turned her attention to her book. "She was just another ordinary woman, as far as I could tell. And that's all I can tell you."

.

It was dark when Karen awoke, with the final darkness of night. Her first awareness was that the car had stopped moving, her second that Winnie and Connie were gone and she was alone.

From somewhere outside the car, and above it, a neon sign was flashing off and on, alternately setting the interior of the car ablaze with a hot crimson glow, and dashing it into obscure shadow. Confused, dizzied by the flashing light, Karen struggled upright in the seat and peered out the window.

They had stopped early for dinner, she recalled, at a roadside restaurant, because Connie had insisted she was starving. And then, when they returned to the car, Winnie had offered to continue driving, saying she wasn't the least bit tired yet and that she honestly did love to drive. It relaxed her, she claimed.

They had agreed that it would be Karen's job to watch from the back seat for a suitable stopping place for the night. Karen remembered watching for the kind of place Dan had described, with a restaurant, and not finding any. But then she remembered, too, settling back comfortably in the seat, warmed and relaxed by the food, feeling a compelling drowsiness. She had warned herself not to fall asleep. Obviously, though, that was exactly what she had done.

But that must have been hours ago, she thought. It had still been daylight then.

She looked out at a gravelled yard and, nearby, a squat white building with a large plate-glass window. Craning to see, she directed her gaze to the sign. Sleepyville Motel, it blazed down at her, Sleepville Motel . . . Sleepyville Motel . . . A smaller, unelectrified sign, attached on chains, announced that the building below was the office.

As her eyes adjusted to the freakish light, she made out the figures of Connie and Winnie inside the office, standing at a small counter at the

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rear. Connie clung dutifully to Winnie's hand, while Winnie carried on a conversation with a florid-faced, grey-haired man in shirt sleeves. Then, nodding, Winnie moved away, followed by Connie, and started across to the entrance. Quickly, Karen reached out to the door and opened it.

A slap of brisk, cold air struck her face, bringing her abruptly fully awake. From somewhere behind there came the broken sound of highway traffic. As she stepped out on to the gravel, the sign flashed red, and she quickly lifted her arm and looked at her watch. It was nearly eight o'clock.



As the office door opened, and Winnie and Connie came toward her, she couldn't help a small flush of annoyance. She had made it perfectly clear to Winnie that she had planned to stop by five thirty — or six at the absolute latest. She wanted Connie to have time to unwind from the excitement of her first night away from home so she would get a good night's sleep to help make up for the day's forfeited nap.

"There are cabins!" Connie cried out, tugging Winnie forward in delighted agitation. "They've got beds and a bathroom and — everything!"

"That's fine," Karen smiled. She turned to Winnie. "It's so late. Why didn't you wake me up?"

"I know I should have," Winnie nodded. "But we were talking along and having such a time — well, we just decided to let you go ahead and snooze. Didn't we, Con?"

Connie bobbed her head in eager assent.

"I didn't think you'd mind if we made a little extra mileage. And I wasn't feeling any strain."

Struck by the woman's bland confidence in the rightness of her own decision, Karen felt a quick start of anger. But then, remembering her determination not to exercise her own insecurities on Winnie, she warded it off. Giving way to anger was senseless. And besides, there was no one to blame but herself, really. She shouldn't have fallen asleep like that. She made a small murmuring sound of assent.

"Anyway," Winnie said, "I bet that hubby of yours out in California won't mind."

Karen determinedly reenforced her smile and wondered wryly what Dan would have to say if he could hear himself being called "hubby."

"What about accommodations?" she asked. "Can they take care of us?"

Winnie nodded. "A double and a single, facing each other across the court. He said we could look at them if we want. But the place is brand-new, built last year, he said. It ought to be all right."

Karen looked down at Connie, at the small hand clinging so tightly to Winnie's, then glanced away toward the office. "Connie had better get to bed right away," she said. "I'll go in and register."

Forty-five minutes later, having dressed Connie for bed and then taken her over to Winnie's cabin to wait for her there, Karen, with a sudden feeling of dread, finally approached the outdoor phone booth at the end of the lighted courtyard. She tried to tell herself that it would be better to wait until the next night and make the call to Dan when she was feeling less tired. But she knew that wouldn't do.

In the heavily shadowed closeness of the phone booth, looking out at the neatly laid-out concrete walks, the drives and the small, brightly painted cottages all in a row, Karen waited, utterly bereft of her morning confidence, as the operator made the connection with Dan's hotel. She received the information that Mr. Howard was in the bar at the moment and could be reached there if she would hold the line for just one moment.

PRESENTLY an unidentified male voice came on the line and retreated, to be followed, after an interval, by Dan's inquiring baritone.

"Dan?" Karen said weakly, "I—is that you? There's such a lot of noise there."

"Karen?" Dan's surprise was evident. "I didn't expect to hear from you. I just got in from the office, and Cooper stopped by to have a drink and talk."

"Dan—I've got something to tell you . . ."

"Is there something wrong? You sound odd. Has something happened?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "Nothing has happened — nothing bad, that is." She paused, took in a deep breath. This was silly, being afraid like this. This was the moment she had planned for, really. This was her choice, the way she had wanted it to be, all on her own initiative. "Dan — we're coming out to Los Angeles, Connie and I— I mean we've already started —this morning. Dan . . ."

There was a moment of silence, and then Dan said, "Karen, what are you talking about? What do you mean you've started?"

Karen could see his face, the inquiring lift of the brow, the knotting of the forehead that made him look both severe and perplexed at the same time.

"It's true," she said, striving for a tone of light confidence. "We just up and jumped into the car and aimed it in your direction and started driving——"

"Hey," Dan broke in, "now wait a minute. You sound serious. You sound——"

"I am, Dan. I am serious."

"You mean you and Con are on the way out here right now? You mean you've really left New York?"

"Yes, Dan . . . yes, and ——"

"But why didn't you tell me? How come, all of a sudden, like this, you——"

"Dan — Dan, don't be angry." Where were all her fine reasons and decisions now? And where was her splendid, crystal-clear confidence? "I — I just made up my mind that it would be best," she said in weak defiance.

"You just made up your mind?" Dan said incredulously. "You and Con out on the highway all alone. Good grief, Karen! Now, look——"

"We're not alone," Karen protested. "There's someone with us, a woman, Mr. White's sister. You know, Mr. White at the apartment house? His sister — Winnie's her name— she just happened to be looking for a way to get to California and so — it all worked out perfectly. I wouldn't have considered it without someone along to help with the driving. Naturally not. And we're following the route on the map that you marked. So there really isn't a thing to worry about. And Connie — she's just ecstatic she's so excited. And you are glad, aren't you, that I — we — decided to come?"

She stopped. That was wrong. That was begging, forcing him into a polite approval that he might not mean. Polite approval — politeness—was the last thing they needed now, the two of them. They needed honesty and truth . . . But it was done now.

"Well—sure I'm glad, I'll be glad to see you and Con. But, golly, it is a surprise, you know, like this . . . This is such a bad moment. I'm right smack in the middle of a tough policies discussion with Cooper. He came back here to the hotel with me especially so we could talk without being interrupted . . ."

Cooper! The Job. The Company. The old anger flared out so quickly she was unable to stop it.

"I'm sorry, Dan. I really didn't mean to interrupt anything important with my little ——". She caught herself, took in a quick, shuddering breath. "I'm sorry . . ."

"Karen, try to understand. I'm putting in a double shift right now. Just about the

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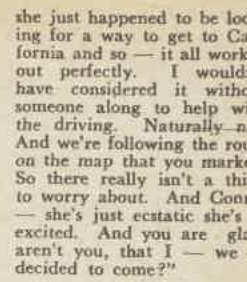
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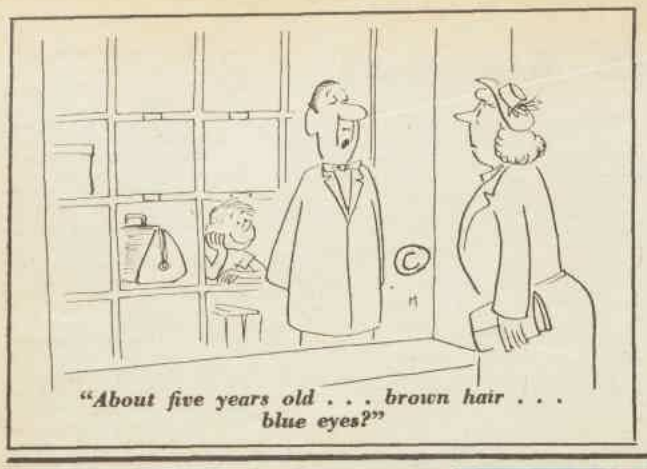
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"About five years old . . . brown hair . . . blue eyes?"

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only time I take off is to come back here to the hotel for dinner. And then I'm right back at the office. This kind of throws me, that's all; I just don't know how it's all going to work out when you and Con get here.

"I don't have a single spare minute as it is right now, and by then ——"

The anger was back upon her in a rush. Her pulse quickened dangerously. "I'm afraid I just didn't think ahead as I should have," she said. "I should have listened to Mother."

"Well, frankly, Karen, it really wasn't right for you to do this without giving me any warning at all."

She had been wrong, then; stupidly, pathetically wrong about everything: all her plans, her hopes and anticipations . . . But he was wrong, too. Wrong not to understand. Not even to try.

"Yes, I can see that now, Dan," she said, not even trying to keep the bitterness from her voice. "But I can't call it off now and turn back, can I? I've given up the apartment. Everything's being shipped out. All I can do, I guess, is just be sorry."

"Well, of course you have to come ahead now. It will be all right; it'll work out somehow. It will have to. But it's going to be difficult, that's all I'm saying."

The rest of it was a meaningless exchange of words, carefully framed sentences doled out evenly between them to fill out the conversation and bring it to a controlled and civil conclusion.

"You'd better call me tomorrow," Dan said, "so I'll know you're all right."

Dutiful. A dutiful show of husbandly and fatherly concern.

"Yes," Karen responded dully, "all right."

"You say you're in Pittsburgh tonight?"

"Yes. Just outside somewhere. A bit beyond, I think."

They said goodbye and Karen hung up, hot tears trembling in her eyes. Make your own plans independently for a while, the doctor said; learn to manage on your own.

Well, she had made her own plans, all right, and she had managed just beautifully—to make an impossible mess of everything. But Dan hadn't done anything to help matters, either. She waited a moment longer inside the darkened booth and then, having blinked back the threatening tears, stepped outside.

Connie was a pink-and-white streak coming toward her the moment she opened the door of Winnie's cabin.

"Oh, Mother!" she yelled. "Mother . . .!"

Karen knelt quickly to catch the child in her arms, grateful and comforted in that moment for the brief contact between them.

"Say, yes!" Connie cried, her eyes alight with excitement. "You got to — please!"

"Say yes to what?"

"Stay here tonight — stay with Winnie! She says I can if you say so. She's going to go tell them to bring a special kind of bed for me. Can I? Say yes . . . !"

KAREN felt the tenseness of the day come again into the back of her neck and shoulders. She glanced at Winnie and then quickly away. "No, Connie," she said, "of course you can't stay here tonight. And you mustn't tease Winnie into this sort of —"

"Oh, heck, Mrs. Howard, it's okay with me. I wouldn't have told her so if I didn't really mean it. Honest, I wouldn't have told her so if I didn't mean it. Honest, I wouldn't."

Karen aware of Winnie's waiting gaze upon her, refused to meet it. Her eyes fast on Connie's swiftly clouding face, she made herself wait a moment before she spoke again. Everything seemed to have gone all wrong somewhere in the last few hours, absolutely everything . . .

"Sweetheart, I just don't think it's a good idea," she said finally. "You've had a long, exciting day, and Winnie's entitled to a little privacy, you know. I'm sorry, but it just won't work." She rose and held out her hand. "Now come along. And let's say goodnight to Winnie and leave her alone so she can get ready for bed."

But Connie only pulled back from her, turning in desperate beseechment to Winnie. "You said I could!" she cried. "You said . . ."

Winnie gazed at the child from across the room, her heavy features soft with sympathy.

"But it's really up to your mother," she said. "She's the real boss around here, you know, and what she says goes."

Impatiently Karen put out her hand. "No, Connie, that's enough."

"I want to!" Connie wailed in defiance. "I want to stay here!"

"Hey, now!" Winnie said, warming the room suddenly with her unexpected laugh. "Hey, wait a minute. My gosh, what's to cry about, huh? Maybe if you're real good and go with your mother and get a good night's sleep and do everything you're supposed to, you can stay with me tomorrow night. Actually, that might work out a whole lot better." She looked up at Karen and winked in good-natured conspiracy. "Okay with you, Mrs. Howard?"

Karen nodded, knowing only that she wanted to be away from there, had to be. "I guess that's all

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Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

right," she said. Then, not waiting any longer, she reached out and grasped Connie's hand. "Now be a good girl, and let's get to bed."

Out of the sick, swirling blur that had engulfed him, Harvey looked into the hovering face of the thick-lipped man.

"Don't!" he gasped, struggling against a new wave of nausea. "Please . . ."

They had lied to him. They had said they wouldn't hurt him if he just told them what they wanted to know. The bald man, the one who seemed in charge of the other two, had told him that, had promised. And then the man had laughed, a short, grunting laugh, when the thick-lipped one had hit him in the stomach. And laughed again as he doubled over and collapsed on to the cold concrete floor.

"Please," he said again. "Please . . ."

He had seen them there in the hallway when he had come down from the third floor. They were just standing there. Ordinarily he would have gone over to strangers like that and asked if they were waiting for someone. But he was loaded down with the stuff from Rita's apartment — the soiled linen and stuff — and he didn't want to stop just then. He had just glanced at them and then hurried on to the end of the hall and down into the basement.

Not until he was on his way back to the stairs from the laundry did he realise he had been followed. Seeing them there all of a sudden had given him a real start. Their faces, dimly illuminated by the single bulb at the centre of the room, seemed to hang, disembodied, against the shadows at the bottom of the stairs. But then he saw who they were, and he calmed down right away.

"I guess you kind of scared me," he said with a faint nervous laugh. "It was a surprise, just seeing you there all of a sudden."

THE bald one looked around at the thick-lipped one, and his head moved in a just-perceptible nod. The thick-lipped man came forward.

"You Harvey White?" he asked. "You manage this place?"

Harvey nodded and, though he suddenly didn't feel like it, smiled. "Yes, sir, I do. Is there some way I can help you?"

Thick-lips, his dark eyes on Harvey's face, nodded. "Yeah, you can help us all right. You can give us a little pertinent information. How about it, Harvey — where's Rita?"

Harvey's first impulse, at the mention of Rita's name, was to turn and run, to dart back the way he had come, into the laundry, and bolt the door. It was not the patent hopelessness of this plan, though, that held him motionless before the men, but the inertia of shock. This, then, was the trouble he had feared and not recognised: one of these men was Rita's jilted lover, the one that carried a knife. And still he stood there, rooted to the spot, looking in pale helplessness from face to face.

"Rita?" he asked in a voice that was barely audible. "You're looking for her?"

"Uh-huh" — Thick-lips nodded with ominous constraint — "we're looking for her. Your sweet, suffering sister-in-law. Where is she, Harvey?"

In quick panic, Harvey shook his head, seeking the words that would make them know that what he was saying was the truth.

"She left," he said. "Early this morning, she left. She—I was just putting her sheets and towels in the laundry—back there . . ."

"You sure, little man?"

"Oh, yes," Harvey said, nodding his head, "yes, I am."

"Where'd she go?"

Harvey opened his mouth to speak, but there came through the dinning pulse of his fear a sudden whisper of caution. These were the kind of men who were capable of anything, murder, anything. And

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Rita wasn't alone. There was Mrs. Howard and the little girl . . .

"I—I really don't know," Harvey faltered.

In an instant the two men were beside him, the thick-lipped one and the red-head towering over him. Thick-lips dropped a hand to Harvey's shoulder, and iron fingers dug into the flesh, seeking the bone as if to snap it in two. Harvey uttered a small cry of pain.

"All right, Al," a voice said with gentle authority from the distance. "Hold off."

When Harvey was able to look up again he found the bald man standing in front of him. Harvey stared at him through a blur of tears, and the man seemed to regard him, in turn, with an expression of smiling regret.

"Harvey," he said quietly, "all you have to do is tell us what we want to know, and you won't get hurt. Okay?"

Harvey nodded, his mind dulled with pain. "Yes, sir," he managed to say.

"Then where's Rita?"

"She—she's not here," Harvey said, the words spilling from his mouth breathlessly in anxious confusion. "She's—gone. She left this morning—early—like I told you."

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Continuing . . .

DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 73

"Yeah, yeah, you told us . . ."

Harvey looked up dartingly at the thick-lipped man. "She's on her way to California," he blurted. Then he paused, realising what he had done. "She's — she's driving out there. She could be anywhere at all by now."

"Where in California?" the bald man asked. "L.A.?"

"Yes, L.A."

"Is she travelling alone?"

Harvey looked away too quickly.

"Who's with her? Remember, we've got a deal . . ."

Harvey nodded in hopeless capitulation. He could never hold out against them, he knew that. "Mrs. Howard," he said. "She's a tenant here —she was—and her little girl. It's the Howards' car. They're just on their way out to join Mr. Howard. They're moving out there. They don't know anything about Rita; they're not mixed up with her or anything. They don't even know who she is. That's the truth. Rita said she was my sister. Mrs. Howard's only trying to do a good turn . . ."

The bald-headed man listened impassively. "When did they pull out?"

"When did they leave?"

"When did they leave?" Thick-lips confirmed gruffly.

"This morning, like I said. Around nine, I guess, or a little after, ten or fifteen minutes."

"What kind of car is it?"

"A — it's a Chevrolet — Chevy. Fifty-nine. And it's light tan—you know—beige color?"

"It belongs to the Howard woman?"

Harvey nodded. "To the Howards."

"You happen to know the licence number?"

"No, sir—no, I don't. I never noticed."

Thick-lips grinned at Harvey's anxiety to please. "We can check on it and find out. What's the guy's first name?"

"Mr. Howard? It's Dan. Daniel G. Howard is how he signed the rent cheque."

"What's the G. for?"

THIS time Harvey recognised the slur. "I don't know," he said.

"Where are they staying over tonight?"

"Stopping? I—I don't know."

"Now, Harvey," Thick-lips grinned, moving in close, "for a little guy you don't know——"

"Hold up, Al," the bald man said. "Probably they'll be cutting straight across to Kansas City and on down to sixty-six. That's the fastest way out. So—with the kid — they'll probably stick to the key spots — like Pittsburgh. That right, Harvey?"

Harvey stared at him in helpless dismay; he almost had to respect him, anyone that smart. He nodded. "Yes, sir."

"They have reservations ahead anywhere?"

"No — honest — they were just going to stop when they felt like it at one of the motels — but no particular one."

The bald man nodded, looked across at Thick-lips. "Can you get in touch with Max in Pittsburgh — right away?"

"Yeah, sure, just pick up the phone."

"Have him put out his boys —cover all the big motels for —fifty miles around — a hundred." He paused for a moment, thinking, then grinned. "Do you realise the beauty of this? If Rick could just be around to see this dame's face when they pick up on her out in L.A. Her going to all this trouble getting the dame and the kid for cover." His face sobered and he looked back at Harvey. "You in with her on this by chance? Did you set this all up for her, for a slice of the stuff?"

"Stuff?" Harvey stared at him in bewilderment. "No —no. You've got to believe me because it's the truth—I don't know what you're talking about . . ."

"Okay, okay. It figures. If you had a stake you wouldn't talk so easy."

"All Rita told me was there was some man looking for her — some man she stopped going around with, who was trying to make trouble for her . . ."

The bald man laughed. "Make trouble for her? A dead man? Harvey, don't you know who her boy-friend was?"

"No," Harvey said. "No, I don't. We weren't in touch a lot."

"You weren't in touch at all. The guy that Rita stopped going around with—by pumping three slugs into him—was Ricky Matli. Quite a way to break it off with a guy, huh? But that's just part of it. Ricky was the boy who pulled the McCarren job. He organised the whole thing; it was his deal right from the beginning. Trouble was he was organising something else, too, on the side—a little blonde from uptown. And Rita found out about it. So she fixed him.

"She found out when he was carrying the stuff and made sure she was along. The next time anybody saw Rick, he was dead in his car on a side street over in the warehouse district. The stuff was missing. And so was Rita. You surprised, Harvey, to find out Rita's packing a quarter of a million in rocks with her? Yeah, you sure look surprised. And you better look that way some more when the cops show up."

"The cops?" Harvey said.

"Yeah. That's why I'm telling you all this. If we tied her in with you, they will, too. With one guy dead, and the rocks still missing, they aren't just sitting around with this thing. This is big. And when they do show up, Harvey, don't spill to them like you did to us. Be dumb. Rita wasn't here. We weren't here. Nobody was here. Anyway, why should you make yourself an accessory by admitting you harbored a murderer and a thief? Isn't that right, Harvey?"

In a daze, Harvey nodded. He remembered reading something about it in the newspapers, about the McCarren jewel theft, and some gangster being found shot to death in his car. He remembered, but even knowing Rita for what she was, knowing that she was no good and never had been, it was hard to believe that she could really have done what the bald man said.

"Got it all straight now, Harvey?"

Again Harvey nodded. "Yes . . ."

"You better. Because we already got a tip they picked up Rita's prints off the car."

It was then, without warning, that the redhead caught him and held him by the arms while Thick-lips, grinning tightly, stepped in smoothly, expertly, and hit him twice, driving big, hard fists deep into the pit of his stomach.

The bald man laughed, and then laughed again as Harvey pitched forward on to the cold floor

After a while, when he was able, he looked up, through a blur of pain and tears, and saw Thick-lips staring down at him.

"Don't!" he begged, gasping out the words. "Please . . . please . . ."

The man just went on staring at him, grinning. And then the gentle voice of the bald man came from somewhere behind.

"That's just so you'll remember not to be so gabby from now on. And I guess I'd better tell you, Harvey, you could have saved yourself a lot of trouble. When we came over here we figured you probably didn't know where Rita was; we just figured to take a chance. No kidding, we almost didn't come at all. So next time don't scare so easy."

And, leaving Harvey cowering there on the floor, the three of them moved away into the shadows and up the stairs.

.

"Aunt Winnie says when you get to L.A. there's a great big ocean."

Karen, hunting in her overnight bag for her toothbrush, paused. "Aunt Winnie?" she asked.

"She said I could call her that, so it's all right. But, anyway——"

"And it's not L.A. It's called Los Angeles."

"Uh-huh." Connie nodded indifferently from her pillow. "But, anyway, she said that if you had a special kind of car that would go on to the bottom of the ocean, and you would just keep on driving and driving and driving, you'd come up right back at the apartment in New York. Do you think that's really so?"

"Well, yes," Karen said, "in a way. But you'd come up in a few other places, too, first. What Winnie was really saying is that the world is round. But you know that already."

"Oh, yes — but if you were driving down on the bottom of the ocean, under all the water——"

"It's time to quiet down now and go to sleep," Karen said firmly. "We've already said our prayers and kissed goodnight. So all that's left is to go to sleep. Okay?"

"Oh—goodnight."

Karen, finding her toothbrush and bringing it up from the depths of her bag, turned to watch Connie settle herself into the covers and close her eyes. She turned away toward the bathroom. But then she hesitated as her gaze caught at the desk beneath the window, and the carefully arranged display of placards beneath its glass top. Her attention was drawn particularly to the large pale blue one at the centre.

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To page 77

● **A life of ease is a difficult pursuit.**

—William Cowper



"He's not too keen about cereal."

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Nov. 7

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ This week is one of your best for romance, finance, and partnership. Friday is adverse — there could be trouble through a tendency to paint the town red. Try a ticket, Tues., 11 a.m.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, mauve. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ A very good week for romance, pleasure, speculation and finance, marred by Thursday p.m. and Friday, where caution is advised. For those who are married, avoid matrimonial quarrels.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, pink. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ The usually busy Geminian will be even busier. A fabulously fortunate week, except for Thurs., p.m., and Fri., a.m. All to do with luck and romance fortunately aspected.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ This week should be ideal for parties and entertaining. Beware of theft and financial loss on Thursday and Friday. One of your best weeks for romance. Home and family affairs prosper.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, blue, mauve. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ If Leo folk don't find luck on Wednesday I'll eat my star-book. Saturday is good for a flutter on an outsider. Thursday p.m. and Friday a.m. spell caution, especially for the wedded.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, pink, black. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ Nothing exciting in romance, but Virgoans are usually too practical to be unduly romantic. This week favors partnership, finance. It could prove highly successful for writers and speakers.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

★ Librans like to calculate and this week favors all things intellectual and financial. Thursday morning is good for a ticket and romance, but the evening is not. Watch your money on Friday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-Nov. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ Romance and luck are favored early in the week. However on Thursday afternoon and Friday morning, trouble develops. After that the week culminates as one of your best for some time.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, blue, purple. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ A time for progress — and that is exactly what Sagittarius likes. An ideal period for affairs matrimonial, partnership, and contracts. Finance and romance are not well aspected.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, pink, orange. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ You are great believers in getting places through sheer hard work and this week is one of the best for industry and ambition, particularly on Tuesday. Loss could come from deceit.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, mauve, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ Excellent for affairs of heart and mind, with the exception that Thursday afternoon and Friday morning are adverse for partnerships and plans. Wednesday, Monday, and Tuesday are lucky.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, blue, mauve. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ The dreamy fishfolk have an excellent opportunity to put some of those visions into action. Action is the key-word with caution on Thursday afternoon and Friday morning.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Q BUT IS STAINLESS STEEL RIGHT FOR 'GOOD' CUTLERY. I MEAN I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF IT AS BEING FOR RESTAURANTS?

A Stainless Steel is rapidly becoming the first choice of young moderns — and older moderns, too — throughout the world.

Q IS STAINLESS JUST A NAME, OR IS IT TRULY STAINLESS?

A It is truly stainless. It literally does improve with use — never needs polishing. A wipe with a soapy cloth brings it to gleaming newness every time.

Q BUT DOESN'T THE SURFACE PLATING WEAR OUT?

A No! No! No! There is no surface plating. Stainless Steel is solid Stainless Steel right through.

Q HOW CAN THAT BE?

A Look at it this way, it isn't a perfect parallel, but it explains the principle.

Supposing you make two cakes, one chocolate iced and the other chocolate flavoured. One has just a surface layer that's like plated metal. In the other, the chocolate is actually part of the cake.

That's like Stainless Steel. You see Comsteel, who make Australian Stainless Steel, mix nickel and chromium with steel in the furnaces. It goes right through the steel and forms a new kind of metal called Stainless Steel.

Q WHAT ABOUT WEIGHT. WOULDN'T STAINLESS STEEL SAUCEPANS, FOR EXAMPLE, BE VERY HEAVY?

A They are heavier than some saucepans, lighter than others. But most cooks who use stainless steel cooking utensils prefer what they call the comfortable weight of stainless. They seem better balanced. They never fall over as some light metal saucepans do, when the handle is out of balance with the bowl of the saucepan.

Q ONE LAST QUESTION. STAINLESS STEEL IS MORE EXPENSIVE THAN OTHER METALS, ISN'T IT?

A It is slightly more expensive than many metals — but not as expensive as copper and silver for example. But against this slightly higher price you have to balance years of extra life, enduring beauty — and much easier cleaning.

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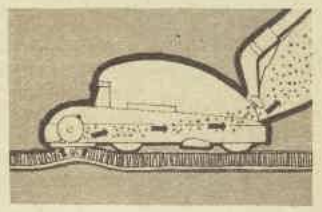
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Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

Karen, really aware for the first time of the name of the place, was unable to repress a wry smile. The Sleepyville Motel. Why not Nodsville? But that had probably been used already. Taking up her robe from where she had dropped it on the chair, she started away. But she had only taken a few steps when she stopped a second time and looked back at the desk.

"Highway 30's Newest." But that couldn't be right. According to the route marked on the map they were to follow the turnpike to Pittsburgh and then change to Highway 40, not 30.

She looked at the placard. Highway 30 was what it said. And the motel people surely knew what road they were located on.

She stood for a moment staring down at the desk and the piece of colored cardboard with frowning consternation. Then they were on the wrong road, that much was obvious, and there was nothing to be done about it now, no use in letting herself be upset. That just made it a hundred per cent., that was all. The whole darned day, which had seemed so wonderful when it started, had turned out just exactly one hundred per cent. wrong.

.

Harvey sat hunched at the kitchen table, staring down at the morning paper, his face grey and old. The picture of Rita on the front page was a police photograph, taken, no doubt, when she was booked for attacking the woman in the bar. "Sought for Questioning," said the caption. Her name, Rita Sears, appeared in italics under the picture.

"Wanted by the police today for questioning in connection with both the McCarren jewel theft and the slaying of suave underworld figure, Ricky Matli, is Rita Winifred Sears, of this city. The Sears woman, said to have been linked romantically with Matli for the past two years, is missing from . . ."

Harvey shook his head in numbed wonder. It was incredible. It was beyond belief. He had always felt that something bad would happen where Rita was concerned, but he never dreamed it would be anything like this. To have actually killed someone. Harvey couldn't even imagine how it would feel to do a thing like that. And all that jewellery. More than a quarter of a million dollars' worth, according to the paper. No wonder she had been so sure about paying him back, so confident of getting all the crazy things she wanted.

But what about him, now that she had mixed him up in it, too? And poor Mrs. Howard and the little girl? Harvey hardly dared let himself think about them.

If anything should happen to them, if they should be hurt by this, it would be all his fault for persuading Mrs. Howard that Rita was trustworthy so that she would take her along. When he thought of Rita doing this to him, coming here in the middle of the night and taking advantage of his good nature, carrying that old battered bag right into the apartment with all that stolen jewellery inside —and him letting her get away with it after what she had done before—oh . . .

He had lain awake all night with worry and pain trying to think what he should do. If there were only Mrs. Howard and the child to think of it would be easy; all he would have to do was call the police. But what about him? The men in the basement had made it plain that they would kill him if he had anything to do with the police at all.

He thought of calling and asking for protection, but he had heard they wouldn't do that unless you had witnesses ready to swear they'd seen someone make an attempt on your life and you were willing to make out charges. In the small hours of the morning he had actually switched on the light and got out of bed, determined to pack and run away. But then, afraid that the police would interpret his disappearance as an admission of guilt, he gave the plan up. With the coming of morning he still had not found a way out of his dilemma. He still had not called the police.

But now, seeing Rita's picture in the paper, seeing her crimes in hard, black print, he knew it would all have to come to an end somehow. And when it did it would be much better for him to have established himself early on the side of right. Surely if he told them the truth, all of it, even admitting what a weak-willed fool he had been, they would have to believe him.

Slowly he rose from his chair and, walking stiffly, made his way across the room and into the hall. Stopping before the wall niche he looked down at the telephone which rested inside. But he did not immediately reach out to pick it up.

Dial O for Operator and ask for the police. He had heard that somewhere or read it. Dial O for Operator . . . Finally, he put his hand out to the receiver and rested it there.

But afrighted at the sudden pounding of his heart he failed to pick the receiver up. The faces of the three men, hanging there upon the darkness at the foot of the stairs, rose before him in awful clarity. He felt the iron fists drive again into his flesh, bringing a violent explosion of pain. They would kill him. They had promised they would.

Dial O for Operator. The phrase sounded again and again in idiot repetition at the surface of his mind. Dial O . . . Dial O . . . Dial O . . .

Harvey dropped his hand slowly and shuffled back into the kitchen.

.

"My gosh, Mrs. Howard," Winnie said, "I'm just so embarrassed I could lay right down there on that floor and die. I really could, doing a dumb, knuckle-head thing like that. I swear I watched for every sign that came along. At least I thought I did."

Karen couldn't help smiling at Winnie's excessive mortification. A night's sleep had done a great deal toward dispelling the feeling of dejection that had followed her to bed. "It's all right," she said. "There's no great damage done. I wish you wouldn't worry about it."

"But I do. Making us lose

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

from page 74

time like this, I ought to be kicked. You're just being nice about it, I know you are, but I bet you'd just like to kill me, and if . . ." She paused, with some sudden thought. "Hey — wait a minute. You got that map of yours with you?"

"Well, yes, but—"

"Let me see it, huh? Maybe we don't have to go back and lose any time, after all. If we just keep on going the way we are we ought to be able to connect up with forty somewhere if the two roads are parallel. Anyway, there's no harm in looking."

Karen produced the map from her bag and handed it over to Winnie, who had already pushed back her glass of water to make room for the map on the counter.

At six a.m., Karen reflected, the Sleepyville Dining Room was not quite up to its promise of a cheerful atmosphere. The mist-dimmed morning pressed heavily against the heat-vapored windows, threatening to break inside and quench even the sickly light emanating from the overhead neon tubing. In the pall, the young waitress behind the counter, for all of her determined goodwill, looked liverish and sullen, as did the middle-aged couple at the end of the counter, the only other customers present.

Connie, not yet fully awake, having been dispossessed of her bed a good two hours ahead of her usual time of waking, sat on the stool to Karen's left in an attitude of sluggish and stupefied bemusement. To Karen's right, Winnie, having pored over the map for no more than a moment, raised her finger in a gesture of discovery.

"Hey," she said, "hey, look here. We've got nothing to worry about. All we do is just go on into Fort Wayne and then turn down here and head for Kansas City. We'll be off the road your hubby marked down for a couple of days maybe . . . two or three . . . but the mileage is almost exactly the same, so what's the difference?"

Karen gave her attention to the map and the course Winnie had indicated. It was just as she said. By continuing on Route 30 and then switching to 24 they would arrive at Kansas City with no appreciable gain in mileage. By turning back since they were now almost to Canton — Karen had already figured it out — they would lose close to a hundred miles. But still she felt hesitant.

"How about that?" Winnie demanded. "That'll work, won't it?"

Unaccountably, Karen felt a distinct twinge of the night's apprehension. She looked up to find herself caught, not only by Winnie's logic but by the open directness of her wide-eyed gaze. How odd, she thought suddenly, that she should feel intimidated by this woman's brash good humor.

"Well, it does look all right on the map," she said, "but —"

"Oh, you don't know what a relief!" Winnie illustrated with comic exaggeration. "I don't feel like such a dog now. But don't think I'm not still sorry, Mrs. Howard, I really am." She paused, evidently at something she noticed in Karen's expression, and frowned. "Or do you want to go back for some reason?"

Karen made a small, shrugging motion of indecision. Winnie was older than she, perhaps by five years, and it made her feel foolish and embarrassed to have the woman go on like this. She wished she wouldn't, not, at least, in front of the waitress, who was approaching now with their breakfast.

"No," she said hastily, "no, of course not. This way is fine."

"Oh, I'm glad," Winnie breathed. "Then everything's fine again."

The waitress put plates of eggs and bacon and toast down before them with a spirited clatter, then retreated for Karen's and Winnie's coffee and Connie's milk. Jarred into wakefulness by this bustling arrival and departure, Connie stirred on her stool.

"I want to sit by Aunt Winnie," she said.

Karen started to tell her to remain where she was, but thought better of it. For these next six or seven days, she told herself, she must learn to yield. That had been last night's decision. It was a simple matter of saving her own wits. When things went wrong she mustn't mind. Things went wrong on trips, that was one of the facts of life. And only a minor fact at that.

She mustn't let herself be resentful of Connie's affection for Winnie. And she mustn't stick at small points of deportment. The important thing was to get to Los Angeles, peacefully and swiftly, and in the best spirits possible. There would be plenty of problems to face then, real ones. Giving Connie permission to change places she helped shift the necessary dishes and silverware, then settled back again, with deliberate composure, to her food.

"This just came. You ladies like to look at it while you're eating?"

Karen looked up to see that the waitress, having served their coffee, was holding out the morning newspaper.

Automatically her eyes scanned the headlines and saw among them the banner, WOMAN SOUGHT IN NEW YORK JEWEL THEFT. She started to put down her fork, but before she could reach out to the paper, Winnie had already taken it.

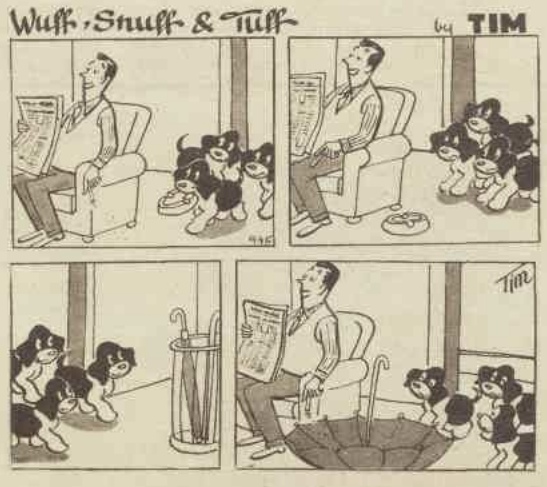
Winnie flashed her a quick smile, that might have been an apology. "I just can't digest my breakfast right without the morning paper. I've always been like that. Want half?"

Karen smiled and shook her head. "No, thanks."

There was a moment or two of silence before Winnie turned to Karen again. "Got a pencil handy?" she asked.

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FOR THE CHILDREN



FROM THE BIBLE

● *"For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."*

—1 Timothy 6.7.

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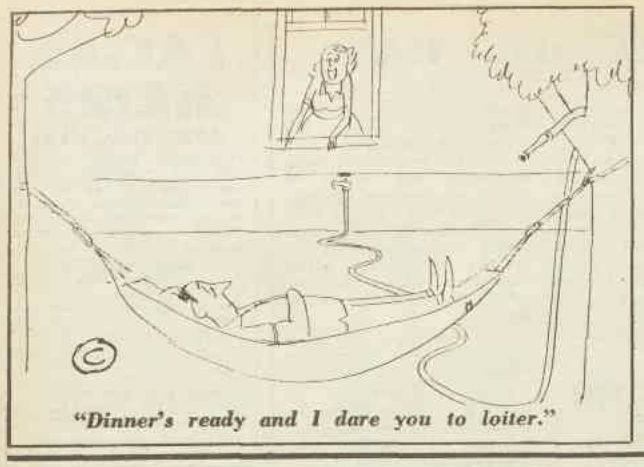
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They are so WONDERFUL

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"Dinner's ready and I dare you to loiter."

Continuing . . . DEATH ON THE 6th DAY

from page 77

Karen took up her bag, found the silver pencil she always kept there, and handed it over. As she resumed her breakfast she was aware of an intermittent and evidently gleeful whispering that had begun between Connie and Winnie. Paying no real attention, she turned her mind to other problems. She was thinking that perhaps she wouldn't call Dan tonight, after all. She hadn't exactly promised she would, and it might not hurt just to leave him hanging for once.

Of course, it might make him angry, but that could be a good thing, too; he might get angry enough to say clearly what was on his mind for a change. If they could just start to get some of the misunderstanding out in the open —— Feeling a sudden tug at her skirt, she looked down to find Connie standing beside her stool offering up to her the first section of the newspaper.

"Look! Look at the bearded lady!"

Karen took the newspaper dutifully and looked at the front page. For a moment it seemed that Connie was right; the woman whose picture appeared under the headline about the New York jewel theft was indeed wearing a beard, a remarkable black bush which, joining forces with an equally luxuriant black moustache, all but obliterated the lower half of the face. But then she was also wearing a set of heavy sideburns. Groucho Marx eyebrows, bangs, and a pair of lopsided horn-rimmed glasses. And when you touched these adornments they left a leaden smudge on the tips of your fingers. For Connie's benefit, Karen laughed.

"Oh, my, what a sight! The poor, poor thing!"

"We did it!" Connie cried, bringing her hands together in her customary single clap of delight. "We did it, Aunt Winnie and me!"

Karen pretended astonishment. "You mean she isn't really a bearded lady at all? Oh, I'm disappointed."

Connie shook her head. "I did the most."

"Well, you certainly did fool me, didn't you?"

"Yes," Connie said complacently, and reached up for the paper.

"You'd better get busy with your breakfast," Karen said. "We've got to get started."

Smiling, she watched as Connie, carrying the paper, returned to her stool and climbed up on to it.

The ground mists were not as heavy as they had appeared to be, for they were already beginning to rise from the highway as Karen and Connie left the restaurant and made their way along the walk to the car. Across the highway, a service station was now visible, still shuttered for the night. Beyond was a ghostly suggestion of bleak, undulating hills. At the car, Karen opened the front door on the passenger's side to let Connie in. Connie, however, stood back.

"I want to sit with Aunt Winnie."

KAREN'S hand tightened reflexively on the handle of the door, but her voice was calm when she spoke. "I don't think you should, sweetheart. Maybe Aunt Winnie would like to be quiet for a while." She looked away from Connie's questioning face, but Winnie, as if unaware, had already turned away and was getting into the back seat.

"I promise I won't bother—"

"In you go now," Karen said firmly. "You can stay up front this afternoon and visit with Aunt Winnie then."

Not until she had crossed around the car to get in behind the wheel did she really notice the blue sedan at the far end of the parking strip. It was not actually the car itself, despite an odd luminous quality of its body finish that took her attention, but the behaviour of the two swarthy young men in the front seat.

When her gaze had first passed over them she had the distinct impression they had been watching her and then glanced, in unison, quickly away. And now, looking back in their direction, she remembered having noticed the flash of their headlights through the misted window of the restaurant when they had first arrived. But that had been some time ago, at least half an hour, and they were still there, just sitting there. But, of course, they were waiting for someone.

Dismissing the men from her mind in almost the same moment that they had entered it, Karen got into the car, smiled across at Connie, and started the motor.

Waiting for the growling passage of a large grey truck she guided the car on to the highway and headed west. As she did so she arrived at a new decision. She wouldn't call Dan tonight and that was definite. Where a man's concerned, her mother had once told her, a frequent switch in tactics can work wonders. And as long as things were already in a mess anything was worth a try. Content, she settled back in her seat and gave her whole attention to the road ahead.

Half an hour later the sun burned through the last of the mists, bringing the countryside vividly to life around them. Once or twice, glancing up into the rearview mirror, Karen noticed an odd bluish glinting far behind, but she paid no particular attention.

To be continued

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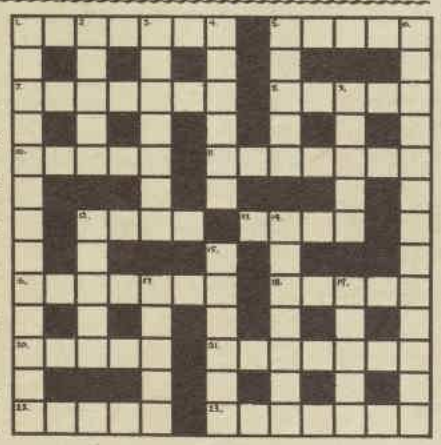
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE hopes to find a scientist kidnapped by enemy agents. Mandrake plans to go as a harmless entertainer to the country where the scientist is held. NOW READ ON . . .





THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Dawdles by changing its role (7).
5. Trips to a town in France on the Loire (5).
7. Cheated Ted who hides a stack of hay (7).
8. Turn small excrescences into a stalk of corn (5).
10. Cover completely, mostly with a tiller (5).
11. This treachery is always done with reason (7).
12. Tranquillity in wrestling (4).
13. According to a Shakespearian duke those of adversity are sweet (4).
16. Run a gig (anagr., 7).
18. Souvenir of an austere licensee (5).
20. Lowest deck of a ship if there are three or more of them (5).
21. Turkish title which has a broken fife, and its end is inside (7).
22. Glorify by a Middlesex toll-collector (5).
23. Notwithstanding (7).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Does not try to improve (4, 4, 5).
2. This ammonia derivative has a short middle in the centre (5).
3. Igloo is their usual dwelling place (7).
4. Composed and in case of need is seated (6).
5. A bit taken as a sample at set (5).
6. Worked with needle and thread (6, 7).
9. Remains with tress (5).
12. Fit for a king (5).
14. Bombards heavily (7).
15. Red age (anagr., 6).
17. Push forward with a devilish start (5).
19. Monday in Paris (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

© Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7693.—Sleeveless frock, with slim or full skirt, and matching jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, full skirt ("A"), 5⅞yds. 36in. material, straight skirt ("B"), 5¼yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F7621.—Pretty shawl collar finishes this party frock, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3⅞yds. 42in. material, ¼yd. 42in. (or ½yd. 36in.) for belt backing. Price 3/9.



F7285. — Simple frock has unusual bow at waist. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F5945. — Pinafore and frock for young girl, in sizes 4, 6, 8, or 10 years (22, 24, 30, or 36in. lengths). Requires, pinafore, 1 to 1⅝yds. 36in. material, 3 to 3⅝yds. guipure lace edging, 2 to 2½yds. contrast ribbon. Requires, frock, 1¾ to 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F7694. — Sissy style can be made as a shift or as a hip-length blouse, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, shift ("A"), 3½yds. 36in. material, 13½yds. ¾in. eyelet edging, 1¾yds. ⅜in. ribbon. Requires, blouse ("B"), 2⅛yds. 36in. material, 9yds. ¾in. eyelet edging, 1⅞yds. ⅜in. ribbon. Price 3/6.

F7334. — Loose style falls from round yoke. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

● *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

No. 725. — FROCK
Pretty summer style, available cut out to make in woven check seersloop material. Colors are white with lemon, green, blue, or pink. Making instructions included. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £1/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/2/6. Postage 3/- extra on all sizes.

No. 727. — DOLL'S FROCK, SLIP, AND PANTIES
Three-piece set cut out to make for doll 10in. high. Material is striped cotton in colors of white, with either red, aqua, pink, or green. Lace trim is supplied. Price 11/6, plus 1/6 postage.

No. 726. — TEA TOWELS
Set of three multi-colored striped tea towels, cut out and traced to embroider. Material is linen. Price £1/1/- for set, plus 1/6 postage; or 7/3 each, plus 9d. postage each.

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